

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1968 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

TEN PAGES ON THE
GIRLS OF *FUNNY GIRL*

AN INTERVIEW WITH
STANLEY KUBRICK

CAMPUS SEX: WHERE
THE ACTION IS AND ISN'T

NAT HENTOFF COVERS
THE WAR ON DISSENT

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PLAYBILL PORING OVER college catalogs and guidebooks—retroactively, reminiscently or in search of *simpatico* surroundings for the pursuit of higher learning—is a fascinating and instructive experience, frequently causing one to marvel at the completeness of important information and factual minutiae presented. But there is one glaring omission in all this wealth of data: Nary one word will you find in any of it to tell you where the action is, what it's like and how to make the most of it. In this issue, we change all that, closing the information gap with *A Swinger's Guide to Academe*—a chart with accompanying text that tells it not only like it is but also where it is on a cross section of U. S. campuses. What to wear when you get there is fully surveyed in our annual *Back to Campus* fashion feature by Fashion Director Robert L. Green. For those charting a postgraduate course toward the business world, J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, assesses the increasing importance of liberal arts in *The Educated Executive*.

Goal seekers of a more seasonal species should kick off with *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, wherein *PLAYBOY's* award-winning staffer Anson Mount once more puts his reputation as a gridiron seer squarely on the 50-yard line. Mount now stands alone atop a peck of pickers, having won, two years in a row, first place for his collegiate football forecasting in the Wyatt Summary of Pre-Season Pigskin Picks. One loyal fan cheering for Stanford's eleven is Vicky Drake, whose whistle-stop campaign last spring for president of the student body (aptly ballyhooed with nude posters of the amply endowed candidate) propelled her into the national spotlight.

Nat Hentoff documents a more serious subject of nationwide concern, both on campus and off, in *The War on Dissent*, which analyzes the suppression—overt and covert, legal and extralegal—suffered by those Americans who disagree with the establishment. When we asked him about *Dissent*, the prolific and protean social commentator, novelist, music critic and *PLAYBOY* interviewer said: "Since I wrote the article, the convictions of Benjamin Spock, William Sloane Coffin and two others in Boston's lower Federal Court, and the prospect that either Humphrey or Nixon will be our next President, give it a further degree of urgency—one that makes me quite concerned that a period of intense repression is, indeed, very much in the immediate future. On the other hand, possibly because I'm an unregenerate believer in the perfectibility of man, I remain convinced that if enough people fight to keep the Bill of Rights alive, we will yet survive as a real democracy."

Whether we will survive at all is questioned by Richard Armour in *The Depopulation Explosion*, a wryly ironic dissertation on how man is rapidly developing an infinite number of ways to



VONNEGUT



HENTOFF



MOUNT



MADDEN



ARMOUR



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render himself extinct. Armour recently returned from a State Department lecture tour in East Asia in plenty of time to see his 37th book, *My Life with Women*, published next month. Less prolific but enormously productive is pioneering motion-picture director Stanley Kubrick, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*. In a wide-ranging dialog with interviewer Eric Norden, Kubrick eloquently correlates the themes of his wave-making films (the most recent and ambitious of which is the epic *2001: A Space Odyssey*) with the sexual revolution, man's chances of surviving the nuclear age and the possibility of extraterrestrial life.

Life of another sort is chronicled by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., in *Fortitude*, a black-humor playlet commissioned by CBS Films for their forthcoming motion picture *Seven Deadly Virtues*. Vonnegut's first *PLAYBOY* piece, *Welcome to the Monkey House* (January 1968), is the title of a collection of his short stories published last month. Of *Here Comes John Henry*, Ray Russell's tale of the first men on the moon (one of them a Negro), the author says: "This entirely fictional story was written just a few weeks before the appointment of the first Negro astronaut."

LSU's writer-in-residence David Madden tells us he wrote *The Day the Flowers Came* "in a sudden burst of inspiration last summer, although the idea occurred to me during a class discussion in a sophomore English-literature course five years ago. My stories gestate that way—for as long as five years." *It*, a tragicomic short-short story with an even shorter title, was penned by Donald E. Westlake, a man of few words. When Westlake was presented last spring with an award for *God Save the Mark* (best mystery novel of 1967) by the Mystery Writers of America, he broke up the audience with the shortest acceptance speech on record—"I don't talk, I write." He ran true to form when asked his future plans: "Write more books."

Additional bounty to harvest in this first fall issue: Novelist Merle Miller (co-author of *Only You, Dick Darling!*) calmly and amusingly examines the free-floating subliminal hysteria of our times in *Up Tight*. Beauty abounds in the persons of California Playmate Dru Hart and *The Girls of "Funny Girl"*, a preview of the stunning Ziegfeldian chorines who brighten the sets of Barbra Streisand's first film. Updating—and off-beating—your image with instant beards, mustaches and sideburns is the subject of *Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow*. Two more fashion features—one silly, the other suave—await within: Erich Sokol delineating his kookie casualwear in *Sokol's Sweat-shirts* and a showcasing of Pierre Cardin's new topcoats, shaped suits and accessories in *Gallie Urbanity*. Rounding out our bill of fare, Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario stokes the coals for an appetizing clambake in *Sea It Now*. Dig in!

PLAYBOY®



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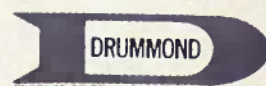
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PLAYBOY, SEPTEMBER, 1968, VOL. 15, NO. 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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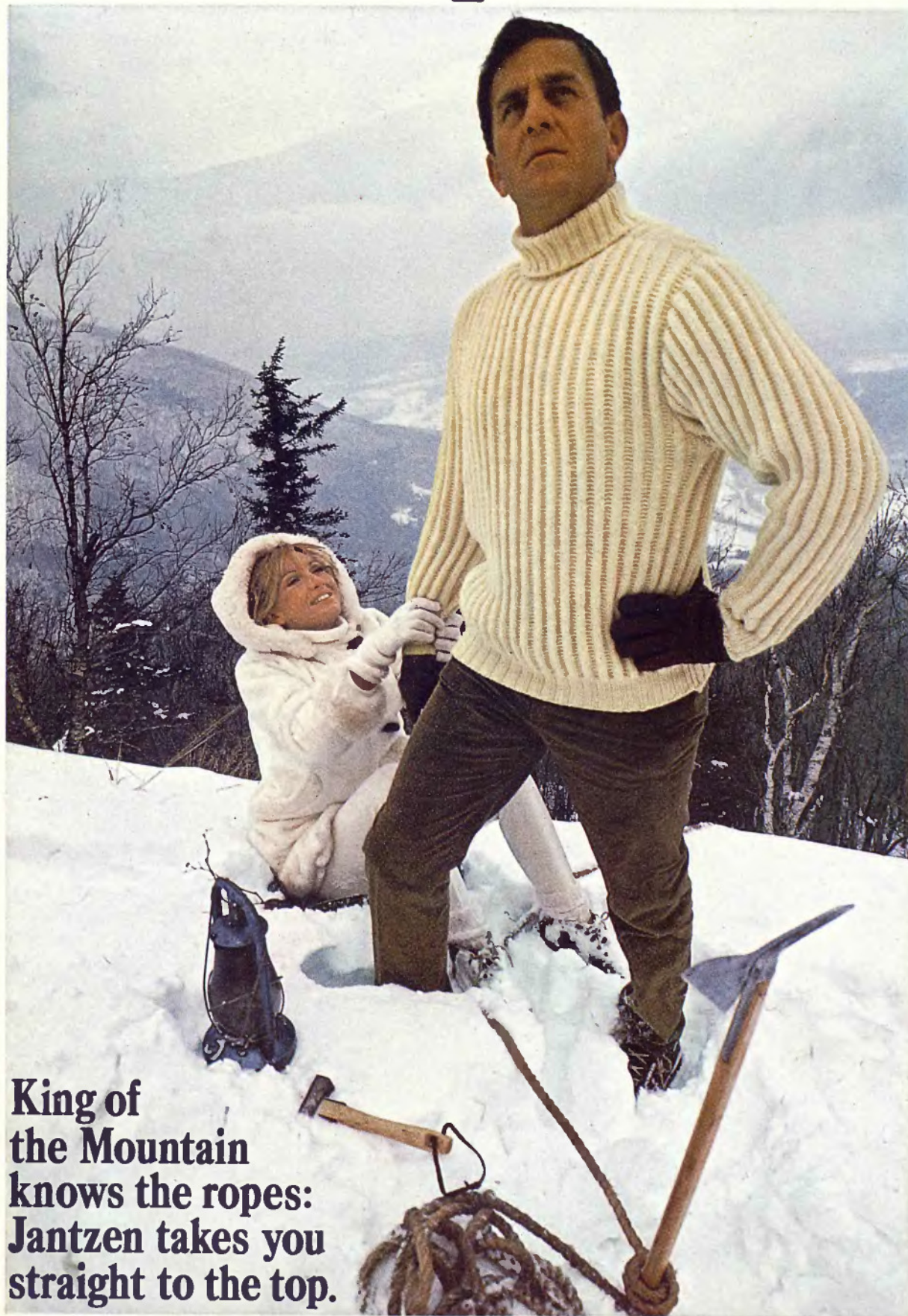
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DEAR PLAYBOY



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MUDDYING THE WATERS

As a biological oceanographer concerned with pollution problems, I was most pleased to read Justice William O. Douglas' article, *An Inquest on Our Lakes and Rivers*, in your June issue. Unfortunately, in the past, we scientists concerned with pollution have talked mainly to ourselves, and the public has received biased information both from the antipollution people and from industrial types who have greatly underrated the pollution problems endangering the economic and public health of our nation. I'm especially glad that the article appeared in *PLAYBOY*, because it will reach an audience that is youthful, both in age and in thinking. The younger portion of our nation will have to correct the problems of pollution that the older generation has willed it. I plan to use Douglas' article in my classes—as required reading. Please keep up the good work you have been doing in terms of educating in fields other than just morality.

Dr. Walter A. Glooschenko,
Assistant Professor
Department of Oceanography
Florida State University
Tallahassee, Florida

Justice Douglas' article more than adequately sums up the water-pollution problem facing our country today. It should be emphasized, however, that the causes of the pollution problem are largely economic. In our "effluent society," in many instances it is more economical for an industry or a municipality to dispose of untreated wastes and then pay a fine, rather than to institute suitable treatment practices. The United States already possesses the knowledge and technical resources to curb water pollution. The only ingredient missing is the desire on the part of the industrial polluter, since treatment will inevitably result in lower profits. Only by prompt Government action, making it more costly to discharge than to treat waste, will the incentive be established to stop pollution once and for all.

Jeffrey M. Barrie
Sanitary Engineer
Flushing, New York

My heartiest thanks and commendation to you for allowing Justice William O. Douglas to present the facts concerning water pollution. Justice Douglas is trying to alarm us. I hope he succeeds. Until enough people become alarmed and then act, pollution will continue to advance. One of the main problems is big money. Industrial and other related lobbies still hold the upper hand at levels where great progress could be made to clean up American waters. The fisherman, the swimmer, the boater and the person who just enjoys natural beauty—these people don't have much power. I sincerely hope the truth dawns on the nonaquatic capitalist before he has to pay the same price for a glass of water that he now pays for a martini.

David A. Mayhew
Shadyside, Ohio

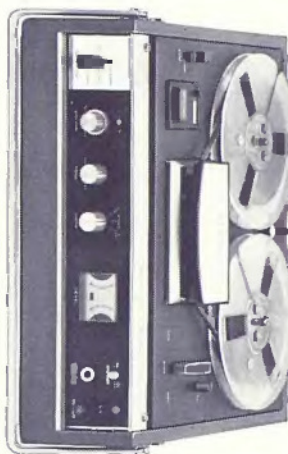
I would like to commend Justice Douglas for his excellent article. It was very much in the *PLAYBOY* tradition—the facts were laid clearly before the reader, with no double talk. I was especially touched by the section that told of pollution in other countries. Here in Canada, our lakes and streams are fast becoming industrial cesspools.

Denny Eberts
Victoria, British Columbia

The most depressing aspect of Justice Douglas' fine article is not that this enormous and seemingly insoluble problem exists, though that is sufficiently horrifying, but that nobody really gives a damn about it. By "nobody" I mean the rank and file of littering and garbage-strewing Americans and, more importantly, the businesses and corporations that create pollution—and the local and state governments too cowardly to stop them. Everyone just hopes that the whole nasty mess will ultimately drift out to sea and sink without trace. Unfortunately, the law of conservation of matter says that this can't happen.

Isabelle Lynn
Goose Prairie, Washington

Thanks to *PLAYBOY* and to Justice Douglas for the article on river and lake pollution. America should open her eyes



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to the putrid and nauseating problem that exists in our streams and lakes. Within sight of our college dormitory is one more polluted stream that Justice Douglas can add to the ever-growing list. This is the Wabash river, which flows into the Ohio and, in turn, into the Mississippi.

William A. Garten
 Gary S. Andrews
 Indiana State College
 Terre Haute, Indiana

May I be one of the many who will praise Justice Douglas for his timely article? When I am not at my college home in West Virginia, singing praises of the yellow, winding, sulphuric Tygart, I am home watching thousands of dead fish flow into scenic Lake Erie. Our local gas company has the nerve to brand our area, northeast Ohio, "The Best Location in the Nation." These guys must not swim in the same lake. I presume they can afford a swimming pool. My thanks to PLAYBOY for publishing Douglas' article. It should be of interest to anyone who has ever seen a dead fish.

Luther Hutson
 Alderson-Broadus College
 Philippi, West Virginia

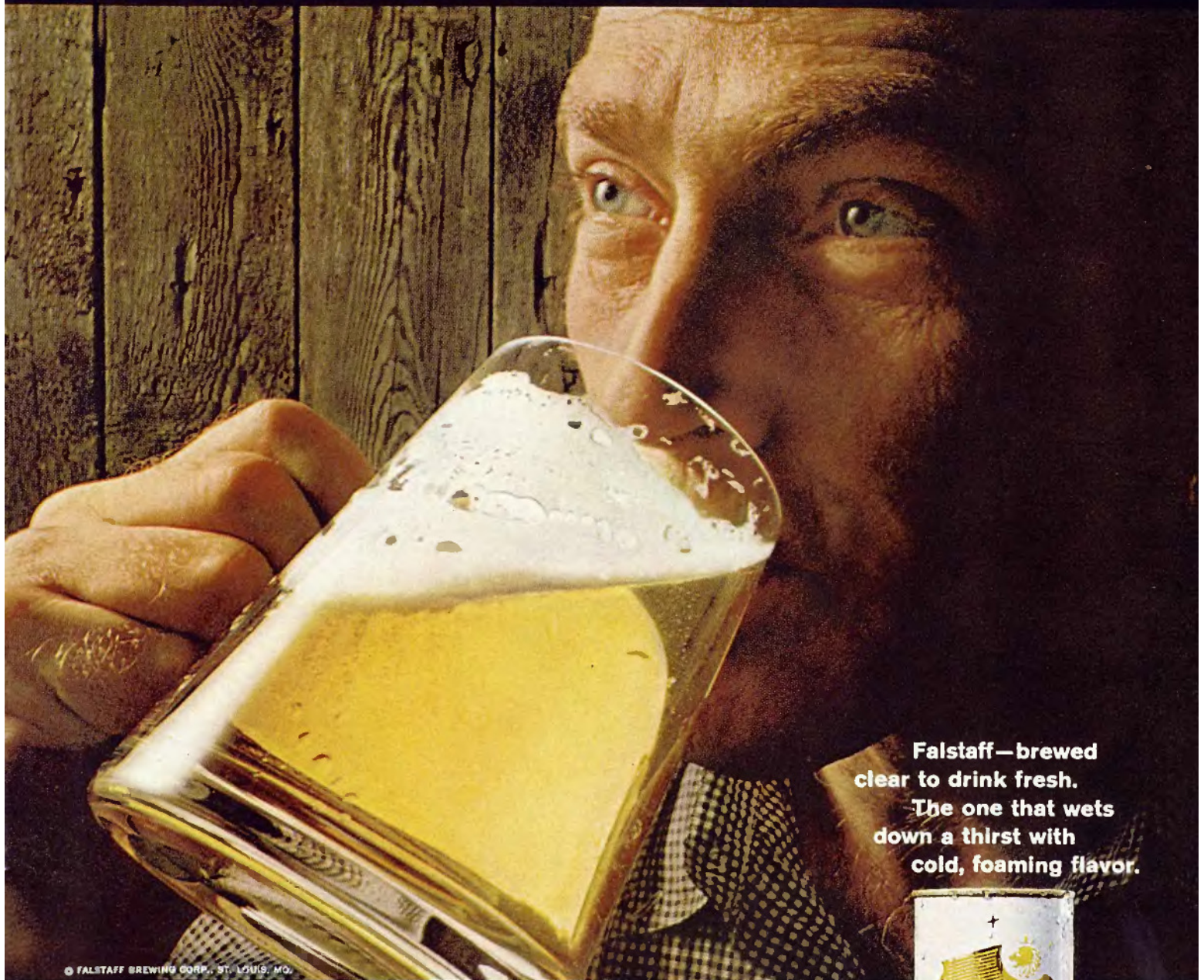
Justice Douglas' article was informative and well written. He calls attention to the pollution of our aquatic environment, one of the really serious problems facing not only our nation but all other countries of the world. However, his statement that "Fish need a dissolved oxygen concentration of 5 mg. per liter to survive" is incorrect unless qualified. Actually, many species can *survive* for long periods of time at a dissolved oxygen concentration well below 5 mg. per liter—some, below 3 mg.—while under certain conditions, many species require more than 5 mg. to survive. But survival and well-being are two different things. For instance, under some circumstances, a fish could survive but not reproduce. Needless to say, knowledge of the well-being of fish is still in its infancy.

Robert F. Hutton, Executive Secretary
 American Fisheries Society
 Washington, D. C.

GENIUS BY MAIL

Re Marvin Kitman's *How I Became a Renaissance Man in My Spare Time* (PLAYBOY, June): As part-time college freshman and aspiring author-poet-actor-impressionist-musician lacking sufficient funds even to renew my subscription to PLAYBOY, I could hardly find the time and/or will power to leave your fine photography and switch to Kitman's uncannily witty description of my personal experiences thus far in search of a career. (I received a B in the Famous Writers

the thirst slaker



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School's aptitude test: they said my sentences were too long.) My thanks to Kitman for a very enjoyable piece.

Jim Portanova
Flushing, New York

Mr. Kitman's article is very funny—and I enjoyed it. Please tell him so. Also, I'm glad I was mentioned in the piece, as I'm tired of hearing rumors of my death. As a member of the guiding faculty of the Famous Writers School, I have to be political and correct Mr. Kitman's findings. To tell the truth, the Famous Writers School has survived worse criticism. But I'd sort of like to join the Marvin Kitman Famous Renaissance Man School, if ever it becomes coeducational. The Renaissance Woman had quite a lot going for her, too.

Faith Baldwin
Norwalk, Connecticut

A few more articles like this and Marvin Kitman will be my favorite writer.

Jacqueline Susann
New York, New York

Miss Susann authored "Valley of the Dolls," 1967's best-selling novel.

GHOST WRITER

Congratulations to Hoke Norris for his *Ghost* (PLAYBOY, June). This is one of the finest short stories I've read in some time. It strikes right at the root of the materialistic hypocrisy that is destroying man's real values. Keep up the good work.

Steve Cross
Atlanta, Georgia

GALBRAITH INTERVIEW

I enjoyed reading your June interview with John Kenneth Galbraith and I commend PLAYBOY for the caliber of articles it has been presenting.

Senator Frank E. Moss
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Your interview with Galbraith was outstanding. As a graduate diplomatic historian and aspirant State Department staffer, I was especially impressed with Galbraith's vital and exciting concept of foreign affairs and of America's role in international politics. His recommendations would bring purpose and dynamism to American foreign policy. They have too long gone unfulfilled. Prospects for the United States and the world will continue to worsen until such invigorating voices as Galbraith's are heeded by those who establish our national priorities.

Richard A. Harrison
Silver Spring, Maryland

Congratulations on your straightforward interview with Galbraith. He has the unique ability to say what he means in a very easily understood way. I have

already been exposed to two courses in economics and find that Galbraith can say in a few words what it took me two quarters to sift from my lectures.

William Wilson
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, Colorado

Thanks to PLAYBOY and to Galbraith for an insightful and easy-reading critique of the state of society and economics today. As a student of economics, I do not doubt that Galbraith's words should be closely heeded. His statements regarding the possibility of a recurrence of a 1929-type crash and his remarks about the much-needed overhaul of present fiscal policies are beyond reproach.

Elliot H. Sacks
State College, Pennsylvania

I would like to applaud PLAYBOY Senior Editor Michael Laurence for the fascinating interview with Galbraith. As in so many of your interviews, PLAYBOY has once again managed to reveal the real nature of a notable person. In the interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, you exposed a sick man. The interview with Robert Shelton unmasked a fraud. By interviewing Galbraith, you have revealed a truly intelligent and forthright human being. My only hope is that we start to heed his advice before our actions and inactions lead to more misery.

Robert L. Finkelstein
Oxon Hill, Maryland

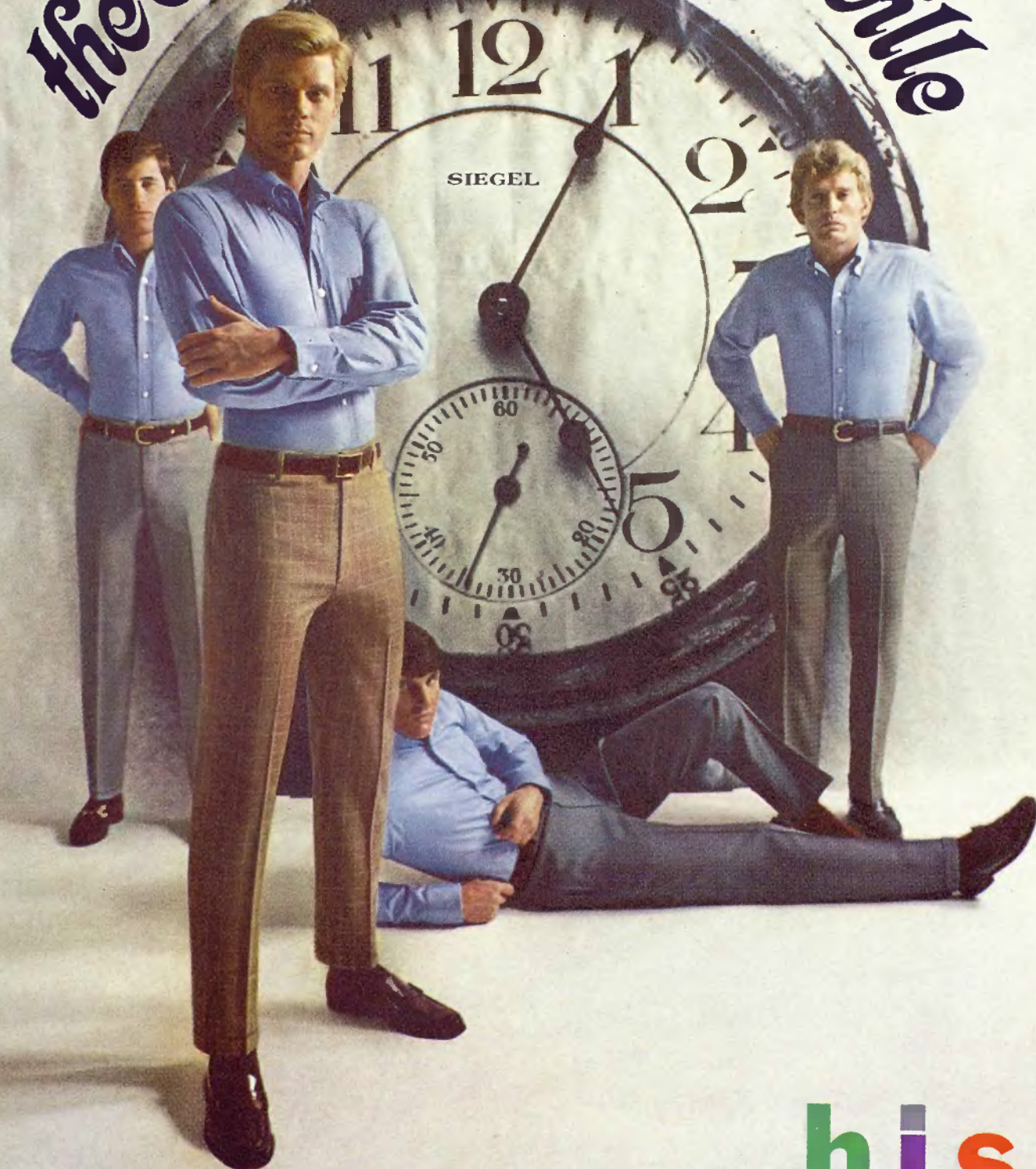
Just one observation on your interview with John Kenneth Galbraith: Excellent. Sgt. Ray Coutu
APO San Francisco, California

Fascinating is the only way to describe your interview with Galbraith. He gave us superb insights into the thinking of the leaders in the State Department and in the military complex. He discussed some very important economic and social topics—such as welfare, unemployment and public finance—with a fine touch, and he argued a persuasive case for the negative income tax. His ability to talk intelligibly about economics is matched by few.

Craig R. Waugh, III
Toronto, Ontario

Your interview with Galbraith reads like a horror story. Dating from his self-indoctrination into the philosophies of John Maynard Keynes, a Fabian socialist, and his subsequent prolific writing, which gained him the ear of our elected representatives, Galbraith's poison has infected our land. We are well removed from what Galbraith calls the "clichés of the balanced budget" all right—and headed toward inflationary suicide. The liberals "go to Washington when the

the Raspberry Pocketwatch
the 5:05 to Slacksville



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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 209.

going is good," Galbraith admits, leaving us to assume they pull out in a hurry during the resultant chaos. Dimpling modestly, Galbraith takes part "credit" for our present economic way of life and utterly refuses to accept the fact of its complete failure. At the same time, he berates the fogies who have detected the flaws in his ideas and who are trying to push aside the phony mystery with which he surrounds his complicated and highly dangerous manipulating.

Betty Henson
Granada Hills, California

Not since Keynes has there been so shrewd an irrationalist as John Kenneth Galbraith.

Mike Washburn
Raleigh, North Carolina

One of the main tenets supporting the draft, Galbraith says, is "the archaic conviction that there is something morally good about compelling people to serve their country." How does Galbraith resolve this statement with the fact that he advocates a negative income tax—which will compel me to serve my country, by forcing me to pay better than 20 percent of earned income for the unearned benefit of others?

C. A. Moore
Houston, Texas

I was glad to see Galbraith establish a point about the negative income tax, which is often misunderstood. All too many people object to the proposal without really understanding it. They say: "Why should I work to support others who don't care to?" The fact is, as Galbraith made clear, that the negative income tax is proposed as an *alternative* to our costly, inefficient and bureaucracy-ridden welfare system. If we replaced our current welfare apparatus with a negative income tax, taxpayers would actually be paying less toward the support of others than they now do.

Harold Smith
Chicago, Illinois

FIFTIETH STATE

Len Deighton's June travel article, *Hawaiian Aye!*, offers rewarding advice to future visitors to Hawaiian resort areas. As Deighton implies, the urge to be where the action is will lead the traveler to Waikiki and Honolulu, but the real memories of this beautiful state are to be found far from the postcard landmarks. The piece was very perceptive.

Douglas A. White
Urbana, Ohio

MAN-MADE MEN

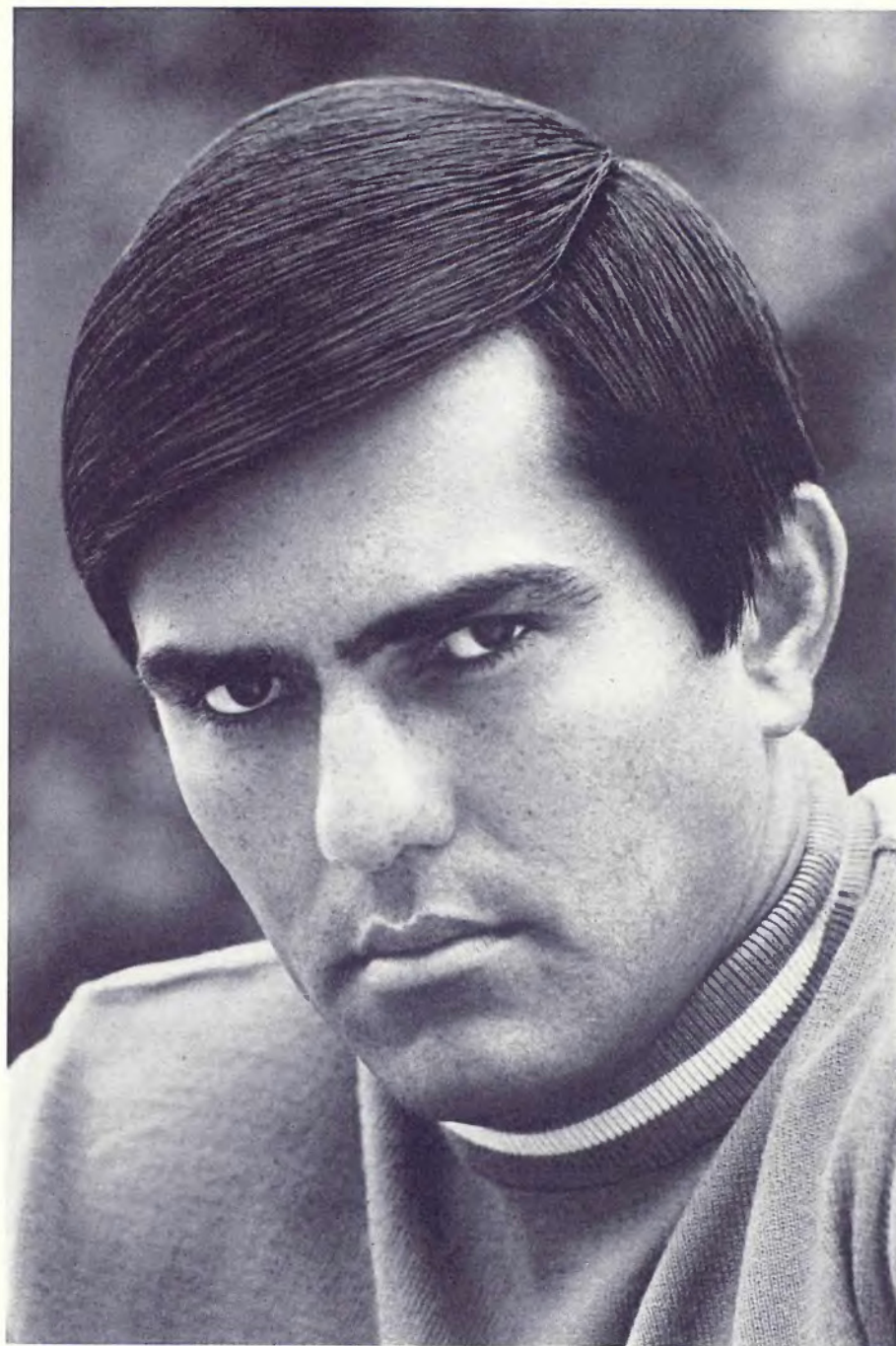
Max Gunther's *Second Genesis*, in your June issue, was the best description of the RNA-DNA scene that I've ever read. I think I learned more from that article than from two years of college

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Dep for Men—the hairstyling products

biochemistry. The task of developing Homo superior is perhaps the greatest challenge facing mankind today.

Bert Smith
San Francisco, California

I would like to congratulate PLAYBOY and Max Gunther on this excellent article.

Curt Stern, Professor
Department of Zoology and Genetics
University of California
Berkeley, California

In *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley forcefully illustrated the potentially disastrous consequences of genetic control. I'm surprised that Gunther didn't discuss this. What happens when we find we have enough Einsteins and discover we need people to do menial tasks? Do we then reverse the formula to produce Homo inferior—whose low intelligence will keep him from getting bored doing these jobs?

It is meaningless to speak of superiority in the abstract. If we mean the ability to thrive in our new environment, then we had best produce men whose lungs thrive on poisoned air, whose bodies can drink polluted water, who are unaffected by overcrowding, who are immune to fallout radiation and who are free from mental hang-ups.

Interestingly enough, another branch of science has already produced such a creature. It is called a computer. Many cyberneticists now take it for granted that there is nothing a human can do that a computer can't do or won't be able to do better. Furthermore, the computer is blossoming in an environment that is becoming less and less hospitable to organic life. The notion that man may be improved but never replaced is a new way of expressing an old romantic fallacy.

As for Gunther's discussion of longevity: It is only the unfulfilled who are obsessed with remaining alive even at the cost of doing so as vegetables. At a certain time in your life, the healthiest thing you can do is die. That is why old people in America are so depressing. They are afraid to die—because they have never lived.

Stuart Berman
San Francisco, California

GIRL WATCHERS

Usually, I don't write to publications; but this time, I just can't keep my mouth shut. Herbert Gold's *Girl Getting Educated at Noon on Sunday*, in your June issue, has to be one of the very finest, most tightly written short stories I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Man, it's poetic. While it considers dating as a sociosexual phenomenon, it also tells it like it is—in a poignant manner I haven't often encountered. This is

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but another example of the seemingly never-ending series of outstanding editorial feats from the PLAYBOY bag.

James F. Freda
Washington, D. C.

I've always liked Gold's work, but I can't remember being quite so impressed by any other piece in PLAYBOY as I was by *Girl Getting Educated at Noon on Sunday*. It was real, perceptive and beautiful.

M. Alan Born
Austin, Texas

GAMMA RAVES

As an avid female fan of PLAYBOY, I would like to say how very happy I was to discover *Gamma Gamma Gamma*, by Richard Duggin, in your June issue. This story had that special *Catch-22* quality: bizarre humor masking an undercurrent of horror. A fine job.

Cecille Milder
Omaha, Nebraska

There are 20 men here at Hastings College who greatly enjoyed Richard Duggin's *Gamma Gamma Gamma*. None of us ever imagined that the name of our local fraternity would reach beyond our campus. Thank you thank you thank you.

John Shepherdson, President
Gamma Gamma Gamma Fraternity
Hastings College
Hastings, Nebraska

WORD PLAY

Perhaps you would like a comment on the word *heteronym*, which you use in the June *Playboy After Hours* to connote a word spelled like another word but different in sound and meaning. This word was coined in 1885 in an article in the *Journal of Nervous Diseases* by Burt G. Wilder, a Cornell professor of neurology and vertebrate zoology, to mean "vernacular names which are more or less precise translations of Latin names in any other language." The word was carefully restricted to paired names such as *wolf* and *lupus*, *mouse* and *mus*. By a process that can only be called creative lexicography, because there are no examples of usage on record, this coinage was extended to a definition in the *Century Dictionary* four years later that reads: "A word having a different sound and meaning from another but the same spelling, as *lead* [meaning "to conduct"] and *lead* a metal; distinguished from homonym in a narrow sense—that is, a word having the same sound as another, but not the same spelling." Once a word gets into a dictionary it's likely to remain in the tradition for some time. From the *Century* it got into the many-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* and thence into *Webster's New International* of 1909 and 1934. When, in the 1950s, the editors of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* examined the evidence for its

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actual use, they found none and accordingly omitted it. During the present century, we are aware of but a single running text in which *heteronym* occurs. PLAYBOY's use became the second. If PLAYBOY and many others decide the word is useful and continue to use it, it will be forced into the language and, eventually, dictionaries will have to include it on the basis of genuine evidence. (So, too, with your word *dejobbed*, used in an earlier *After Hours* column, which we're putting in our files; it's not a coinage but is very rare.)

Those who have so far had no need for the word *heteronym* have got by with the words *homograph* (same spelling—i.e., identical to the eye—as in *fair* a market and *fair* beautiful, *bow* of a boat and *bow* to bend and *bow* and arrow), *homophone* (same sound—i.e., identical to the ear—as in *rite*, *write*, *right*, *wright*) and *homonym* (same name, as in *spring* source of water and *spring* to leap). But *homonym* has become a generic word for all three and is much more often used than the other two.

Philip B. Gove, Editor in Chief
*Webster's Third New
International Dictionary*
Springfield, Massachusetts

For a sequel to the word-playful item to which editor Gove refers, see this month's "Playboy After Hours."

DR. SAM

John T. Sladek's *The Man from Not-Yet* (PLAYBOY, June) is a fascinating and enjoyable reminiscence of that great letter writer, Dr. Samuel Johnson. It provides a fine record of his gruff and stern conversations, his habits and his many peculiarities. To Sladek: a feather for his cap.

J. L. Stell
Glasgow, Kentucky

COVER GIRL

The cover of your June issue is certainly outstanding. May we expect to see more of Jennie Wallace in a future issue? I certainly hope so.

S. E. Littleton
St. Louis, Missouri

Your June cover is, without a doubt, the most striking I can recall. I strongly urge that Jennie Wallace be invited back for future covers—or interiors.

James E. Scheid
Simsbury, Connecticut

Judging from her PLAYBOY cover, Jennie Wallace is one beautiful chick. Can we hope for more extended coverage of that young lass in the future?

Twenty-nine Students
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

Jennie—who hails from down under—will make a pictorial reappearance in "The Girls of Australia," in an upcoming issue of PLAYBOY.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



High society in Bangkok, Thailand, felt an unexpected tremor in the cultural explosion when American pianist Myron Kropp made his debut—and, in all probability, his final appearance—there late last year. Though this memorable musical event seems less likely to have occurred on a concert stage than in a Marx Brothers movie, a straight-faced (though a possible put-on) review—by critic Kenneth Langbell—appeared in *The Bangkok Post*. In order to do justice to the occasion—and to Mr. Langbell's admirably understated critique—we reproduce the latter here:

"Mr. Kropp had chosen the title 'An Evening with Bach' for his performance. Indeed, from the very outset, it was an evening the social leaders of Bangkok would not soon forget. . . . A hush fell over the room as Mr. Kropp appeared from the right of the stage. . . . With sparse, sandy hair, a sallow complexion and a deceptively frail-looking frame, the man who has repopularized Johann Sebastian Bach approached the Baldwin concert grand, bowed to the audience and placed himself upon the stool.

"The evening opened with the *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor*, the 'raging storm' as described by Schweitzer, which, even when adapted for piano, gives us an idea of what the young Bach, whose ideas were close to those of Buxtehude, meant by virtuosity: bold melodic figures, surging dynamics, forceful accents and impassioned modulations which not infrequently confounded the church congregations, according to contemporaries who were alarmed by the intensity of Bach's expressive power.

"As I have mentioned on several other occasions, the Baldwin concert grand, while basically a fine instrument, needs constant attention, particularly in a climate such as Bangkok's. This is even more true when the instrument is as old as the one provided in the Chamber Music Room of the Erawan Hotel. In this humidity the felts which separate the white keys from the black tend to swell, causing an occasional key to stick, which apparently was the case last evening with the D in the second octave.

"During the 'raging storm,' Mr. Kropp must be complimented for putting up with the awkward D. However, by the time the 'storm' was past and he had gotten into the *Prelude and Fugue in D Major*, in which the second-octave D plays a major role, Mr. Kropp's patience was wearing thin.

"Some who attended the performance later questioned whether the awkward key justified some of the language which was heard coming from the stage during softer passages of the fugue. However, one member of the audience, who had sent his children out of the room by the midway point of the fugue, had a valid point when he commented, over the music and extemporaneous remarks of Mr. Kropp, that the workman who greased the stool might have done better to use some of the grease on the second-octave D key. Indeed, Mr. Kropp's stool had more than enough grease, and during one passage in which the music and lyrics both were particularly violent, Mr. Kropp was turned completely around. Whereas before his remarks had been aimed largely at the piano and were therefore somewhat muted, to his surprise and that of those in the Chamber Music Room, he found himself addressing himself directly to the audience.

"But such things do happen, and the person who began to laugh deserves to be severely reprimanded for this undignified behavior. Unfortunately, laughter is contagious, and by the time it had subsided and the audience had regained its composure, Mr. Kropp appeared to be somewhat shaken. Nevertheless, he swiveled himself back into position facing the piano and, leaving the *D Major* unfinished, commenced on the *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor*.

"Why the concert grand piano's G key in the third octave chose that particular time to begin sticking I hesitate to guess. However, it is certainly safe to say that Mr. Kropp himself did nothing to help matters when he began to use his feet to kick the lower portion of the piano instead of operating the pedals as it is generally done.

"Possibly it was this jarring, or the un-Bach-like hammering to which the sticking keyboard was being subjected. But something caused the right front leg of the piano to buckle slightly inward, leaving the entire instrument listing at approximately a 35-degree angle from that which is normal. A gasp went up from the audience, for if the piano had actually fallen, several of Mr. Kropp's toes, if not both his feet, would surely have been broken.

"It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that the audience saw Mr. Kropp slowly rise from his stool and leave the stage. A few men in the back of the room began clapping, and when Mr. Kropp reappeared a moment later, it seemed he was responding to the ovation. Apparently, however, he had left to get the red-handled fire ax which was hung backstage in case of fire, for that was what he had in his hand.

"My first reaction at seeing Mr. Kropp begin to chop at the left leg of the grand piano was that he was attempting to make it tilt at the same angle as the right leg and thereby correct the list. However, when the weakened legs finally collapsed altogether with a great crash and Mr. Kropp continued to chop, it became obvious to all that he had no intention of going on with the concert.

"The ushers, who had heard the snapping of piano wires and splintering of sounding board from the dining room, came rushing in and, with the help of the hotel manager, two Indian watchmen and a passing police corporal, finally succeeded in disarming Mr. Kropp and dragging him off the stage.

"The consensus of those who witnessed Mr. Kropp's performance is that it will be a long time before Bangkok concertgoers are again treated to such a spectacular evening."

In this space last June, we published another musician's tale—a capsule scenario conceived for the sole purpose of confounding electronic translators by feeding them puns and other plays on words that, so far, require a human brain to understand aright. For those who came in late, the

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story that was the vehicle for this anti-automation ploy concerned a virtuoso violinist who set himself the task of practicing 12 hours a day to perfect his skill, and a former convict who struck it rich and tried to force the musician to perform for him, for which a judge threw the erstwhile con in the pokey.

Now, along come a couple of chaps from our Research Department with not exactly a sequel but a bit of word-playful embroidery to reinforce our verbal man-versus-machine plot.

He (the musician) had the patience of Job and no one had to dun him to get the job done, but there were days when he walked around in a daze, yet he kept his practicing up seven days a week, although it made him so weak he'd have to play sitting down and couldn't muster the strength to go out to see a play. He did his part, but he felt acute pain when he would part the felt curtains and peer through the pane at a peer-group pal, who had a cute young son, relaxing in the sun on the pier. Indeed, when his patience neared exhaustion, he thought of becoming one of a psychiatrist's patients. At such a moment, however rich the plum toward which he strove, it seemed of small moment. He felt so plumb tuckered out that it seemed plain common sense to forget dollars and cents, take a plane to almost anywhere where he could wear nought but seamed swim trunks, carry no trunks or other luggage with him, set his sights on sites so remote—like tropic isles, he cites as an example—that the only aisles he'd ever see would be bee-humming groves of trees that would lead to the sea. However, his thoughts would soon return to his project: the need to project his image as a genuine virtuoso.

One day, in a confessional mood, he allowed as how he—like the rest of mankind—liked to rest on the couch when he allowed himself to do so, though he did not couch it in those words, nor did he voice the thought aloud on most occasions. He also said that when he would permit himself such respites, he felt so guilty about taking this license that he wished he could get a permit, like a driver's license, which would be equivalent to constitutional approval for giving his weary constitution needed relaxation when it felt like kneaded dough. But he never spent the dough to take a vacation, no matter how spent he felt. Indeed, there were times when the frequency of his fatigues got him to thinking he should don fatigues and have his anonymous body shipped to the morgue with a letter saying he would deed it to science. But he would not fret for long. Instead, he'd take up his fiddle, fiddle with the fret and play Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Flight of the Bumble Bee*, one piece that brought him peace of mind and refreshed him like a shot of vitamin B₁. (He recalled that his grandmother and

his grand mother used to call a quilting bee "one grand way to unwind"—and they'd then listen to the wind, wind the clock and go to bed. This was the same, sane grandmother who, when he'd cut his finger working on a seine net, had wound a bandage around the wound.) The net of the matter is that our man would think wistfully of his married friend with a thriving brood, and brood on the loneliness of his own life, even though this same friend was too stupid to understand a simple game like whist fully.

But then his will of iron would triumph over his heart of lead and he'd let himself be led back to work by it. His conscience was like a mailed fist that he mailed to himself daily. Proof of his utter fatigue was that just one tot of 90-proof booze would make him utter pitiful cries, like a hurt tot. So he would eschew drink and chew gum instead. On such occasions, he would part his hair neatly and present himself to the music school's faculty, who would always assure him he had the faculty to be the greatest to ever play a violin part, a sure boost to his ego in all ways. Inspired anew, he'd hold a new violin in one hand, the bow in the other, and bow to the audience. Ironically, no one had grasped the import of his genius when this young Pole was just another musical import.

One day he got so bored that he poured himself a whole big drink and drank it all down as if he were pouring it in a hole bored in the ground by a giant awl—and then subsided on the floor as though it were the softest down. Pore over that! And that's not the whole story. When he played in the recording studio, even the soundest sound engineers weren't bored, not even the one who hadn't won a bet of a box of Toll House cookies and then exacted a toll from his apprentice to pay for it—which did not abet his annoyance at losing a bet. In fact, he wanted to box the other better to see who was the better man, but that chap had gone to sea. The ship's chaplain worried about him, thinking he had a bout of seasickness. "Has the chap lain down; is he sleeping like a log?" the chaplain asked when the man failed to show for dinner. "Sho' 'nuff," said the cook's knot-tying helper. "This is no Cook's Tour, you know, no matter what you and U Thant think. According to the ship's log, we're not even logging one knot, to tie our previous passage."

Anyway, the virtuoso's skill improved until he was really sharp: Alone in his flat, he would flawlessly play Mozart's B-flat Sonata, the one that modulates to A-sharp. Or turn on his tape recorder and reel off a reel of the Virginia reel. It makes the mind reel. But on due consideration, he realized he'd gained no monetary consideration and that all this rehearsing left the content of his wallet (which he kept in his left pocket) at zero; yet he was content to persevere, though it

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left the condition of his purse severe, and he vowed he'd zero in on his objective.

Meanwhile, to be objective about it, the former convict was no longer cutting a fine figure in velvet jackets with ruff at cuff and collar, as had been his wont in the days when he was not in want. We won't go into that; suffice it to say he had it rough and that some said he'd have preferred to pay a large sum, i.e., a fine. No matter what the figure, that would have been fine with him. Part of his trouble was that he played the part of the man who couldn't care less, which was careless. This former card-sharp even thought the judge was a card when, in one sharp sentence, he gave him a jail sentence; but although he was an old pro, the ex-con didn't understand the pro and con of the case. In fact, he was as mistaken as a miss taken by surprise who hadn't thought anything was amiss, as in a novel novel by Kingsley Amis. So the judge said, "I'll sew this case up by laying the law down; let this verdict live in history and become part of the lore of the law, for it is a live issue."

We won't be forgiving with our Research chaps for going ahead and for giving us the foregoing. If they weren't such nice fellows, we'd hit them on the head and lock them in the head for the puniness of their punyness. Now, did we hear anyone here say, "Whoever threw in that last pun is through"? Amen.

Marxists may be unsettled to learn that, according to the Rockland County, New York, *Journal-News*, the New City Lutheran Church offers a special service on the first Sunday of each month: "Holy Communism."

Crowds of competitive shoppers must have converged on H & H Resale in Appleton, Wisconsin, after that firm ran this classified ad in the city's *Weekly Bargain Bulletin*: "FOR SALE—Used tombstone. Perfect for someone named Homer P. Hendelbergenheinz. One only."

Tourists in search of an offbeat night on the town will be interested to learn that there's an ancient tavern in the London borough of Southwark called The Boot and Flogger.

We applaud the candor of the store owner on Chicago's skid row who placed the following sign in his window, beneath a plaster bust of himself wearing a sinister black eye patch: BLACK PAUL—YOUR FENCE—RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS.

If one can believe the announcement in *This Week in Public Health*—published by the state of Massachusetts—interested listeners at a conference concerning the problems of teaching sex education in high schools were let in on some closely guarded regional secrets. As

the blurb related it, "Marjory Bracher, free-lance writer, author of books on sex education and former schoolteacher, will describe 'How We Do It in Toledo, Ohio.'"

Financial World reports that a nameless Washington bureaucrat—doubtless associated with the Department of the Interior—has finally isolated the root cause of all the problems besetting the U.S.: the American Indians' nonrestrictive immigration policy.

The Victoria, British Columbia, version of *TV Guide* recently listed a panel discussion on "Pre-Marital Sex," moderated by a chap unfortunately named Wendell Loveless.

The Harvard Crimson reports that Harold Krents, a blind first-year student at Harvard Law School, was recently reclassified 1-A by his draft board, despite his repeated attempts to convince the board that he has been legally blind all his life. Philosophical about the mix-up, Krents claims he is quite willing to serve. "If I go to Vietnam," he says, "my ambition is to be a bombardier."

Sexual Revolution, New Math Division: The Glen Cove, New York, *Penny-saver*, a local weekly shopping guide, contained the following ad: "WANTED: MALE COLLEGE MATH MAJOR TO COUCH 11th year H.S. student. \$5 per hour. Your place or mine."

Sticky-fingered day trippers, beware: A Lower Manhattan psychedelic shop displays a sign that warns, SHOPLIFTERS WILL BE MUTILATED.

Listed in the current catalog of a mail-order clothbound and paperback book service located in Japan are the following provocative titles: "Life of an Amorous Man (hard) . . . \$3.50" and "Life of an Amorous Man (soft) . . . \$2.50."

BOOKS

There must be something about the artist's easel and the desert's sand that releases the Dionysian in an Englishman. Witness Joyce Cary and T. E. Lawrence. Now add Alan Sillitoe's *A Tree on Fire* (Doubleday), a king-size joy of a novel that mixes gunpowder and rose madder, to set off an explosion that splashes blood and paint from Nottingham to Djebel-Djurjura. Sillitoe is the working-class incendiary who gave us *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*. In his latest, he sends his inflamed proletariat abroad to help the Algerians in their fight against the French. Frank Dawley is one of the revolutionary jet set who must fly not to the latest playground but to the latest killing ground. Meanwhile, back in the

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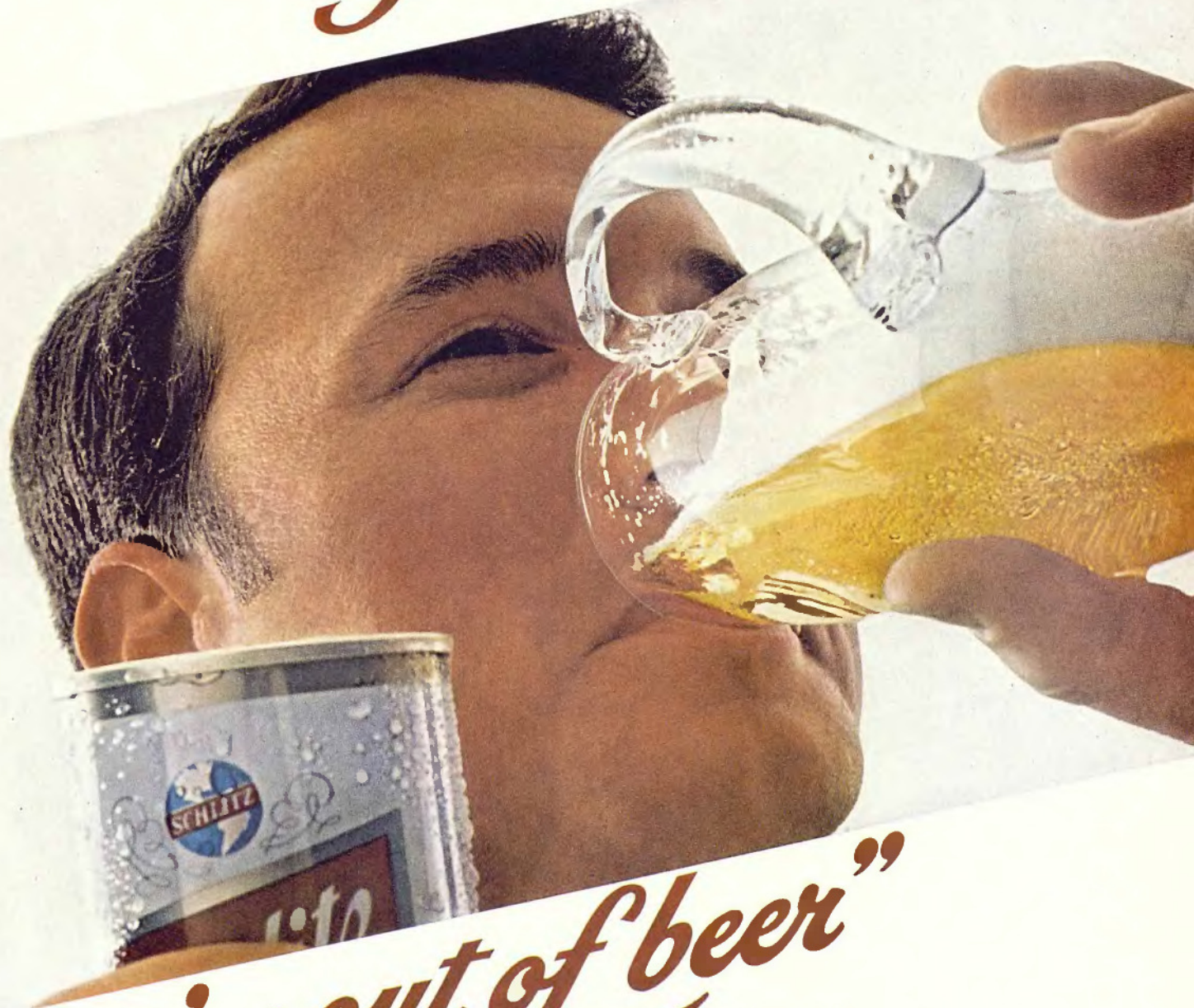
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mother country is his friend Albert Handley, a lower-class artist as full of sparks as a Catherine wheel, a man who wrote begging letters to keep his numerous brood alive when he was unknown and who still doesn't pay his bills after he's rolling in shillings. The novel shuttles between the two, artist and fighter, demonstrating that every artist must be something of a fighter to safeguard his art from fools, culturegrubbers and even his own family; and every fighter must be something of an artist, to know when and where to shed his blood. Occasionally, Sillitoe gets carried away by his own prose and writes like Thomas Wolfe (the first) at his least restrained. But for most of this ambitious and successful novel, the author creates a blaze that is as fierce and fine and funny as anything to come out of an English-speaking country in a long time. One of the most heartening things about it is that it employs sex as men and women generally employ sex and not as a trampoline on which a fad-satisfying writer can bounce and bounce and bounce. *A Tree on Fire*, the publishers tell us, is the second part of a trilogy. It doesn't matter. This novel supplies its own heat and light.

In a highly personal variation on the "nonfiction novel," John Hersey plunges with passion into the circumstances surrounding the wanton killings of three black men during the 1967 Detroit riots. Hersey saw in *The Algiers Motel Incident* (Knopf) "all the mythical themes of racial strife in the United States: the arm of the law taking the law into its own hands; interracial sex; the subtle poison of racist thinking by 'decent' men who deny that they are racists; the societal limbo into which so many young black men have been driven ever since slavery, in our country; ambiguous justice in the courts; and the devastation in both black and white human lives that follows in the wake of violence. . . ." These are magnificent themes, central to our times, but Hersey doesn't hold them together. It is not difficult to understand and sympathize with his failure, for the case itself was full of complications. During the riots, police received word that snipers were operating from the Algiers Motel, a transient hostelry run at the time "mainly for a pleasure-loving black clientele." City police, state police and National Guard troops rushed to the scene, found no snipers, only a number of black men together with two white women. The police went on a murdering rampage. Three Detroit cops were tried in the case; all are free today. Nobody knows for certain what went on in that motel or who pulled the trigger. Hersey went to Detroit, however, not to solve the killings, but to get at the root causes of the riots. Why did they start? Why the bitterness among blacks? And why the killings? Hersey's

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answers are overwhelmed here by an incoherence of material. His narrative trails back and forth in time. A large cast of characters speak in the first person through the tape recorder and are interrupted by Hersey with his own opinions, and confusion thickens. At one point, Hersey acknowledges his problem: "I am continuously aware that my reliance in this narrative on the statements of witnesses tends to fragment the story; it is not so much written as listened to, in bits and pieces." And that is simply not enough to carry along Hersey's terrible truths to his readers.

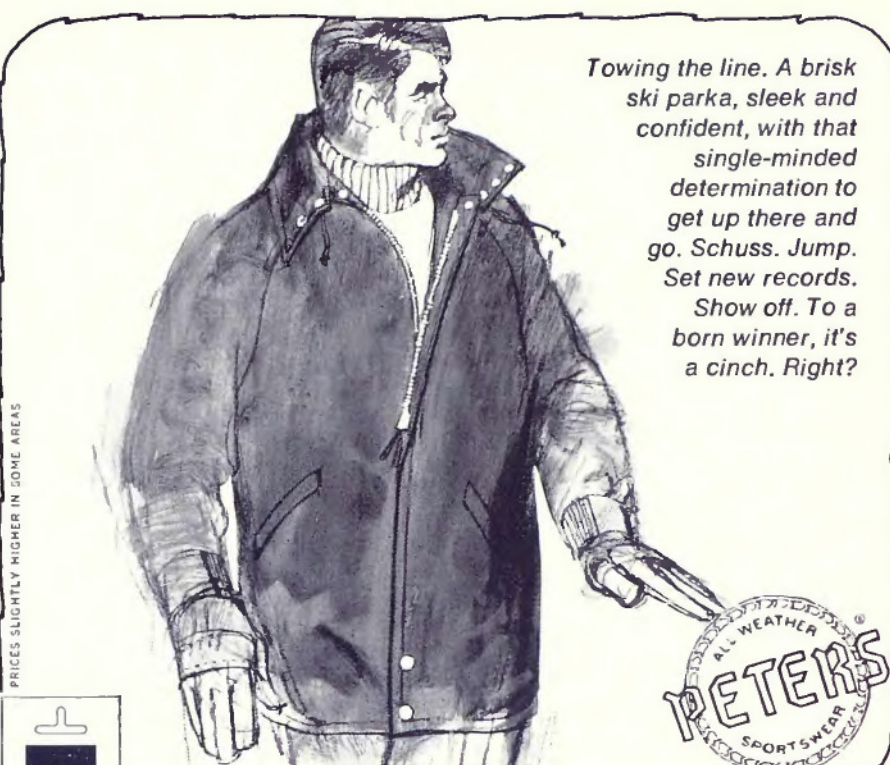
What William Malliol conveys with bloody compulsion in his first novel, *A Sense of Dark* (Atheneum), is that nations that masquerade as civilized have just about worn out the capacity of their male citizens to pass as man rather than animal. Some, like Brian Locke in Malliol's novel, have had so much exposure to violent death that they hunger for it as men have traditionally hungered for home and family and peace. Brian is an Englishman who has seen his soldier father murdered by the I. R. A., his uncle fly off on an R. A. F. mission never to return, and his mother blasted into extinction by the *Luftwaffe*. If this weren't enough, there is the final fillip of having his sweetheart killed in a horseback-riding accident. Something snaps, and Brian, almost the Oxford gentleman, becomes death's deputy. With evangelical fervor, he enlists in death's cause by joining the U. S. Marines in Korea. With a samurai sword as his cachet—"Locke's razor blade"—the more-than-half-demented Brian devotes himself to bringing in the sheaves. There is little to choose between the suicidal charges of the Chinese and the bestiality of the noncoms in a U. S. Marine prison camp, but both have their place in Brian's apocalyptic vision. In its clipped, febrile beat, Malliol's style becomes the novel's *raison de morte*. He has written a powerful book that shows us the satanic hands that have been raised to bless the hell many feel the U. S. is institutionalizing on the surface of this planet.

Poet, novelist, songwriter and, more recently, singer of his own songs on a Columbia L.P., Canadian Leonard Cohen appears to have caught on among modish Americans in the past year. For them, and for the newly curious, *Selected Poems 1956-1968* (Viking) provides the author's own choice from the field in which he first became known in Canada. If this is what Cohen wants us to remember him by as a poet, he might be well advised to concentrate his energies in the future on fiction and songwriting. His language is often flaccid (though proclaiming intensity) and his rhythms tend to be slack. There is much self-dissection, but the self presented here is neither as singular nor as complicated as Cohen anxiously believes. He

veers from ambling clarity to diffuse ambiguity and sometimes even manages to combine the two ("Have you ever noticed how private/a wet tree is/a curtain of razor blades/Love me because nothing happens"). But if the reader is patient enough, there are indications that Cohen does have a capacity to get to a root conundrum of our time: If rational men have ceased to be able to feel, of what use is their "sanity" to themselves or to the world? In an eerie one-act ballet-drama, *The New Step*, Cohen discloses a potential as playwright that recalls but does not imitate Pinter. The best-known poem in the book, *Suzanne Takes You Down*, has become a hit of the new pop music; and although it's overrated, the rhythms are sure and the yearning for direct, total contact with another is sufficiently disciplined to be both powerful and evocative. It is precisely discipline that Cohen tends to lack as a poet. He seems to believe that freedom in art comes easy: it doesn't—as he'll discover, and as this book proves.

The Loser (Funk & Wagnalls) is a remarkably candid compulsive gambler named William Hoffman, Jr., who leads us along the devious ways trodden by his special breed. In workmanlike prose, he tells how he turned his back on his family and, staked by phony checks, went in quest of the handicapper's grail. Given his nose for the horses, he might have come out ahead—if it weren't for an irresistible fascination with long shots. At length, he resorted to Gamblers Anonymous, which helped him back to the straight life—but he hasn't yet reached his finish line. For the old compulsion returns; and at the book's end, he is once again out among the denizens of the gambling demi-world, trying to beat the system. It's a sucker's game, as Hoffman, above all men, knows; yet his book is honest, illuminating about the nature and the mechanics of the gambling addiction and quite affecting. Report has it that *The Loser* is destined for the movies. This time, at least, Hoffman is decidedly a winner.

Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, sounding not a little like Mark Antony, reassure readers that "the great majority of Senators and Representatives serving in the United States Congress, we believe, are honorable men. But too often they let themselves be victimized by a system that puts almost irresistible pressure on men in high places who will do almost anything they can get away with to stay there." Describing the system and its participants is clearly a labor of love for these experienced rakers of muck. Enlarging on their daily lesson for civics students—the syndicated newspaper column *Washington Merry-Go-Round—The Case Against Congress* (Simon



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& Schuster) is a lively textbook on Congressional unethics. Understatement is not in the Pearson-Anderson style. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, they say, is one of the capital's thirstiest drinkers and, hence, "America's top security risk." On lobbyists: "The evidence is more persuasive that legislation is shaped as much by hidden influences as by public debates." Among the cast of hundreds are many depressingly familiar faces. Hustling Thomas Dodd rediscovered the advantages of double-entry bookkeeping, only to be discovered by aides, who took the story (and pounds of documents) to Pearson and Anderson. Adam Powell made the understandable error of believing that payroll padding and junkets were protected by color-blind custom. The catalog of chiseling and mooching and "abuse of power" spans the distance from buying votes and selling influence to such routine perks of office as free haircuts, cheap life insurance (no medical exam required), generous pensions and cut-rate car rentals for committee chairmen who can scrape together \$750 a year for the use of a Lincoln Continental. As outraged insiders, Pearson and Anderson offer a ten-point program to overcome the "bi-partisan inertia" that has blocked reform. Proposal number three is the most simple and most drastic: "All letters and phone calls shall be made public as a matter of law." But the nine other suggestions are not far behind, which explains why the chances for adopting the package are about as good as the authors' chances for Cabinet appointments.

When five writers independently make the same scene, comparisons are not only inevitable but useful. And here we have two college professors, two free-lance writers and one newspaper reporter who became personally involved with hippies on the East and West Coasts; despite different vantage points, they pretty much agree in both observations and conclusions. Lewis Yablonsky, author of *The Hippie Trip* (Pegasus), describes himself as "a 43-year-old rather 'hip' professor" and as a sociologist who "considers it almost impossible to be totally objective in the study of human behavior." His book proves the latter point. Yablonsky has such unequivocal affection for the hippies and their various causes that he constantly seems to be searching for positive things to report. But because he has tape-recorded his interviews and because he gives the transcripts straight, many readers will realize that the scene last summer was even more grim than Yablonsky himself reluctantly admits. In the flower people's gardens, he found "chaos and mass confusion," not to mention rape, starvation and emotionally abandoned children; and he notes that many hippies "find that much of the hippie philosophy

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and way of life is even less satisfying, more hypocritical and more plastic than straight society." *The Hippie Trip* should be required reading on college campuses, along with two other books. One is *We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against* (Quadrangle), by Nicholas von Hoffman, a *Washington Post* reporter. Unlike Yablonsky, Von Hoffman creatively synthesized his interviews with sensitive perceptions to produce a book that becomes a curiously satisfying amalgam: fictional in feeling but ringing true as reconstructed fact and incisive social commentary probing the sick society that spawned these hippie fugitives. Burton H. Wolfe, whose affection for the hippies equals that of Yablonsky and Von Hoffman, is a far angrier man. In *The Hippies* (Signet), he documents the social movement that developed from the Beats to the Hashbury scene and scathingly indicts drug dealers in particular and American society in general for what he calls "the deflowering of the flower children." The remaining two books—*Voices from the Love Generation* (Little, Brown), edited by Leonard Wolf, and *The Flower People* (Ballantine), by Henry Gross—are little more than tape-recorded interviews with individual hippies. Wolf, a professor of English at San Francisco State College, presents better material in a better way; Gross, whose prose amounts to a caricature of the English language, is the only writer among the five who is utterly without judgment. Even *his* book, however, gives ample evidence that for all their good intentions, many of the hippies have only paved another road to hell.

The rose of the flower generation, Joan Baez, has written her first book, *Daybreak* (Dial); and for the first few pages, it looks like a disaster. Fragments of childhood memories, dreams, the kind of scattered notes that might be found in a diary. But where's the connection? Gradually and fascinatingly, the unity becomes clear. It is an odyssey, with past and present intertwined, of an extraordinarily candid young woman whose religion is the affirmation of life. Her sketches of her family, friends and a lover are precise, often witty and without a tinge of pretentiousness. Miss Baez also turns out to be a first-rate reporter as she describes a group-therapy session in the heart of the generation gap or records the conversations of the inmates of the jail where she and her mother served time for civil disobedience at the Oakland, California, induction center. A basic motif in the book is her commitment to nonviolence, which is climaxed in a long conversation with a "realistic" nonpacifist: "The only thing that's been a worse flop than the organization of nonviolence has been the organization of violence." *Daybreak* is a short book and is intended to be experienced as a whole. Pulsing hard

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through it all is the beat of life—the strong vibrato that characterizes Joan Baez' singing. The book is uncategorizable, as is Joan herself; and they are both celebrations of life.

There will be room at the top for the man climbing the business ladder if he utilizes this formula: Private ethics and business morality are as day and night, and never the twain shall meet. So, at least, says Albert Z. Carr in *Business As a Game* (New American Library); and, proceeding from this premise, he puts forth some rules for making it. Despite attractive money offers, avoid companies in which nepotism is rife and in which top executives are either tyrants or pie-in-the-sky peddlers. For a first job, a prestige firm is worth a fourth less pay than that offered by a relatively unknown company. Understand that while business expects (nay, demands) loyalty, it rarely dispenses much of the same, so don't hesitate to take off for greener pastures. Since companies respect tigers, don't admit you just want to do your work, live quietly and earn a decent salary—always appear intent on winning the key to the executive toilet. Psychological tests are trying to fake you out—fake them back by tailoring your answers to fit the occasion. And as for bluffing—"an integral part of the game"—unhesitatingly manipulate age, salary and other figures to the extent required. If you want a raise, go so far as to stage a conversation into a dead telephone as the boss is entering your office; you don't happen to notice him while you're fighting off a rival's offer of huge stock options and a deed to the planet Earth. But bluff only when a goal is truly important, and always be prepared to have that bluff called. Somewhere in all this ore doubtless are nuggets of value, but it is up to the reader to dig them out and refine them for personal use. Our own J. Paul Getty would shudder at most of the advice proffered.

In his first novel, *Happy Families* (Scribner's), *Newsweek* books editor Saul Maloff lets go with joyous abandon, bursting through the tight bounds of editorial word counts, examining his theme for every possible nuance with the dedication of a Talmudist. But unfortunately, he has bitten off far less than he wants to chew. The beginning is promising enough: Robert Kalb, a true son of a Herzog, comes back to New York after banishing himself in Chicago for seven lean years following his divorce. His purpose is to establish a relationship with his 17-year-old daughter. But out of fear of a rejection, he puts off seeing her. Instead, he strays and delays endlessly in a world of fatherless daughters and daughterless fathers that carries him from the pads of Greenwich

Village to the offices of a midtown news magazine, from the kitchens of Morningside Heights to the corridors of suburban Colonials. When he finally decides to see his daughter, she herself appears to have taken off, so Kalb characteristically decides to do nothing, realizing that like father, like daughter; the girl must burn with his own "wayward blood." The book is laced with genuinely funny spoofs of candy-store proprietors and White House residents, of news-magazine editors and the publishers of self-help books; Maloff has a comic eye and a ready wit. But he refuses to use one word when three will do, and he repeatedly invokes the same situation and theme. His novel seems to pass in review and review and review to the point of diminishing returns.

The idea that we were put on this planet to work threads the fabric of every culture man has devised; the notion of *not* working seems somehow immoral to most people. This tenet has long glorified physical labor and, more recently, the concept of full employment. In *Two-Factor Theory: The Economics of Reality* (Random House), a financier and a political-science writer—Louis O. Kelso and Patricia Hetter—denounce full employment as a loser's ploy, based on ritualistic devotion to things as they were before the dawn of the industrial era. The authors claim that since technological gee whizz has made full employment impossible, politicians can pursue such a goal only with the help of wars and totalitarianism—and won't achieve it even then. Personal toil is only one well-spring of capital wealth, they contend; the other source is invested capital itself, more widely distributed by borrowing against a future wealth created by that very borrowing. If that's not entirely clear, neither are Kelso and Hetter. In any event, these iconoclasts are maintaining that the traditional capitalists, who cringe at Governmental tinkering with the economy, and the Keynesians, who favor centralized intervention, and the Marxists, who crave Governmental regulation through central ownership of the instruments of production, are all wet. Their new Holy Grail is "universal capitalism," under which an endless round robin of debt against tomorrow gives a share of capital to all hands. Where's the cash to come from? First, repeal the inheritance tax so all that big wealth will be passed on tax-free, presumably to spread in ever-wider ripples. Second, eliminate corporate taxes so more stockholders can have more profits and thus more capital. As simple as that—omitting only answers to a few questions, such as: In this utopia of happy little unemployed capitalists, who will build the hospitals and roads and bridges and parks and museums, and who will deliver the mail and outfit the Army and



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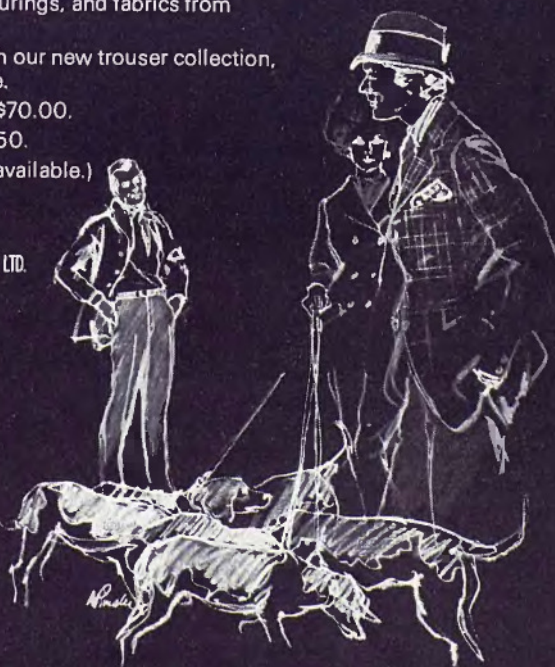
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finance the lengthy, expensive research to defeat cancer and heart disease? You answered that one when you mailed your check to Uncle Sam on April 15.

Kenneth Keniston deserves an award for academic daring. On the basis of interviews with only 11 young men and 3 women, which ranged in length from two hours to a maximum of eight, he has written a penetrating 290-page portrait of today's American *Young Radicals* (Harcourt, Brace & World). It is a persuasive study of the antithesis of the hippie: the involved, idealistic, deeply committed young person who is determined to revolutionize society. Keniston, a psychology professor at Yale, sees him as the true child of his parents. They taught him to think for himself, and he does; they taught him to have compassion for less fortunate people, and he does; they taught him to hate hypocrisy, injustice and violence, and he does. But what his parents did not fully expect was that instead of merely preaching these convictions, he would act on them, even though this meant giving up, at least for the present, his individual career. In general, these leaders of the New Left prove to be brighter, more emotionally stable and far more self-sufficient than the majority of their peers. In Keniston's view, today's young radicals are struggling with two tough dilemmas. They are so opposed to social manipulation that they are uncomfortable with the role of leadership, which diminishes the effectiveness of their efforts; and in their abhorrence of all violence, they must act in ways that, paradoxically, elicit violence from others. For anyone who is fed up with all the published nonsense on the subject of American youth, *Young Radicals* offers a much-needed counterbalance. Any country that can produce young people such as these can't be doing everything wrong.

In a time when fiction tends toward the brutally realistic or the blackly humorous, it is something of a shock to come upon a book of old-fashioned "story-telling." It is even more of a shock to find these stories quietly but firmly gripping, even unsettling. This trick is artfully turned by none other than the ageless Noel Coward in a quartet of short stories lumped together under the title of one of them, *Bon Voyage* (Doubleday). Each story is based on a situation so cliché as to make one think Coward is putting us on: The middle-aged wife of a British planter in the tropics succumbs to her sexual desire for a native servant; a rich widow is left alone in Switzerland when her devoted servant dies; a foppish English newspaper columnist faces a social crisis; a group of ill-assorted characters form the captain's

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table on a Pacific Ocean cruise ship. Yet from these wizened ploys, Coward carves with a wicked knife slices of life in the rare. His disarmingly placid narratives suddenly build to revelatory crescendos as the last bit of skin is flayed from his naked, quivering characters. Coward knows his people and their places. When he tells us that his irascible, effeminate columnist shares his bath with a pink-celluloid duck, we do not for a moment doubt it. When he gives us the deadly conversation of the cruise-ship passengers, we know Coward has heard these words a score of times. And when he talks of love and death—and each of the stories pivots on their interrelationship—the reverberations ring true.

Aristotle Onassis is a day person and a night person. By day, he is busy pyramiding his fortune (estimated at \$500,000,000). By night, he is either at El Morocco in New York, throwing a party for Margot Fonteyn, or entertaining royalty aboard his flagship Christina (you know, the one with the swimming pool that rises to the top at night, is covered and converted into a dance floor). Onassis created a personal Marshall Plan for the rehabilitation of Monte Carlo as a watering spot for his jet setters. At first, Prince Rainier was delighted, until it became plain that the outsider had a more secure hold on the country than did the blood monarch. So one might expect *Onassis* (Meridith, by Willi Frischauer, to be rich stuff. After surviving a risky boyhood in Smyrna and barely escaping a Turkish massacre, young Aristotle settled in South America to make his fortune and became a shipowner; today, his fleet—some 3,000,000 tons—resembles the Royal Navy at her fighting peak. A man who has bargained with kings and queens and heads of state, a man who has numbered the Garbos and Churchills of the world as among his close friends, deserves Homeric treatment. But Frischauer's book reads like the 1967 edition of the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, as told to the Department of Commerce. Attempting to enumerate Ari's (his friends call him Ari) many financial coups, Frischauer piles figures onto figures onto figures, until they become indistinguishable. The unfavorable aspects of Onassis' monopoly game, his troubles with various governments, are glossed over or otherwise handled like the summation for the defense. The best line in the book comes early, in the acknowledgments, with Onassis telling his biographer complacently, "If my privacy has to be raped, I might as well lie back and enjoy it." And why not, since this turns out to be the gentlest rape in recent times.

True Grit (Simon & Schuster), by Arkansas newspaperman Charles Portis, poses the most modern of literary questions:

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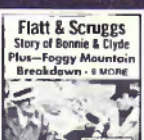
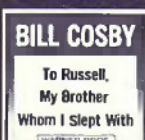
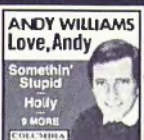
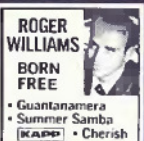
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Since you'll see it as a movie, should you read it as a book? The answer is a resounding yes. For it is doubtful if the moviemakers who have purchased this new novel for \$300,000 will have the nerve, verve or ability to preserve its whip-lash tongue-in-cheek style or ingenuous anti-Western ways. The 1880ish heroine is a precocious 14-year-old who vows to avenge the murder of her father. And she does so without any Hamletian hesitation. She knows exactly who the murderer is and, with the aid of an authentically depicted U. S. marshal—one-eyed and hard-drinking, 40 and paunchy—sets out after him into Indian territory. In their pursuit they are joined by a seedy Texas Ranger, out to get the same badman. The trio endures all the Saturday-serial hardships that old Western flesh is heir to, but their adventures are rendered in a style that is up-to-the-minute Eastern camp. Since the moviemakers just might cast Sandra Dee in the lead for self-destructive openers, by reading *True Grit* now you may spare yourself a painful ride out to Credibility Gap.

MOVIES

The rumor that underground movies have become respectable is belied by *No More Excuses*, a subterranean comedy that attacks the very foundations of society. Sans plot, film maker Robert Downey simply free-associates while editor Robert Soukis cunningly intermixes a collage of impressions testifying to the steep decline of American civilization. The damning evidence is pretty damn funny. Downey, a clean-cut anarchist who bills himself "a prince," essays the role of a Civil War soldier on the Union side, superficially wounded in the rump and transmigrated instantaneously—don't brood over these details—to modern, hustling New York. There, one of many birds interviewed in Manhattan's East Side "singles" bars explains the positive values of the scene: "I get laid quite a lot." Later, a portly trollop is being efficiently stripped and raped by a prowler—or perhaps he's a gymnast—when an ABC television reporter appears at the foot of the bed to ask the busy pair how they feel about Vietnam; the reporter, who happens to be a chimpanzee, then climbs upon the lady himself. The 1881 assassination of President James A. Garfield is documented—after a fashion: An occasional faggot, Downey's Garfield finally gets caught flouncing out of the women's washroom. And Allen Abel, the tongue-in-cheek leader of a society called S.I.N.A. (concerned with the Indecency of Naked Animals) urges that we "enclose the vital areas of

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all our pets," particularly if the brutes are more than six inches long or four inches high. Random shots of war's devastation suggest an idea or two rattling around within the chaos of *No More Excuses*, to the effect that man's bestiality on the battlefield is less amusing than his bestiality abed, and more dangerous. Though Downey approaches satire with the zeal of an undergraduate arsonist, his inflammatory humor might convert a few prudes and superpatriots to the cause of sexual revolution, or at least persuade them that they have little to fear from making love with the lights on.

A disturbing standard of morality underlies the major premises of *Bandolero!*, a Western that may—and should—mark the end of an era, if Hollywood means what it says about calling a moratorium on gratuitous violence and implicit racism. We wouldn't place any bets on that after watching Dean Martin, as a bank robber and killer saved from the gallows by his brother, James Stewart, another amiable desperado who only robs banks because, he genially philosophizes, there are all sorts of reasons for a feller to rob a bank—specially if he owns a gun and likes money. Into Mexican bandit territory ride the fugitives and their hostage, Raquel Welch, an ex-whore made rich and respectable through marriage but recently widowed by Martin's band of cutthroats. Now Raquel feels she would rather consort with a crook than with Sheriff George Kennedy, who is hotly pursuing her in more ways than one. All stouthearted men at last unite to defend Raquel's virtue when bloodthirsty *bandoleros* begin popping out of the landscape to indiscriminately slice up badman, lawman, deputy and thief. As massacres go, *Bandolero!* has a certain sleazy vitality. Whom to root for is the problem that confronts a conscientious viewer, unless he takes a cue from director Andrew V. McLaglen, a strict observer of formula. In McLaglen's rulebook, abetted by scenarist James Lee Barrett, good (white) guys get top billing, Mexicans are expendable and Indians (though none appear in the picture) are a god-damn joke.

As *The Man with the Balloons*, Marcello Mastroianni offers a compleat course in how to turn a bizarre but dubious comedy into a superlative one-man show. The intellectual and emotional obsessions of humankind are the jumping-off place for Italian writer-director Marco Ferreri and also for Mastroianni, who plays a prosperous candy manufacturer with a peculiar hang-up: Given some sample balloons in the ordinary course of business, he is seized by a compulsion

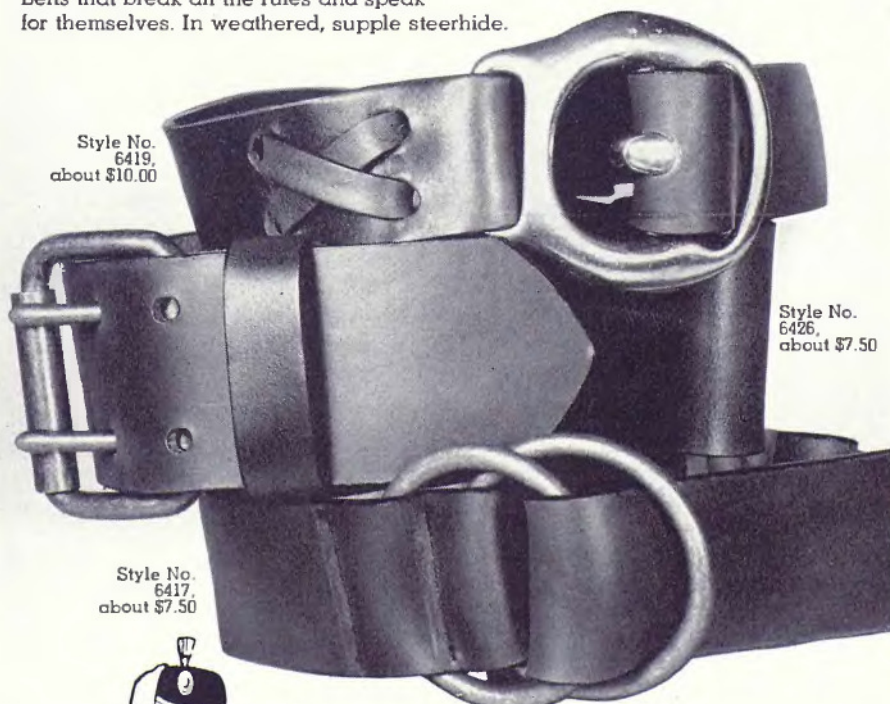
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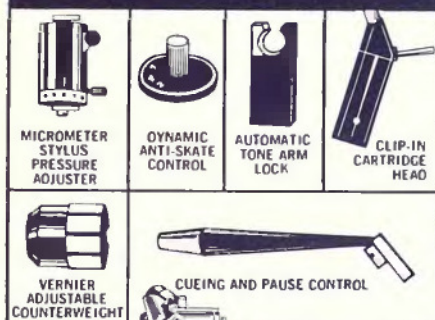


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to know precisely how much air a balloon can hold without bursting. He goes through a good many balloons before flinging himself out a window in despair, and the film as a whole gets pretty pumped up with significance as it meanders along. But Mastroianni's *simpatico* manner, combined with his single-minded concentration on whatever madness occurs, is hilarious and highly sophisticated. Where the movie falters in purpose, Marcello supplies his own, whether scolding the large brute of a dog that shares his flat, visiting four topless party girls in the apartment upstairs, turning on at a *discothèque* or turning off in a steam bath. Or, best of all, combining a passion for food and a passion for sex with the help of his chic mistress (Catherine Spaak), on whose bare tummy he draws a large daisy and hungrily licks it off. Gourmet fare, this, for moviegoers craving something rather special.

For Love of Ivy can boast one genuine distinction: Never before have Negro actors starred in a completely frivolous American sex comedy. Sidney Poitier devised the original story with a nice fat part for himself and an even nicer one for singer Abbey Lincoln. There they are, Poitier as a hip trucking executive who operates a highly mobile gambling den on wheels, Abbey as a simplehearted Southern domestic who has spent nine years serving some rich white folks on Long Island and now yearns to live a little. *Ivy's* social comment is subminimal: The ofays adore their maid and their thin veneer of liberalism is mocked ever so gently when the family's dropout son and miniskirted daughter (played with appealing freshness by Beau Bridges and Lauri Peters) set Ivy up to score with the big trucker. The ultimate seduction scene, staged in Poitier's Manhattan town house, reveals no new aesthetic directions; but never on the screen have black lovers been treated this way—abed in elegant surroundings, just digging each other far from the clamor of racial strife and the war on poverty. Poitier exercises his slow-burning charm with the total assurance appropriate to stardom, while Abbey, as an innocent who has never taken a shower with a man but rather likes the idea, sports one of the world's great smiles. Doris Day, if she were black, would give her freckles for such a part.

The highly visible faces in *Faces* reflect whatever bourgeois anguish it is that bedevils the membership of Blue Cross and the Book-of-the-Month Club. The specimens include the well-groomed housewife with a purse full of charge plates, the businessman who tells raw jokes over a liquid lunch, the good-looking blonde who haunts the best cocktail bar in town, the

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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 98

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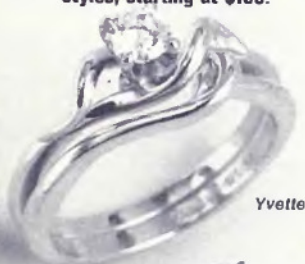
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respectable traveling exec looking for cheap thrills on strange turf—and the cheaper the better. Together, these American prototypes ought to spell dullsville. That they seldom do is a tribute to the fresh observations recorded by John Cassavetes, who wrote and directed *Faces* on a penny-ante budget. Cassavetes' wife, Gena Rowlands, is the sole seminame in a company of actors well below star quality; but they make up for it by improvising trauma with a wry sense of truth. The entire movie smacks of Actors Studio impromptu. The film is as grainy as an old newsreel; the sound is raw and harsh; and a good many scenes are too long by half again. Yet you can't pull your eyes away, for example, from the plight of a bored, graying middle-class male (John Marley) whose still-comely wife (Lynn Carlin) hates sex because she hates her daily grind. His solution is to shack up for the night with a sympathetic callgirl (Gena); his mate's is to hail several other frustrated wives into emergency session at a *discothèque* full of flashy young studs. Next morning, man and wife face each other in mutual infidelity and find almost nothing worth saying. So they just sit quietly on the stairs and smoke. It's a poignant moment in a poignant film, because, scene by scene, Cassavetes catches the deep natural rhythm of the way people behave.

What you eat is what you are, according to *You Are What You Eat*, which apotheosizes its title with an idyllic sequence in which flower people sit around simply eating flowers. Movies heretofore purporting to explain the hippie revolution seem middle-aged compared with *Eat*, which has been produced (by Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul & Mary, and director-cameraman Barry Feinstein) from deep within the multisensory media bag of magic tricks for every occasion. To call this event a documentary would make it sound much too dull and, in any case, would be inaccurate. There is no narration or editorializing as such, and Yarrow—doubling as musical director—has the vivid score he wrote with John Simon amplified to a point where groups like Harpers Bizarre, The Hell's Angels and The Mothers of Invention sock it to you at the speed of light. It's The Scene itself rendered as total cinema, both visual and visceral, an immense celebration of love love love. *Eat's* orgy of innocence is alive with painted bodies and flashing hair, not to mention a host of electronic-age primitives whose tongue kissing says louder than words that they would rather make love than war. Numerous V.I.P.s identified with the Soul generation appear for testimonials at least fleetingly—The Beatles on the run, Tiny Tim singing *I Got You, Babe*, the Reverend Malcolm Boyd dancing at a be-in on the beach and underground hero Super

Spade (murdered, alas, since completion of the film) sexually integrating with a voluptuous blonde to the accompaniment of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. A pure extract from the heart of hippiedom.

"Thirty-four years old and my life is finished," says Anne Jackson, facing the camera with the flat frankness of a woman who knows an aroused public will understand why she can no longer stay in her Connecticut kitchen fussing over recipes and daily horoscopes. This matronly chick, once a swinger and a reader of Proust, decides to break out. So she catches a commuter's special to Manhattan and presents herself as a \$100 callgirl to a movie star (Walter Matthau) for whom her husband (Patrick O'Neal, getting the short end of the infidelity *shtick*) handles public and private relations. That's all there is to *The Secret Life of an American Wife*, written, produced and directed by George (The Seven Year Itch) Axelrod, who can be identified by his stale gags and stock-company style. Yet, *Wife* manages to be more than a locker-room wheeze about sex in the afternoon. The longest and choicest part of the movie is the bedroom confrontation—a sly, warm, often perceptive interlude between the jaded idol and the idle *Hausfrau*. Matthau, as a 51-year-old roustabout plagued by bad sinuses and press clippings that celebrate his existence in "a continuous, electric Now," seems unable to make a false move. Reminded of his reputation as the most sexually attractive male in the Western world, he lifts his wattled chin like an amiable griffin and concludes, "I guess probably I am." With Anne prattling self-doubt beside him, a faltering comedy becomes a workout for two pros who play championship tennis, no matter how seedy the court.

An itinerant priest traveling with two whores is the hero of *Nazarin*, made in Mexico more than a decade ago, when it wasn't yet fashionable to say God is dead. Writer-director Luis (Belle de Jour) Buñuel, in a richly photographed autopsy on the body of Christian dogma, suggests that the patient died of cruelty, orthodoxy and irrelevance. Buñuel's protagonist is a Joblike padre (Francisco Rabal) who loses his faith but finds his humanity in the company of prostitutes, one a fugitive murderer, the other a passionate soul whose lust for goodness has carnal overtones. Begging alms around the countryside, the ill-met trio encounters plenty of evidence that Divine Mercy can be an unreliable asset on the highway of life. The priest is stoned by workers when he tries to sell his labor for a few crumbs instead of money. Hysterical village

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women beg him to perform miracles. He visits a dying girl who refuses last rites in favor of a reunion with her lover. "Juan, not God," she murmurs. The priest's disillusionment is completed when the church dismisses his belief in human dignity as heresy; he is thrown into prison and beaten by sadistic thugs. Buñuel's irony is untouched by the saving humor of *Don Quixote* or *Candide*, yet *Nazarin* succeeds on its own bleak terms as a fable of thwarted idealism in the grimmest classic tradition.

Novelist Romain Gary reportedly wanted to find a film role that would give full range to the talents of his actress-wife, Jean Seberg. So he adapted one of his own short stories (*A Bit of a Dreamer*, *A Bit of a Fool*, which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*, March 1964) and directed it himself. The result is *Birds in Peru*, a strikingly false movie and a professional setback for both M. and Mme. Gary. The former favors countless shots of gulls flying, long meaningful walks along the shore and 1001 lingering close-ups of his beautiful missus, who plays a nymphomaniac destined to keep a rendezvous with death. Is it instinct that brings her to a desolate Peruvian shore, where birds from the nearby islands come winging in droves to die? There, one busy day, a failed fugitive from reality (Maurice Ronet) enjoys her favors at least twice, after she has been had by four masked carnival celebrants, the madam of a beach-front bordello (Danielle Darrieux) and a truck driver. To keep eroticism from becoming monotonous, the mythic qualities of the sex-mad beauty are commented upon in arch but fitfully amusing exchanges between her wealthy husband (Pierre Brasseur) and an armed chauffeur who does triple duty as hired killer and alter ego. All of this was quite poetic on paper. But on the screen in full color, with every literary nuance spelled out in baby talk, it unwittingly begets laughter between the lines. Particularly when the camera cuts from a wifely indiscretion to a shot of Brasseur sulking and vowing, "It's the last time I take her around the world."

Ages ago, every African adventure drama offered an obligatory scene in which a drunken *bwana* doctor sobers up to save a woman in childbirth. *Dark of the Sun* revives the old bit, with Kenneth More as the noble souse. There are few other humane acts in director Jack Cardiff's bloodbath concerning a mission of mercenaries in the Republic of Congo. A tale that could hardly be simpler plants Rod Taylor, Jim Brown and disheveled Yvette Mimieux aboard a rickety train bound for a jungle outpost overrun by savage *simbas*. Within three days, the train is supposed to chug back



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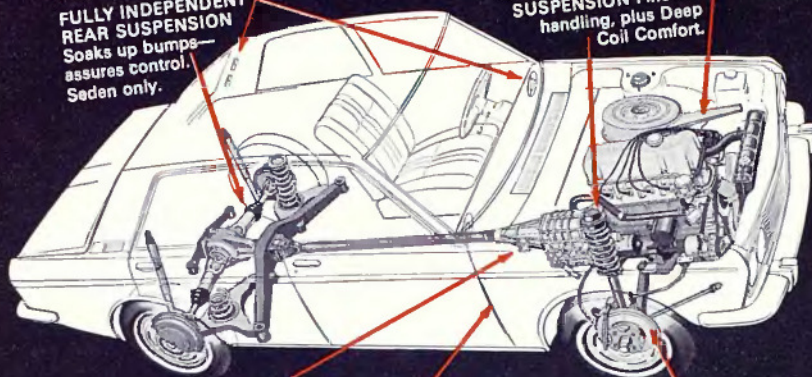
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with \$50,000,000 worth of diamonds, plus, if there's time, 62 white refugees. The job pays handsomely, and the movie pays its debt to morality by means of a message—something about Brown's natural black nobility gradually penetrating Taylor's thick-skinned greed. Though director Cardiff has to engineer a carload of clichés (the only real villain is a quasi-Nazi), he keeps the action ablaze by setting off the most god-awful explosions of violence in many a moon. Indeed, there's nary a moment free from ambushes, air attacks, torture scenes, raped nuns, the mercenaries' brutal slaying of two Negro children, a duel featuring an electric saw—and a hero who at last learns compassion through catharsis by committing a ferocious murder. This is the kind of movie that slides right by the censors because there's no nudity in it.

Inside every young director, apparently, lies an antiwar tract waiting to be let out. England's Peter Collinson (*Penthouse*) delivers his message in *The Long Day's Dying*, from a novel by Alan White, with dialog by scenarist Charles Wood, who wrote *How I Won the War*. The words spoken by the actors are frequently unintelligible, except when they resort to interior monologs; but they sound cryptic, poetic and callous in the manner long established for movie combat troops depicting the slaughter of war. David Hemmings gives a taut, personable account of himself as one of three British tomnies (Tom Bell and Tony Beckley are his mates) caught behind enemy lines with a treacherous German prisoner (Alan Dobie). The quartet performs flawlessly. Yet, granted that *Dying* makes death unusually graphic—with enough vomiting, spitting up of blood and skewering of one another to disable a much larger cast, and almost any size audience—it is a movie we would be reluctant to see a second time. Come to think of it, that's just how we felt seeing it the first time.

Totally committed hawks, on the other hand, will find mud and blood made to order in *The Green Berets*, starring the indestructible John Wayne, who also codirected this adaptation of the novel by Robin Moore. It's the war gospel according to Big John himself. Wayne's son Michael produced it, and son Patrick plays one of the strapping Americans in Vietnam. Black or white, young or old, they're all courageous, straight-thinking patriots who would fight to the death for any principle espoused by Republicans for Reagan, just as you'd expect. In fact, outside the ranks of the Viet Cong, the only character faintly infected with villainy is a liberal journalist (David Janssen) whose paper disapproves of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. "That's newspapers for you," says the

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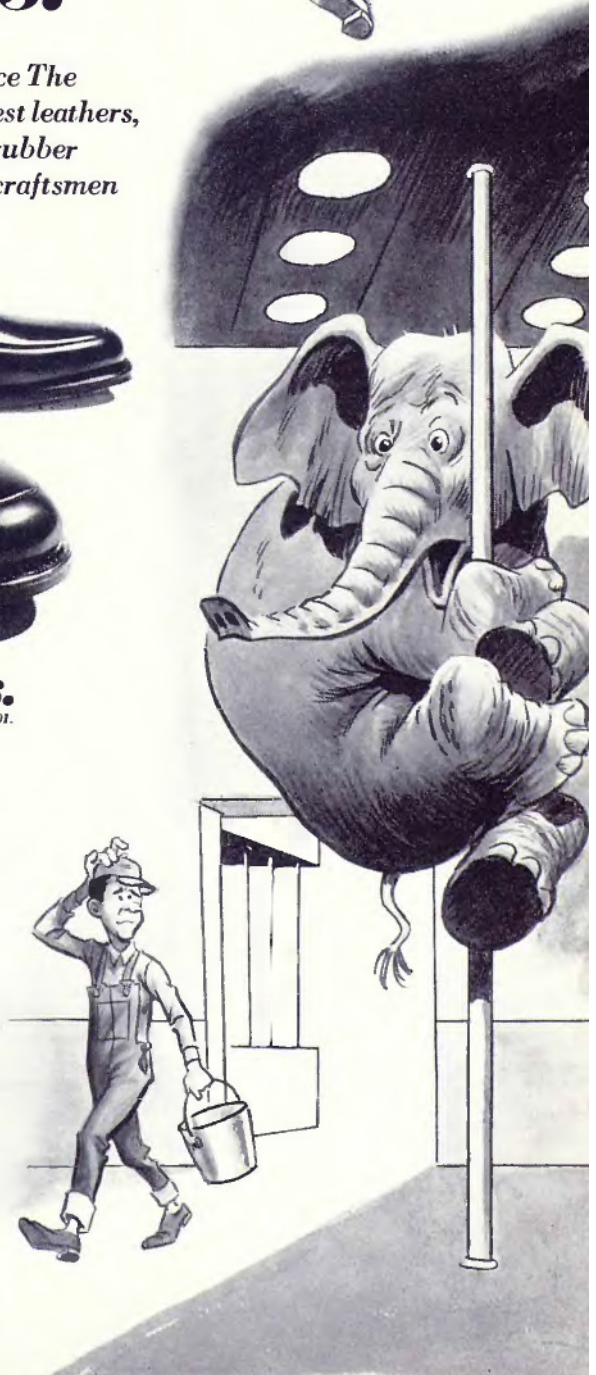
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Duke, squinting with ill-concealed contempt for a gutless pen-pusher who pushes neutrality in a linen safari suit that never seems to get soiled. Janssen learns a thing or two, of course, seeing how the V.C. rape and maim children while aw-shucksy GIs like Jim Hutton befriend orphans and dogs. In this man's war (filmed somewhere in North Carolina), complex issues become so wonderfully simple that the heat of battle often glows as warmly as the bonfire at a boy-scout jamboree.

Re-creating the lean and hungry look of southern Italy during World War Two is the aim of *Anzio*. Add glorious Eastmancolor to more than three decades of sunny post-War prosperity, though, and it's clear that director Edward Dmytryk has a battle on his hands. Somehow that era of whores, heroes and Hershey bars dematerializes whenever Dmytryk musters up hordes of eager Italians for his backgrounds; war or no war, the well-fed natives who have known *la dolce vita* can't quite hide their enthusiasm for the presence of another major movie company with money to burn. In the foreground of this soggy pasta, there is commando Peter Falk doing his rugged-but-warmly-human Peter Falk thing about as well as it's ever been done. There are also such cinematic Army regulars as Robert Ryan, Earl Holliman and Arthur Kennedy, not to mention Robert Mitchum—who has by now worn out a regiment's worth of khaki. Mitchum plays a laconic war correspondent accompanying a troop of Ranger scouts on a customarily hopeless mission and figuring out, as the casualties rise, that men kill one another "because they like to"—that the search-and-destroy kick can really turn a guy on before it cancels him out. Mark *Anzio* down as an antiwar movie of medium intensity.

Inadmissible Evidence, John Osborne's Broadway and London stage success, is the portrait of a failure—a 39-year-old London barrister tasting the bitter gall of middle age. Playing his own prosecutor in the kangaroo court of self-judgment, he tries himself as "a wicked, bawdy and scandalous object" and returns the verdict "irredeemably mediocre." He is a legal hack who feels threatened by his suffering clients—a betrayed wife floundering toward divorce and a homosexual family man withering in fear of police entrapment. He is a faithless husband and a dissatisfied philanderer, alternately flinging himself from the bed of his tired mistress to an office couch where he tries out acquiescent receptionists. He cannot talk to his Mod daughter, yet his blood boils with envy of everyone young. He is his own worst enemy, and that dramatic conflict is all Osborne requires to keep a theater aizzle with spleen. In several respects,

the movie version of *Evidence* (directed by Anthony Page) improves upon the play. The cool film medium smoothly manages the fantasy of the trial scenes and eases the transitions between flashbacks and the grubby realism of here and now. Repeating his role of Bill Maitland with nuances freshly defined for the camera, England's Nicol Williamson mounts a tour-de-force performance unequalled by any English actor since Laurence Olivier in *The Entertainer*, another Osborne dissection of character. The parts Osborne writes often outmatch his plays; and Williamson in *Evidence* is brash, mercurial, sad, perceptive—a most successful failure, indeed.

RECORDINGS

John Lee Hooker is in better form than usual on *Urban Blues* (BluesWay), and he gets sympathetic backing as he runs through such gutsy items as *Think Twice Before You Go* and *The Motor City Is Burning*, which puts you smack dab in the middle of the Detroit riot. T-Bone Walker's stylish way with a guitar is spotlighted on *Goin' to Funky Town*, a long instrumental that opens *Funky Town* (BluesWay); the eight succeeding selections easily maintain the mood and the standard. Otis Spann's *The Bottom of the Blues* (BluesWay) would be closer to the top if not for the band's intonation problems; outstanding are the slow, rolling tunes like *Nobody Knows* and *My Man*, on which Spann's wife, Lucille, makes a strong recording debut as a vocalist.

The raw vitality of guitarist-vocalist José Feliciano is brilliantly captured on *Feliciano!* (Victor). The apparent lack of gloss permits the emotions to shine through—*California Dreamin'*, *Light My Fire* and *Sunny* prove that point dramatically. There are jagged edges around much of José's efforts, but he's always able to communicate, which, after all, is the name of the game.

Moby Grape, a hitherto neglected San Francisco group, has two Columbia LPs out simultaneously. *Wow* ranges from folk to blues to country and western, yet falls into the broad category of competent but easily forgettable pop albums; however, *Grape Jam*, a collection of extended blues improvisations with guests Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper, provides real musical excitement, notably in the instrumentals *Marmalade*, *Boysenberry Jam* and *Black Currant Jam*.

Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac (Impulse!) has Dizzy Gillespie fronting a fine quintet and displaying the extraordinary musicianship and bubbling ebullience that are his trademarks. The title lark, *Max Que Nada* and the old Gillespie standby *Kush* high-

light the LP, which also glitters with the work of reed man James Moody on alto, tenor and flute. The latter gentleman is the star attraction on *Moody and the Brass Figures* (Milestone). The title is a bit misleading, as nearly half the nine numbers involve only a quartet; but those featuring an all-star brass section, with arrangements by Tom McIntosh, provide the most entertainment. With one exception, Moody sticks to his tenor and demonstrates both vivid imagination and brilliant tone.

A rock oratorio detailing the life of an old-maid schoolmarm? That's what The Family Tree attempts on *Miss Butters* (Victor), and it's brought off quite well, thanks to a sympathetic approach to the subject and a well-orchestrated musical chart (the style is Baroque-folk) that demands and justifies more than one hearing.

Most of the tracks on Georgie Fame's *The Ballad of Bonnie and Clyde* (Epic) are either in a tongue-in-cheek vaudevillian vein, like *Bullets La Verne* and the best-selling title opus, or in a bluesy, jazz-derived style, à la *This Is Always* and *Ask Me Nice*. The British singer pushes back no musical frontiers but entertains well on such familiar fare as *When I'm Sixty-Four*, *St. James Infirmary* and *Mellow Yellow*. The title ode of Merle Haggard's *The Legend of Bonnie and Clyde* (Capitol) hasn't got much to say, but the remainder of the LP is good country and western, especially *Fool's Castle* and *Money Tree*. The offerings are musically simplistic, but Haggard delivers them all in convincing style.

Beautiful sounds pour forth in awesome profusion on *Does the Sun Really Shine on the Moon?* (Skye). The source of those sounds is Gary McFarland & Co., a septet dedicated to the proposition that jazz, pop and rock are all part of the same eminently playable bag. *By the Time I Get to Phoenix* shares equal billing with *Flamingo*, *Here, There and Everywhere* and *O Morro*, and the musicianship is superb.

The Hits of Nancy and Lee (Reprise) finds Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazlewood singing their hit *Jackson*, plus *You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'*, *Storybook Children* and eight others. *Greenwich Village Folk Song Salesman* is a misdirected satire: *Sand* and *Summer Wine* are too corny to come off. The duo is strongest when sticking most closely to country style, as in *Jackson* and *Elusive Dreams*.

The Wailing Dervishes (Atlantic), yet another LP by the ubiquitous Herbie Mann, draws most of its inspiration from the Middle East (the instrumentation



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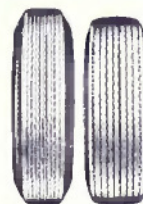
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features an oud and a dümbeek on four of the five numbers). The fifth, *Flute Bag*, is a showcase for the bagpipe pyrotechnics of Rufus Harley that proves that jazz is where you find it.

The Board of Directors (Dot) brings together the Mills Brothers and the Count Basie Band and the waves of nostalgia created by the session are still billowing. The tunes are tried and true, for the most part—*Up a Lazy River*, *I Want to Be Happy*, *The Whiffenpoof Song*, et al.—but the combination of Basie and the Brothers is brand new.

The Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band (Warner Bros.) is just what it claims to be. The group doesn't develop its material melodically, but the rhythm sparkles on the funky *Caesar's Palace* and *Brown Sugar*, *The Girl from Ipanema* and the surprisingly Beatlelike *Yellow Submarine*.

The only thing unwieldy about **Presenting Joe Williams and Thad Jones—Mel Lewis / The Jazz Orchestra** (Solid State) is the title. Williams and the Jones-Lewis aggregation groove together with the greatest of ease. The orchestra has a fluid drive that operates well at any speed and Williams is at the top of his form delivering *Woman's Got Soul*; *Evil Man Blues*; *Hallelujah, I Love Her So*; and the like.

The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter (Elektra; also available on stereo tape) is an eerie trip through the mystical world of The Incredible String Band. The music of this highly original group—Eastern in flavor and often jarringly dissonant—takes some getting used to, but there's something of interest happening every second. *A Very Cellular Song* is almost 13 minutes' worth of religion, humor and musical surprises.

On **Eli and the Thirteenth Confession** (Columbia), Laura Nyro sings 13 of her own compositions, and the number is a lucky one, indeed. Her vocal style, somewhere between Nina Simone's and Dionne Warwick's, is well complemented by her piano; and her lyrics, while sometimes a bit fragmented, make judicious use of folk-blues imagery.

The peripatetic E. Power Biggs has recently been having a go at the **Historic Organs of Spain** (Columbia), and the results are spectacular. Spanish cathedral organs are notable for their *trompetas*—aggressive, trumpety pipes that fan out horizontally above the keyboard and send great globs of sound echoing down the nave. They're heard to magnificent effect in a raucous 17th Century put-on called *Imperial Battle*, wherein composer Juan Cabanilles employs the full complement of pipes to convey a vivid sonic



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picture of hortatory buglers, thundering cannon and braying horses. It's played on a grand old organ in Segovia. Biggs also visits Toledo, Salamanca and Madrid in his organ tour of Spain and at each stop finds some unusual Baroque music to demonstrate the flamboyant virtues of these instruments.

A New Place in the Sun (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) is another bull's-eye not only for Glen Campbell, who's in excellent voice on all selections (especially splendid are *She Called Me Baby*, *Visions of Sugarplums* and the fast-moving *Free-born Man*), but also for country music, which is enjoying something of a renaissance. Two other outstanding c&w releases are *Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison* (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) and John Hartford's *Housing Project* (Victor). Spurred on by a wildly enthusiastic audience, old-timer Cash delivers 16 nitty-gritty ballads, most of them dealing with prison life: the dollar may be crumbling, but Cash is sound. Songwriter Hartford turns out lyrics that are always clever, sometimes deep and generally unlike anyone else's; *Housing Project* (a spoken introduction followed by 11 songs of varying moods) is a provocative experience—and fun—from the first witticism to the last.

Charles Lloyd in Europe (Atlantic) continues the all-conquering odyssey of the Lloyd quartet as it catches the foursome in concert in Oslo, Norway. The leader's evocative work on flute and tenor (he composed the half-dozen numbers performed before an exuberant audience) is ably echoed by his confreres, pianist Keith Jarrett, bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Jack DeJohnette.

Hair (Victor) is, of course, the music—almost a full hour's worth—from Michael Butler's celebrated rock musical. With a text that captures the affectionate frenzy of the hippies' brave new world in Swiftian language, Galt MacDermot's swinging score simultaneously skewers all the conventions of musical comedy and lampoons most rock styles of the past decade, while making good use of both. Presumptuous though it is to select high points, we most enjoyed the teeny-bopper's lament for her lost friend, *Frank Mills*, the contrasted sexual merits of *Black Boys* and *White Boys*, and the airborne drug song *Walking in Space*.

Alan Price is a British singer-composer-pianist with deep roots in rock—his material is down to earth and his beat keeps it moving. Sometimes he sounds a bit like Ray Charles, sometimes like Fats Domino—but he's got a style of his own, and *This Price Is Right* (Parrot) is

definitely in the right groove. Among the best are *The House that Jack Built*, *Simon Smith and His Amazing Dancing Bear* and *Living Without You*.

Percy Sledge is one of the few soul singers who can turn sentimental ballads into art. On *Take Time to Know Her* (Atlantic), he applies old-fashioned country soul to a dozen romantic ditties, including *Come Softly to Me*, *Spooky*, *Cover Me*, *It's All Wrong but It's Alright* and *High Cost of Leaving*. The only subpar track is the overly lachrymose title song.

Morning Again (Elektra; also available on stereo tape) is a worthy but uneven LP for folk singer Tom Paxton. His social commentaries, *Mr. Blue*, *The Hooker* and *A Thousand Years*, often seem too far removed from the subject to be convincing; however, his more subtle—and more personal—ballads, such as *Morning Again*, the self-reproachful *So Much for Winning* and *Victoria Dines Alone*, are compelling.

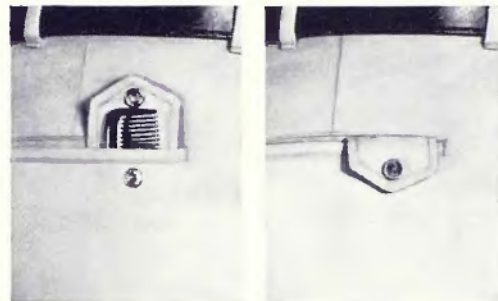
George Van Eps' Seven-String Guitar (Capitol) showcases the longtime master guitarist on an amplified instrument that has been his almost-exclusive domain for many years. The disc is filled with standard-type goodies that Van Eps—backed by Frank Flynn on marimba and Jerry Williams on drums—injects with all the tasteful ingenuity at his command; and what he has at his command is considerable. The late and much lamented Wes Montgomery offers a beautifully constructed package on *Down Here on the Ground* (A&M; also available on stereo tape). With rhythm, strings and woodwinds behind him, Wes applies his educated thumb to *Georgia on My Mind*, *I Say a Little Prayer for You*, Lalo Schiffrin's *The Fox* and a half dozen others, all clearly stamped with Montgomery's unique musical signature.

The Boston sound, so-called, is making little din in the pop world, and *Earth Opera* (Elektra) makes you wonder why: Peter Rowan's songs, though sometimes too much in the Dylan vein, are both melodic and perceptive; the background support, sure-handed but subtle, is a combination of jazz and folk elements. Especially effective are *The Red Sox Are Winning* and *Time and Again*.

Anyone with unfond memories of abrasive, low-fi Russian recordings should listen again. The new Soviet productions—now pressed and packaged for Stateside consumption by Angel Records—are major league in every technical respect. Worth noting among recent releases is a generous serving of opera excerpts performed by *Stars of the Bolshoi* (Melodiya/Angel). The



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collection leaves no doubt that Moscow's Bolshoi Theater houses some rousing talented singers. Russian opera fills one side; Russian and Italian, the other; and there's not a dull track on either. Ivan Petrov, a black-voiced basso in the venerable Russian tradition, takes top honors with a melodious aria from Borodin's *Prince Igor*.

On *Soul Directions* (Atco; also available on stereo tape), young Arthur Conley—once overshadowed by his mentor, Otis Redding—comes into his own. Whether belting out rhythm tunes like *Funky Street* and *People Sure Act Funny* or wailing soul ballads like *You Really Know How to Hurt a Guy*, Conley gives his all. The LP's high point is *Love Comes and Goes*, one of the most soulful tracks we've heard in some time.

What can you say about a Nancy Wilson LP that you haven't said before? *Easy* (Capitol) once more demonstrates Nancy's unerring ability to come up with the best material and to deliver it with unstrained grace. On hand this go-round are Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Wave* and *How Insensitive*. Burt Bacharach's *The Look of Love* and the outrageously beautiful *Gentle on My Mind*. It's Nancy, that's all.

Birthday (Warner Bros.) is an offering of subtly shaded, highly polished pop-rock by The Association, whose vocal harmonies are as engaging as those of any association around. The more memorable include the fast-moving *Come On In* and *Barefoot Gentleman*; a pair of ballads, *Time for Livin'* and *The Time It Is Today*; and *The Bus Song*, a shuffling, philosophical ditty that breaks briefly into an a cappella interlude, barbershop style.

The musical odyssey of Thelonious Monk continues with unabated vigor. *Underground* (Columbia) features the quartet, sparked by the Monk piano and the estimable tenor of Charlie Rouse, winging it on Monk originals for the most part. There is, in addition, *In Walked Bud*, an absorbing collaboration between Thelonious and vocal luminary Jon Hendricks, in which the latter's scat singing comes to the fore.

The best of the blues, old and new, may be found in Skip James' *Devil Got My Woman* and Junior Wells' *Coming at You* (both on Vanguard; both also available on stereo tape). James, who began recording in the early Thirties, is a graceful singer and a primitive, delightfully unpredictable instrumentalist on piano and guitar; his laments and stories are laden with robust, down-home imagery. Wells' powerhouse sound is the epitome of modern, electrified city blues; backed here by a

formidable combo that includes guitarist Buddy Guy and trumpeter Clark Terry, the ever-inventive singer makes the most of 11 indigo selections, including *Tobacco Road*, *Five Long Years* and *Somebody's Tippin In*.

Belafonte Sings of Love (Victor; also available on stereo tape), and it's a subject that the balladeer handles with feeling and perception. Belafonte's voice always seems tinged with a certain sadness, which makes it an admirable vehicle for the likes of *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*, *A Day in the Life of a Fool* and *When Spring Comes Around*.

The San Francisco rock library continues to grow, and we're not about to complain. Capitol's *Quicksilver Messenger Service* and *Steve Miller Band* introduce a pair of impressive groups. The hard-driving Messenger Service gets the point across quickly on *Pride of Man* and *It's Been Too Long*; its 12-minute-plus opus, *The Fool*, which is instrumental most of the way, is a musically coherent piece with a compelling Spanish aura. The Miller Band, which offers a more subdued sound, devotes one side of its LP to a loosely connected but melodic song cycle, *Children of the Future*; on the reverse side are a half dozen tasteful blues.

If the anonymous fluteman on *Soul Flutes: Trust in Me* (A&M) isn't Herbie Mann, it's a helluva good imitation. A quartet of flute sidemen supplies the ensemble sound that's augmented by such stellar jazz artists as pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Grady Tate and percussionist Ray Barretto. The three top performances run in succession at the end of side one—*In the Wee Small Hours*, *Scarborough Fair* and Heitor Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras Number Five*. We haven't heard the last performed so well since the composer got together with Victoria de Los Angeles about a decade ago. We might add that the fluteman, whoever he is, is superb.

THEATER

Everything on Broadway looks punier than ever, measured against the blistering impact of an off-Broadway revival of Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. This is merely the story of Josie, a big, loudmouthed country girl living on a Connecticut tenant farm early in this century. Josie is a virgin who pretends to be a slut because she fears her own womb-warm softness. The only men of consequence in Josie's world are a pair of boozers who endure the pain of existence by anesthetizing themselves with bourbon—her drunken father and

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her landlord, a has-been Broadway actor and incurable momma's boy, retired to the boondocks to play Oedipus in earnest as an act of atonement for his mother's death. Though weak on plot (the deed to the old homestead is the device that shakes loose sundry revelations), *A Moon for the Misbegotten* ranks as a masterwork roughly equal to its companion pieces, *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *A Touch of the Poet*, the first three plays in the long cycle O'Neill was working on when he died. This is his best writing, alive with prototypical American experience and anguished family biography, wrenched from him near the end while genius was burning white-hot. Director Theodore Mann, sensitive to the fact that the play's rough texture is no more than a clue to the truth about characters who speak their love in a stream of invective, keeps his actors exploring the human condition in depth. Salome Jens, as Josie, gives the kind of raw, touching, straightforward performance that transforms an offbeat ingénue into a major actress; and the corrosive humor of W. B. Brydon, as her addled old dad, seems almost to break out in boils. In such solid company, Mitchell Ryan, as the fugitive from Broadway, has to try hard to overcome his drawing-room blandness. We were nevertheless carried along, as he is, by the intensity and immensity of O'Neill's compassion. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

Futz!, an exclamatory satire written by Rochelle Owens and presented off-Broadway by the off-off-Broadway La Mama Troupe, has to do with a farmer who is enamored of his pig. He calls the sow Amanda and cannot keep quiet about the joy of having a wife with 12 tits. His tastes naturally enrage a chorus of villagers, who kill him as soon as they have demonstrated their own thoroughly human bestiality. The style of the piece brings to mind a vintage Erskine Caldwell yarn performed under the influence of *Marat/Sade*. Beneath the cover of a cape, one lout is suckled on stage by his mother before he disappears with his face between her legs. In another scene, the sheriff and his deputy drool through a choreographed orgy with a plump slattern. No pig actually takes the stage to risk its reputation as an intelligent animal, but the human actors leaping through hoops for director Tom O'Horgan (of Broadway's *Hair*) are an uninhibited group of acrobats who snort, snuffle, sing, grunt and nuzzle one another's crotches on command. O'Horgan is an ideal ringmaster for nonplays of the New Theater, celebrating freedom of expression with almost enough circusy hoopla to conceal the author's lack of art. At the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher Street.

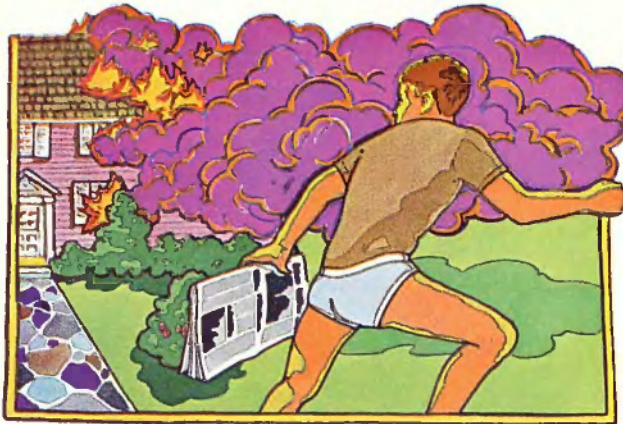


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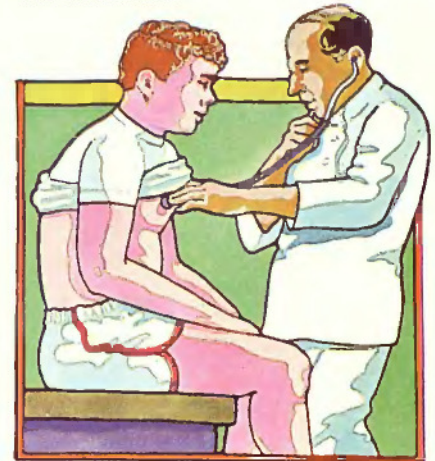


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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In *The Playboy Advisor*, a reader referred in passing to performing sex in the "missionary position." I pride myself on having at least an average imagination; but after several months, my curiosity has reached the point where I have to know for sure. What is the missionary position?—R. B., Washington, D. C.

The answer, we're afraid, is going to be a letdown, compared with what your imagination might have conjured up. The missionary position is simply the most common one, in which the woman lies on her back, with the man above her. The term originated as a scornful joke among the Polynesians, who were vastly amused when the early missionaries told them that this coital position was the only "proper" one.

Recently I was offered a "Frisco speedball" at a pot party. Not knowing what it was, I just played it cool and said, "No thanks, man, I'm flying high already." In case the opportunity presents itself again, however, would you let me in on the secret: What's a Frisco speedball?—E. V., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Heroin and cocaine mixed 50-50, with a dash of LSD for booster. It's a bummer; steer clear.

How historically accurate is the movie *Bonnie and Clyde*? I can't help wondering, specifically, about Clyde Barrow's alleged impotence. One would imagine that such an affliction would be profoundly humiliating to a man like Clyde and that he would have kept it a secret. How, then, would the scriptwriters have learned about it?—J. D., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The film is a blend of fact, folklore and imagination. Persistent legend has held that Clyde Barrow was somehow "odd," but various west-Texas tale-mongers describe his hang-up in different ways. Some say he was homosexual, some that he was a transvestite (one yarn has it that he actually attended his brother Buck's funeral disguised as a woman, while all the police in Texas were looking for him). He may have been asexual. As for his alleged impotence, only Bonnie Parker knew for sure, and she died without telling. See the November 1968 PLAYBOY for a first-person article by W. D. Jones, the real-life prototype of Bonnie and Clyde's sidekick, C. W. Moss.

As the song says: "I can't get no satisfaction." I've been dating girls with frequency since high school. In no case have I been able to get a girl to neck with me by the third date, by which time I get bored and give up. In fact, my relations with the opposite sex seem to be characterized

principally by mutual hostility. I annoy them, I suppose, because I want what they have; while they annoy me because they seem to lack the sense to see that I have what they want. What do you recommend?—T. J. L., Sterling, Colorado.

We recommend that you stop approaching girls as if you were a trader bargaining with an unpredictable tribe of natives. Forget about meeting a deadline and concentrate on making friends with your dates. Friends, you'll discover, are usually willing to share what they have.

I have just purchased a few boxes of "cheap" cigars, and written across the front of each is the following statement: "These cigars are predominantly natural tobacco with a substantial amount of nontobacco ingredients." This statement has me puzzled. What percent of a cigar is tobacco and what percent is nontobacco ingredients? What are the nontobacco ingredients and are they harmful? Is this combination of tobacco and nontobacco common to all cigars or to cheap ones only?—A. D. G., Riverside, California.

All cigars contain an infinitesimal amount of odorless, colorless and tasteless adhesive, the purpose of which is to bind the tobacco leaves. The cheap cigars you mention are a combination of tobacco and a material that is basically paper. This nontobacco ingredient varies in proportion from brand to brand and is not considered harmful.

My wife and I have been separated for six months and we plan to be divorced. At what point should I explain my status to girls I'm dating?—F. C., Somerville, New Jersey.

The sooner the better, but how you impart the information is almost as important as when. Don't make a big production of it, but allow the subject to come up in the natural course of conversation, as a fact you have no wish to conceal.

A friend of mine tells me that the side windows in his imported sedan are made of tempered glass rather than the usual safety glass found in all American autos. What's the difference between the two?—C. K., Pasadena, California.

Safety glass (also called shatterproof glass) consists of two pieces of glass bonded together by a thin sheet of vinyl. If struck by an object, the glass may crack but, under most circumstances, the plastic will prevent it from shattering. Tempered glass receives its rigidity from a quick-cool tempering process that makes it about eight times stronger than normal window glass. However, under sufficient impact, tempered



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glass can shatter into harmless pellets—thus leaving the driver windowless—or craze almost instantaneously into myriad little cracks (except for a small, specially treated "peephole" section in the windshield that supplies the driver with enough vision to enable him to pull off the road). Because of these drawbacks, American safety regulations forbid the use of tempered glass in windshields of automobiles sold or brought into this country, but place no restrictions on its being used in side or rear windows. Domestic machines come equipped with safety glass all around; some foreign makes, such as Mercedes-Benz, use tempered glass as the law allows.

As a single girl, I was surprised when one of the men in my office told me his wife was going to visit her family for a month and asked if he could take me to dinner while she was gone. Somehow, the invitation has become a rather humorous semipublic issue at the office. Several people know about it and have expressed opinions ranging from "Absolutely not!" to "Go. It's just a free dinner." Without meaning to come on as a square, I really would like to have your views, as would everyone else here.—Miss P. W., Boston, Massachusetts.

It's not necessarily wrong for a single woman and a married man to dine together, particularly if you arrange to make it a foursome. You should carefully examine the implications of the invitation, however, as the danger of heartburn from this kind of dinner is great—for you, for him and for her.

My fraternity is planning a faculty dinner dance for all department heads, deans and other very important professors on campus. The chapter decided that all of the brotherhood would wear black tie. However, they included no dress requirement on the invitations, because they felt "the faculty would just wear suits, and that's good enough." It seems to me that this is a horrendous breach of etiquette, that the faculty should be given at least a choice of dinner jacket or business suit. Am I correct?—A. R. L., Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

Yes. If the host or hosts at any evening affair plan to wear dinner jackets, their guests should be informed.

When it comes to dating, I am the type whose thoughtfulness approaches the chivalrous standards of Don Quixote. I've been dating a girl who more than meets my ideals and, naturally, I let her know this in the ways most women appreciate; but it has backfired on me. I bestowed my gifts, my chivalry and my presence so lavishly that she finds it embarrassing, as there is no way for her to reciprocate in kind. It is important to her

to give of herself fully, expecting nothing in return, and she is stymied in this situation. Can two people like us make it, or are we self-canceling?—J. S., Sarasota, Florida.

Examine your "gifts" to see if they aren't merely tokens designed to conceal what is really important to you. Compulsive giving is often a neurotic attempt to immunize oneself against the pain of exposing one's true nature or the fear of not being liked. It's like talking without listening. If neither you nor your girl is able to accept what the other brings to it, then your relationship probably won't last.

How can I measure the weight of the tonearm of my hi-fi system? Is there a specific recommended pressure?—R. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

Recommended pressure varies according to the individual specifications of your cartridge and tonearm. The basic principle is to get the weight as light as possible without causing the stylus to skip grooves or to bounce on the record. You can pick up an inexpensive gauge to measure tonearm weight at any hi-fi supplier. Follow the instructions of the cartridge, tonearm or turntable manufacturer, with a dash of trial and error, and you'll soon find the ideal weight for your system.

Sharing my apartment with a junior classmate at a large urban university has created an irksome situation. My roommate is a good fellow but he has a habit of telling me everything he doesn't like about the girls I date. His comments are not only petty, ignorant and unworthy of answers but they are also unsolicited, unwanted and annoying. We get along well otherwise and the situation is not bad enough to make me want to look for another roommate. I'd just like to know a good way to shut him up.—N. H., New York, New York.

Tell him his comments are not only petty, ignorant and unworthy of answers but they are also unsolicited, unwanted and annoying.

What is "steam beer" and where can I buy some?—L. T., Lafayette, Indiana.

In California's early days, when a tall beer was liquid gold to a thirsty Forty-niner, somebody (Pete Steam, according to apocrypha of the West) discovered a brewing process that enabled the beer to ferment at temperatures of 60-65 degrees rather than near-freezing ones, as the dude brews did back East. Thus, beer moved West ahead of refrigeration; and overnight, every mining camp had its own brewery. Steam beer is full of "steam"; a European method of refermentation (called krausening) raises the carbonation content and gives the amber brew (no corn or rice is used to lighten it)

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Washington	Lansburghs
Washington	Latt's Country Squire
Washington	Lawrence Savage Fashions
Washington	Surrey's Men's Shop
Washington	Woodward & Lothrop All Stores

GEORGIA

Albany	The Stag Shop
Athens	Gibson's
Atlanta	Zachry-All Stores
Augusta	The Oxford Shop
Columbus	Tillman's
La Grange	Mansour's
Macon	Jos. N. Neel Co.
Tifton	The Big Store

MAINE

Portland	A. N. Benoit & Co.
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MARYLAND

Baltimore	Hamburgers
Baltimore	Kavanaghs
Bethesda	Britches of Georgetown
Bowie	De Malo's Inc.
Chesterstown	Bonnett's Town & Country Shop
Cumberland	The Manhattan
Glen Burnie	Raymond, Inc.
Hyattsville	Fred's Men's Shop
Laurel	Brown's Mens Shop
Silver Spring	David's Men's Wear

MASSACHUSETTS

Brochton	Otis Hall Inc.
Framingham	The Wardrobe
Haverhill	Barrett's
Hyannis	Puritan Cto. Co.
Lexington	Malienza's Men's Shop
Lowell	Russell's
Malden	Baker's
Martboro	Wingler's Men's Shop
New Bedford	Gillis Of New Bedford
Norwood	Shafic David
Springfield	Lou Dramin Ltd.
Springfield	Haynes & Co. Boutique
Springfield	Joseph's
Springfield	Regal Slacks
Waltham	Byron's
W. Springfield	Jale-Genton
Worcester	Eddy's Of Park Avenue
Worcester	Lugon's Mens Clothing
Worcester	Mark, Inc.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Portsmouth	Goodman's
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NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park	Bob & Irving
Bayonne	Charles Grotsky
Bayonne	Possner's
Bordentown	Jack Lang-All Stores
Butler	Louis Levine & Sons
Cape May	Barry Clothing
Cherry Hill	Regal Slacks
Closter	Cicilia Ltd.
Denville	Gribben's Gentry Den
Denver	Quality Mens Shop
East Orange	Mink's
Elizabeth	Al Norman
Elizabeth	Rockoff Men's Wear
Englewood	Lloyd's
Freehold	Millers Stag Shop
Hackensack	Kartch's
Hackensack	Krieger's
Hanover	Barons Ltd.
Jersey City	Barrett's Mens Shop
Linden	Palmer's Mens Shop
Long Branch	W. H. Woolley
Maplewood	Peter Anthony Ltd.
Matawan	Millers Stag Shop
Montclair	Frost & Son Inc.
Moorestown	Wayne Burke Ltd. Of N.J.
Mount Ephraim	Ergood's
Newark	Larley Co.
Passaic	Max Goldstein
Paterson	Scotly Levinthal
Pennsville	Sandrows Mens Apparel
Perth Amboy	Reg's Young Men's Shop Inc.
Pompton Lakes	Feinblooms Mens Shop
Red Bank	Clayton & Sons
Summit	Mc Elgun's
Toms River	Feldmans Suburbia Fashions
Vireland	Both Stores
Wildwood	Dom Michael's Mens & Boys Wear
	Allen's Men's Wear



Come September, everyone likes to look as if he were going back to school!



NEW YORK

Albany	C. L. Summer & Co., Inc.
Amherst	Scott's Mens Wear
Astoria	Croydon Clothes
Auburn	Homick's Men's Shop
Babylon L. I.	Andrew's
Bay Shore L. I.	Sids Slacks
Bronx	Alvin-Murray Ltd.
Bronx	Arky Men's Wear
Bronx	Fox's Men's Wear
Bronx	Harry Isaacs
Bronx	Vines Mens Wear
Brooklyn	Len Bauman Inc.
Brooklyn	Ruby Berman Inc.
Brooklyn	Field Bros.
Brooklyn	Jacks Of Canarsie
Brooklyn	Richfield Clothes
Brooklyn	Roberts Men's Wear
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo	Riverside Mens Shop
Cedarhurst L. I.	Ben Epstein Inc.
Cedarhurst L. I.	Jack Marcus
Cobleskill	Hodge & Aber
Cortland	Harold's Mens Store
Delmar	Paul Mitchell's Mens Wear
De Witt	The Mr. Shop
Dunkirk	Town-N-Country
Elmira	S. F. Isard Co.-All Stores
Elmira	Morell's
Elmhurst	Schapiro's Men's Shop
Far Rockaway	Meyer's 1046
Florence L. I.	Hunters
Garden City L. I.	Andrew's
Gloversville	Millstein's
Howell L. I.	Jack Marcus
Howell L. I.	Mathews & Miller
Horseheads	Michael's Men's Shop
Hornell	The Mens Shop
Horseheads	Heyman's
Ithaca	Warners Mens Shop
Liverpool	Matthews & Miller
Lockport	Michael's Men's Shop
Manhasset L. I.	Clarke H. Glover
Massena	Country Squire
Mt. Vernon	Slam's Men's Shop
New Rochelle	Granstar Men's Shop
New Rochelle	The Mannerly Shop
New York City	Briggs Inc.
New York City	Browning Fifth Ave.-All Stores
New York City	Kasak-Aire
New York City	Gimbel's All Stores
New York City	Lever & Greenberg Inc.
New York City	Merns Inc.
New York City	A. Phillips & Sons
New York City	Bernard Rubenstein Inc.
New York City	The Village Shop
New York City	The Stag Shop
Dghensburg	Joseph Fisher & Son
Diconta	Henderson Clothing Co.
Ossining	Ross Men's Wear
Oswego	Shapiro's
Poughkeepsie L. I.	Mack Kayner
Plattsburgh	Austin's
Poughkeepsie	For-Man Shop
Rego Park	Field Bros.
Ridgewood L. I.	The Madison Shop
Riverdale	The Clothes Shack
Riverhead L. I.	Edward Archer Inc.
Rochester	Mc Gurdy & Co. Inc.
Rochester	Rusdik Ltd.
Rockville Cntr. L. I.	Hunters
Saratoga Lake	Wilson Clothing Co.
Staten Island	E. W. Edwards & Son
Syracuse	Gary's
Syracuse	Lund's Mens Shop
Syracuse	Nachman's Men's Wear
Utica	Gerard's
Utica	Wicks & Greenman
Watertown	Boys & Mens Specialty Shop
Wellsville	Harkness Clothing
Yonkers	Wallace-Corning Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville	The Man Store
Asheville	J. Pressley Ltd.
Burlington	A. Blanchard, Ltd.
Charlotte	Harris-Hart Cto. Co.
Charlotte	Sherman's, Ltd.
Goldboro	Weil's
Hickory	West-Deal Co.
High Point	Arnold Craven
Lumberton	Sugar's, Inc.
N. Wilkesboro	Marlow's Mens Shop
Raleigh	Nowell's All Stores
Salisbury	Goodnight's
Statesville	Bell's Dept. Store
Statesville	Ralph Sloan Inc.
Wilson	The Country Squire
Wilson	Moss & Co.
Winston-Salem	Hine-Bagby All Stores

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown	Bohlen Gross & Moyer
Altoona	Gable's
Ambridge	Turner's
Andover	Spittler's
Beaver	Ballint's
Beaver Falls	Lisle Miller
Bethlehem	George's Mens Shop
Bloomsburg	Al's Mens Shop
Butler	McCarren's
Camp Hill	Stark Bros.
Charlottesville	Frank's Mens Shop
Clarion	Camarda's
Clearfield	Jacobson & Elzweiler
Coatesville	Modern Cohen Bros.
Corry	Paul's Men's Wear
Ellwood City	Jacob Oswald
Erie	P. A. Meyer & Sons
Gettysburg	The Village Shop
Greensburg	Gengaware & Long, Inc.
Hanover	Trone & Weikert
Holtzboro	Jacks Men's Shop
Holidaysburg	H. Suckling & Son
Huntingdon	English's Store For Men
Indiana	Brody's
Johnstown	Miller's Clothing Store
Lancaster	Sayres, Scheidt & Newton
Lancaster	Stark Bros.
Langhorne	Veltri's Men's Shop
Lafayette	Mike Hughes
Lebanon	Lewis
Lewistown	Bob Davis
Lock Haven	Woy's
Mc Keesport	Henry B. Klein Co.
Meadville	Weldon
Media	W. S. Green
Monessen	Gaudin's
Monroeville	Herbert's Mens Shop
Philadelphia	The Arrow Store
Philadelphia	Berg Bros.
Philadelphia	Brails-Hayfair
Philadelphia	Fleets
Philadelphia	Jules Epstein, Inc.
Philadelphia	Scott Hunsicker
Philadelphia	Sidney's For Men
Pittsburgh	Gimbel's
Pittsburgh	Leonard's Mens Shop
Plymouth Meeting	Regal Slacks
Plymouth Meeting	Scott Hunsicker
Prospect Park	Yorliff's
Reading	Croft & Keck
Scranton	Ivan's Men's Shop
Scranton	Si Ferber
Sharon	Kirsch & Griffith
Somerset	George W. Schenck Co., Inc.
State College	Kallin's Men's Shop
Titusville	Ross & Cox
Uniontown	N. Kaufmans Inc.
Washington	The Hub, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre	Louis Rosenthal
Wilkes-Barre	The House Of Sidley
York	The Bon-Ton Dept. Store
York	Hinchbaugh Bros.

RHODE ISLAND

Barrington	Hanson's
Cranston	Outlet Company
Cranston	St. Onge's
Providence	Outlet Company
Providence	Paramount-The Man's Shop
Providence	Philip Wolfe Haberdashers
Woonsocket	West Wagon
Woonsocket	Lanoni's Mens Shop

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston	Berlin's
Greenville	Wayward Mahon
Myrtle Beach	Nelson's Mens Shop

VIRGINIA

Alexandria	Brown's Mens Shop
Arlington	The Quality Shop
Harrisonburg	C. L. Fauls
Norfolk	The Hub Of Virginia
Petersburg	Urgers
Petersburg	Shovel's Mens & Boys Shop
Richmond	Bart-Garland, Ltd.
Richmond	Shovel's Mens & Boys Shop-All Stores

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley	Lilly's Men's Shop
Bluefield	Lynch Cto. Co.
Charleston	Kelley's Men's Shop
Clarksburg	Melet's
Huntington	Ansberry-Johnson
Huntington	Bradshaw-Diehl Co.
Huntington	The Oxford House
Morgantown	Bizarra's
Parkersburg	Stern Bros.
So. Charleston	Salame's
Weirton	Plaza Mens Shop
Wheeling	L. S. Good Co.

plenty of effervescent punch. The alcoholic content, however, weighs in at four percent—about the same as other American beer. Just one brewery of this kind, the Steam Beer Brewing Company in San Francisco, survived Prohibition; its product—Anchor Steam Beer—is kegged and sold only in the Bay Area.

At 26, I'm a bachelor with a well-paying job in engineering. After some weeks of dating and bedding an attractive young lady, I find I really care for her and she sometimes indicates that she feels strongly for me, too. However, if I respond too warmly, she begins to back off. She says she feels I am looking for something permanent and she definitely is not. I know that her former lover dropped her very abruptly and she has asked me to help her maintain her resolve not to go back to him. I'm not thinking about getting married for a long time and I've told her so; but I do want to feel that the girl with whom I'm spending wonderful nights cares something for me. How can I clarify this situation?—G. C., Los Angeles, California.

Clarity is born of light, not heat, so cool it for a while. Plainly, the girl is still involved in the emotional depths of her previous liaison and her wounds must heal before she is again willing to risk a deep involvement. Help her by not making emotional demands greater than she can meet.

By "accident," my parents discovered my birth-control pills and made me hand over my six-months' supply. Now they are watching me like two policemen. My boyfriend and I plan to be married after his graduation, less than a year from now. He is 24, I am 19 and we both feel that sexual activity has played an important and rewarding part in our relationship. We are lost trying to think of a logical way to overcome our problem and would like your opinion.—Miss M. C., Augusta, Georgia.

If the problem is as simple as contraception, it would be an easy matter to obtain a new prescription and find a new hiding place for your pills. But if the policing problem means your privacy is being utterly disregarded, then your only solution is to get out of the house and into your own apartment—an experience that would, by the way, be a good prelude to marriage.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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Harley Traditional of 100% wool

"GEARED FOR REAL COMFORT"...
remarks Engineer David R. about this YMM
Harley Traditional of 100% wool twill.

Come September, everyone likes to look as if he were going back to school!

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Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card — Page 209.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEX CRIME

In the April *Playboy Forum*, a *News-front* item reported that sex crimes in Copenhagen have been reduced by 26 percent since the Danes legalized the publication of pornography. Copenhagen's police chief was quoted as attributing the decline to the fact that "people inclined to sex crimes vent their sickness through these books." But, according to a later report (see *The Playboy Forum*, May), the sale of pornography in Copenhagen has been greatly reduced since its legalization. If this is correct, couldn't one, with equal justice, attribute the reduction of sex crimes to the fact that fewer pornographic books were actually being read during this period?

Post hoc, ergo propter hoc speculation is always fruitless and sometimes dangerous. My own guess is that no one-to-one relationship between sex crimes and pornography will ever be discovered. Human sexual behavior is not quite that simple.

Isadore Rubin, Ph.D.
Editor, *Sexology Magazine*
New York, New York

The only truly scientific study of the subject conducted so far tends to confirm Dr. Rubin's statement that there is no "one-to-one relationship between sex crimes and pornography." After interviewing 1356 convicted sex criminals, the Institute for Sex Research reported in "Sex Offenders" that pornography has no significant effect—one way or another—on the sex criminal.

However, the Copenhagen statistics are nonetheless newsworthy: Even though they don't prove a connection between the availability of pornography and a decrease in sex crimes, they do prove that the unhampered sale of pornographic writing does not lead to an increase in such offenses.

We also consider it refreshing news to find a police chief with the courage to state a position that is stubbornly rejected by many of his fellow law-enforcement officials, though widely believed in the scientific community—i.e., that pornography tends to neutralize deviant impulses in the potential sex criminal. The opposing theory is stated below by the director of the FBI.

The following paragraphs on pornography recently appeared in an article by J. Edgar Hoover published in *U.S. News & World Report*:

Such filth in the hands of young people and curious adolescents does untold damage and leads to disastrous consequences.

Police officials who have discussed this critical problem with me unequivocally state that lewd and obscene material plays a motivating role in sexual violence. In case after case, the sex criminal has on his person or in his possession pornographic literature or pictures. . . .

May I ask what comment you have on the factual and logical basis of Mr. Hoover's claims?

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Benning, Georgia

As we pointed out above, the only existing scientific evidence concerning sex criminals and pornography indicates that the latter has no significant effect on the former. Thus, even if pornography were found in the possession of sex criminals in "case after case," it would not prove a causal relationship between the possession and the crime any more than the criminals' possession of cigarettes or toothbrushes could be causally linked with their crimes. However, having become increasingly skeptical about undocumented statements concerning the alleged possession of pornography by sex criminals, we called the statistics department of the FBI and asked precisely what percentage of these offenders had pornographic material in their possession when captured. We were offered a great deal of evasive conversation but no statistics. On the chance that this information might be in a confidential file, we asked flatly if such statistics actually existed. The FBI spokesman would not answer yes or no.

We thereupon contacted the police departments of the three largest cities in the U.S.—New York, Chicago and Los Angeles—and were informed by each that they did not compile such data. Since the FBI could not obtain statistics of this nature anywhere else except from city police departments (sex crimes do not normally fall under Federal jurisdiction), we are forced to conclude that the FBI director's statement is purely impressionistic and completely unsubstantiated.

REAL OBSCENITY

The enlightened moral outlook represented by *The Playboy Philosophy* is reaching even Southern Baptists these

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Canterfield



days, judging by this story from the *Presbyterian Survey*:

An audience at the Southern Baptist assembly center, Ridgecrest, North Carolina, was told that "the most monstrous obscenity of our time is the glorification of war and the glamorizing of military tradition."

Dr. Kyle Haselden, editor of *Christian Century* . . . said that too many Christians become so preoccupied with sex as obscenity that they ignore those obscenities that are far more dangerous to mankind. The worst of all obscenities, he added, is the glorifying of war, because "war is the most dehumanizing of all human enterprises, not only in its effect upon those who are killed and wounded but also in its effect upon those who do the killing and wounding."

Jane Lewis
Burlington, North Carolina

SELF-CENSORSHIP

"You must be your own censor. Do not call on us to advise you. Your choice must be made at your own hazard. So do this with utmost caution." Thus spake Oklahoma County District Attorney Curtis P. Harris in a letter to theater owners in Oklahoma City. Harris is waging war on "indecent and obscene" films and one tactic in his campaign is exhibiting them himself. The motion-picture trade journal *Boxoffice* reported:

According to the *Oklahoma City Times*, Harris disclosed that he will conduct a private screening in the Civic Center Music Hall of scenes from confiscated motion pictures for civic leaders who have supported his drive against obscenity. He expects to fill the 3200-seat music hall for the private screening. . . . He also stated that he expects large representations of Kiwanis and Lions members, Oklahoma City University graduate students and faculty members. . . .

Boxoffice quotes Harris as describing the audience for his show as a "tremendous demonstration" of citizens "interested in decency." He certainly shows a shrewd understanding of what such citizens are really "interested" in, and the turnout will "demonstrate" how large an audience for dirty movies there is in Oklahoma City.

Harris gave this as his reason for his activities: "We cannot permit the teaching of sexual deviation and promiscuity to our youth. History warns of bitter consequences."

I wonder if the big audience for Harris' own show has destroyed civilization as we know it in Oklahoma City.

(Name withheld by request)
Sacramento, California

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

CONNECTICUT SEX-LAW PLAN

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—A new criminal-law code that would legalize most forms of private sexual behavior between consenting adults and expand grounds for legal abortion has been proposed for Connecticut. The code is the result of a five-year study by a special legislative commission. The commission recommended repeal of sex laws because "sexual activity in private, whether heterosexual or homosexual, between consenting, competent adults not involving corruption of the young, is no business of the law."

THE FEMININE MISTAKE

Is it an error to assume that abolition of double-standard sexual morality and of the fear of pregnancy will encourage women to develop their talents and pursue careers as industriously as men do? In an article in the British magazine *New Society*, author Inger Becker says it is, indeed, an error; she points out that in Sweden, contraception is taught in the schools, birth-control devices are available to all women who want them and Swedish conventions impose no special sexual restrictions on women. Nonetheless, Swedish girls tend to take easy courses in school and stopgap jobs afterward; ultimately, they use their bodies to trap men into supporting them. She notes that in one third of all Swedish marriages, a child is born during the first eight months. If women are truly to become men's social and economic equals, the article concludes, they will have to accept more of the burdens of equality along with its rewards.

NEW CONTRACEPTIVES

Four contraceptives effective for extended periods will soon be available: a one-month injection developed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, a three-month shot from the Upjohn Company, a shot effective for six months and a tiny "time capsule" whose effects, when it is implanted under a woman's skin, can last as many years as desired. The capsule releases minute doses of progesterone into the system and is removed when the user wants to become pregnant. The Upjohn and Squibb products await FDA approval for marketing, while the time capsule and the six-month shot require further experimentation on human beings.

In yet another development, a pill that is easier to remember, because it is taken every day rather than 20 days per month, will soon be introduced in Britain.

While oral contraceptives now in use are composed of two types of hormones, estrogens and progestogens (such as

progesterone), both the lifetime and the one-a-day pills use progestogens only. This could mean a reduction for users of these two contraceptives of serious side effects, such as thromboembolism (see "The Playboy Forum," August); many researchers now believe it is the estrogens that are responsible for the blood-clotting diseases.

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR THE UNWED

PHILADELPHIA—A physician should not let his own values endanger the welfare of an unmarried woman who requests birth-control pills, Dr. Harold I. Lief, a University of Pennsylvania medical school psychiatrist, advises, reminding physicians that the alternatives to contraceptives for single girls include forced marriages, abortions or illegitimate children. The pills do not encourage sexual laxity, Dr. Lief said: "I think the vast majority of girls who ask for contraceptives are not virgins. Most will engage in sex relations with or without birth-control pills."

ILLIBERALIZED ABORTION

In both Colorado and California, a "go slow" attitude on the part of many doctors and hospitals has led to the rejection of many applications for legal abortions. The *New York Times* reports that the Colorado Medical Society has advised its members not to accept applications from non-Coloradans in rape and incest cases and to use "great restraint" in considering applications based on other circumstances. In California, a seminar on abortion at UCLA revealed that the new law has not benefited women in lower-income levels and has not substantially reduced the number of illegal abortions. A Los Angeles attorney told the group flatly, "It is not a liberal law, despite the public's impression that it is."

NEEDED: VERBAL INTERCOURSE

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—Most marital problems don't start in the bedroom but begin with a lack of communication, believes Dr. James P. Semmens, chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Oakland Naval Hospital. Dr. Semmens, who advises people on marital problems, said recently that he spends more time telling them about communication than about sex techniques.

VIRGINIAN VIRGINITY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A survey of marijuana use and sexual behavior among students at the University of Richmond, undertaken by the student newspaper *The Collegian*, has been partly censored by the university's Board of Publications. Although the paper was permitted to reveal

that 13.9 percent of the students had tried pot, statistics relating to the percentage of virgins among the Virginia students were suppressed. The university administration did not make clear whether it censored the sex statistics because Richmond students were copulating more than normal or less than normal—or merely because it was felt that the students shouldn't know what they themselves were doing.

HELL AND HIGH HEMLINES

An attractive 24-year-old schoolteacher was forced to resign from her job in a small California community after being censured by her principal for wearing miniskirts to class that were judged "indecent" and not "fit to teach kids in." As reported in the San Bernardino Sun, the teacher had been instructed not to wear skirts more than one inch above the knee. She claims she complied with the ruling but was accused by the principal of altering her hemline from hour to hour by manipulating her shoulder pads and her straps. She says that he told her, "It might be necessary to measure your dresses several times a day."

Meanwhile, in Caracas, Venezuela, a Roman Catholic Church official has pronounced that modern women must give up miniskirts or be "condemned to hell."

BIG BROTHER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Uncle Sam has been accused of voyeurism by the National Association of Government Employees, which claims that nude photographs were taken of 300 air-traffic controllers during a physical examination without their knowledge or consent. The Government says that the men posed willingly for a "biomedical study," but the union denies this and demands that the photos be returned to the men. Union Vice-President Alan J. Whitney pointedly added, in his complaint to the Federal Aviation Administration, "Please make sure each man receives only his own photo."

In two other cases of prurient prying by officialdom, a woman working for the Defense Department was forced to resign after being accused of "immorality," without being told what specific sin she is alleged to have committed (she admitted that a male friend had a key to her apartment, so that he could feed her pets while she visited her mother on weekends), and a Post Office clerk was fired for living with a girl to whom he was not married. Plaintively, the clerk told reporters, "Everybody says you shouldn't get married too young, and I'm only twenty-one."

MATTEAWAN FOLLIES

NEW YORK—A court has awarded \$300,000 in damages to a man who spent more than 14 years in Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane after being convicted of a crime that normally

carries a maximum sentence of three years. Originally indicted for second-degree assault, the man pleaded not guilty but changed his plea to guilty only because, after 18 inconclusive court appearances, he could no longer afford his lawyer's fees and the time lost from work. He received a suspended sentence and was placed on probation. After a parole infraction two years later, he was ordered to undergo a psychiatric examination. He was, as a result, diagnosed as "paranoid" and a "chronic alcoholic" and thereupon locked up for "an indefinite period."

Judge Henry W. Lengyel, in whose court the man brought suit against New York State, declared the psychiatric diagnoses on which the man's imprisonment was based to be inadequate. Furthermore, Judge Lengyel said that he had no meaningful psychiatric care and was brutally treated by inmates and attendants, on one occasion being confined for eight days, on a near-starvation diet, in a small, dark room without a toilet, a water tap, a bed or a mattress.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GUN

COVINA, CALIFORNIA—Police Chief Fred Ferguson is pioneering a program to teach his staff what it feels like to be on the other side of the policeman's gun. Known as "Operation Empathy," the project, as reported in The New York Times, has involved such mind-blowing experiences for the officers as (1) 20 of them being arrested, booked and jailed in another California town as members of a check-forging ring, (2) 40 of them being sent to live as skid-row bums in the seediest section of Los Angeles and (3) others attending love-ins as hippies or marching on picket lines with New Leftists. In none of these operations were they acting as spies, as other police officers have done: Chief Ferguson simply wanted them to learn what it feels like to be afraid of the police.

IN BLACK AND WHITE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA—Children of racially prejudiced parents have no more bias than children of unprejudiced parents, if they are entered into an integrated school system at an early level, according to an experimental study by Dr. Louis Diamant, chairman of the psychology department at the University of North Carolina. The research consisted of giving doll families comprised of both black and white members to two groups of kindergarten children, one with biased, the other with unbiased, parents. As reported in the San Francisco Chronicle, there was no attempt to reject the black "family members" by children with prejudiced parents. Dr. Diamant commented that racial prejudice "stunts a child's development, because it requires constant emotional effort to justify attitudes that basically go against nature."

DOLL-ANATOMY PROBLEM

In support of Hank Brummer's contention that the presence of genitals on a doll allays childish curiosity, while their absence stimulates it (*The Playboy Forum*, May), I have observed this in our seven-year-old daughter. She has a Barbie doll, which has quite a womanly figure, and has made no remark about it. When we bought her a Ken doll, which is not anatomically correct, she immediately asked, "Why does Barbie have breasts and Ken not have a penis?"

As you may gather from her question, she has had honest sex instruction equal to her level of comprehension from my husband and me. It is hard to believe that so many of my contemporaries are bringing up their children in Victorian ignorance. Many of these poor children and their parents are headed for a great deal of future heartache unless they wake up now.

Mrs. L. Brilliant
Silver Spring, Maryland

THE FOURTH R

It's all very well to talk of the need for more and better sex education, as *PLAYBOY* often does; but in this area, it is especially true that the personality of the teacher is as important as what is being taught. If you have some pious puritan trying to tell the facts of life to the kids, parents may have a big job of unteaching on their hands. For example, my 14-year-old daughter recently came home from the progressive private school she attends. I knew they had had a discussion of reproduction that day, so I asked her, "Well, what did you learn about sex today?"

Her pithy reply: "I learned to repress it."

Barbara Rurik
Chicago, Illinois

THE CASE FOR CHASTITY

You present a strong case for hedonistic pleasures; but, in fairness, could you make room in *The Playboy Forum* for a statement from the other side? This is an excerpt from the *Marylike Crusader*, published by The Marylike Crusade, an organization of Roman Catholics devoted to promoting modesty and chastity in modern society.

From an article on immorality in modern literature, films and fashions:

Even an official of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures seems unaware of present dangers. In a *Life* article defending the A-4 classification given to the film version of Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the Reverend Patrick Sullivan admitted that the film would have been "condemned a few years ago," but then asked, curiously, what would have happened "had a girl appeared on a beach in

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a bikini not in 1966 but in 1800."

Sexual immorality, foul language and, as if it didn't matter, bikinis are thus condoned in a sweeping and careless relativism. A study of murders and riots in 1966-1967 would probably reveal the significance of so apparently trifling a thing as the constant exposure of a woman's navel.

The Rev. Winfred Wager
East Troy, Wisconsin

DESTRUCTIVE SEX

I would like to set straight those persons who write to PLAYBOY extolling the virtues of premarital sex: It is *wrong*. First, failure to control one's sexual appetites until marriage is a sign of weakness; it can be likened to the junkie's giving in to his craving for a fix. Second, without the lasting commitment of marriage, genuine love is impossible; and without love, sex is harmful and destructive. In short, the only type of sexual relationship that is not ruinous to one's own character and exploitative of one's partner is one that takes place in the context God established when He sanctioned marriage in order to purify sex.

Jeffrey Arvin Nissen
Yuba City, California

STUDENT SEX, A BRITISH VIEW

In view of the furor in America over the cohabiting of college students, I thought PLAYBOY might be interested in what the conservative London *Times* has to say on the subject. Its editorial was provoked by the suspension of Dr. David Craig as dean of Cartmell College, Lancaster University, following his suggestion that bedrooms on campus should be available for men and women students wanting to sleep together. *The Times* felt that this idea "was pushing the bounds of permissiveness just too far." However, the editorial went on to say:

But it should be equally evident that it is no use university authorities nowadays trying to stamp out sex among their students. It was reasonable to make the attempt in the past, not because students have ever been pillars of sexual rectitude but because the consensus of student opinion did regard chastity as a generally desirable ideal. That is no longer true. . . .

In these circumstances, it is no longer practicable for universities to seek to regulate sexual conduct by Draconian discipline. In any case, there is always something indecent about such attempts, simply because you cannot have a sexual police without invasion of privacy.

Edward Sachs
Dorchester, England

PSYCHIATRY VS. BRAINWASHING

An item in the May *Playboy Forum* quoted Dr. Joseph Lerner of the Hawaii State Hospital as saying that the needs of the state must be put ahead of those of the psychiatric patient's health. The psychiatrist should help his patient acquire "maturity," defined as "the capacity for conformity with the broad sanctions of society" and "loyalty to one's country." Dr. Lerner thus proposes that we move into the era of George Orwell's *1984*, in which the individual exists only for the benefit of the state. I wonder if, had Dr. Lerner lived in Hitler's Germany, would he have had the "maturity" to achieve "conformity" and "loyalty"?

Thank God psychotherapists and psychiatrists usually place their patients' welfare above the sometimes ridiculous and hypocritical standards of society. Many patients lack inner peace and self-acceptance precisely because they have tried to conform to these sanctions. What they learn in therapy is that they can be different; they can lead a full, rich, useful life and enjoy the dignity due any human being.

Richard C. Wise
Atlanta, Georgia

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

By an ironic coincidence, the June *Playboy Forum* contained an item on the banning of the film *Titicut Follies* and *Dear Playboy* contained a letter from publisher Ralph Ginzburg, saying, "most crime is a manifestation of psychological aberration. Who, then, is better equipped to handle the problem than the psychiatrist?" One can predict a roar of dissent from the clinical psychologists. Most of them see *Titicut Follies* as an exposé of a national horror resulting precisely from the type of overreliance on psychiatry suggested by Mr. Ginzburg.

There is a powerful reform movement within psychiatry itself, backed by psychologists and sociologists and pushed by the American Civil Liberties Union, stressing the importance of due process and the fruitless injustice of imprisoning social deviants in jails misnamed hospitals. Which sort of institution—jail or mental hospital—a criminal ends up in depends on the changing whims of courts and lawyers, not on established scientific fact.

Many disciplines, including psychiatry, have contributed to the understanding of the genesis of crime, and all have their contributions to make to the rehabilitation of the criminal. Diseases of the central nervous system that can cause deviant behavior have been discovered and they can be recognized and handled by internists, neurologists and neurosurgeons using standard methodology. It is appropriate to screen individuals in trouble with the law for true diseases of this nature, but the modern psychiatrist sees his role as a medical sociologist and does not pretend

to have unique power as a healer. Mr. Ginzburg remembers the old-fashioned Freudian psychoanalyst, now discredited in academic circles and melting into history with the phrenologists and other passing pseudomedical fads.

Robert S. Shaw, M. D.
Assistant Clinical Professor
Harvard Medical School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To my mind, the most relevant message of the film *Titicut Follies* is that the atrocities depicted represent a more or less logical development of the prevailing psychiatric practice of declaring that unusual human behavior is due to "mental illness." The result of this circular reasoning (X is sick because he is behaving in such and such a way, and he is behaving this way because he is sick) is the legal judgment that such people, if they commit crimes, are not responsible for what they have done and therefore should be treated differently from "normal" citizens. As Dr. Thomas Szasz has pointed out for several years, psychiatrists and courts have used this as yet unproved belief about the existence of mental illness to remove individuals judged to have this "disease" from the customary due processes of law and to assign them to the kind of prison hospital so eloquently documented in the film.

Indeed, clinicians widely disagree on who is sick and who is healthy, and there are numerous theories about the causes of behavior labeled abnormal by our society. This only points up an additional problem; namely, that *theories* (which are conceptual inventions of scientists) are being understood as *causes* of behavior and, furthermore, are being used as justification for denying many people their most basic constitutional and human rights.

More practically, one might consider the treatment these people are forced to undergo in the spirit of promoting mental health. Surely, *Titicut's* documentation of a typical prison hospital should dispel any doubts about the deficiencies of state prison hospitals. The patients are treated with incredible inhumanity and total denial of their status as human beings. Both because of their sometimes shocking crimes against society and because of their classification as mentally ill, they are regarded as nonhumans and are not handled in ways that might contribute to a cure. As one of the prisoners pleaded during a hearing, which was presented beautifully in the film: What chance does a patient/prisoner have to appear less sick when he is imprisoned in an environment that would drive any man mad?

In many states, it is possible to rent the film from Grove Press. It is not a pleasant 84 minutes and, as Madison

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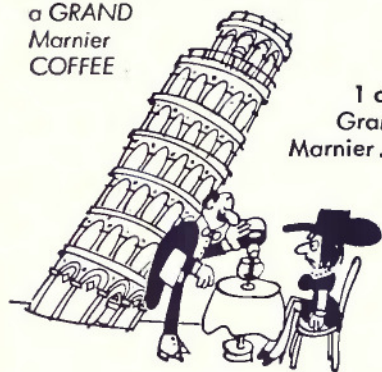
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Avenue would put it, not for the faint-hearted. But it should—indeed, it *must*—be seen by professionals and lay people alike.

Gerald C. Davison, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychology
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

I believe *PLAYBOY* teaches in the true Christian tradition. The best example I can give is your sympathy for the civil rights movement and for the peace movement. You voiced opinions when it was unpopular and unsafe to do so. Thus, you brought into the open the issues Christ would have been concerned about if he were alive today: racial and religious strife, war and poverty. The vast majority of Christian churches today drown out these issues with preachments on the evils of booze, gambling and sex. If Christ said anything at all about the latter problems, the word that would sum up his message is "responsibility."

Young people have finally found, in such men as Hugh Hefner and Father Malcolm Boyd, the wonderful quality Christ had: the ability to tell it like it is.

John D. Mitchell
Florence, Alabama

PLAYBOY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

You will be delighted to hear that *PLAYBOY* is now being used in a Sunday school in Westport, Connecticut. William Shafer, a Sunday-school teacher at the Greens Farms Congregational Church, used two of your articles—Harvey Cox' *God and the Hippies* (*PLAYBOY*, January 1968) and *The Playboy Panel: Religion and the New Morality* (*PLAYBOY*, June 1967)—in a class for high school students. Some parents immediately objected. However, after a church meeting, it was agreed that articles from *PLAYBOY* can be used in the future if they are relevant to a religion class. Only a minority of the members wished to add a warning about "misuse of more controversial sections of the magazine."

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

ECCLESIASTICAL ACCLAIM

Through the encouragement of some fellow ministers, I have recently become acquainted with *PLAYBOY* and its excellent articles. It comes to grips with contemporary problems in a way that we, in our conservative, backward church, have all too often failed to do.

The Rev. Richard L. Daniels
Little Grove Christian Church
Dixon, Illinois

REQUEST FOR REPRINTS

I was favorably impressed by Hugh Hefner's analysis of "the new morality," which he discussed on a Chicago TV

program. I am both a Unitarian minister and a university instructor and am tremendously interested in the effects the technicalization of society has on human values and human activity, an area in which I am currently teaching a course.

Would it be possible to obtain an elaboration of Hefner's views in printed form? This would be a good supplement to Joseph Fletcher's *Situation Ethics*, which my students are now reading.

Dr. Sunder Joshi
Clarendon Hills, Illinois

Copies of "*The Playboy Philosophy*" and "*The Playboy Panel*" discussion of "*Religion and the New Morality*" are on the way.

CORRUPTED CLERGY

I would like to know why *PLAYBOY* is so interested in getting clergymen to subscribe, since the major part of the magazine is diametrically opposed to what clergymen should stand for. My concept of the clergyman is one who preaches the truth of God as revealed in the Bible and in Jesus Christ. A clergyman is, or is supposed to be, a Christian. The trend of *PLAYBOY* is to subvert the principles of Christianity; therefore, getting all the clergymen in the country to subscribe to *PLAYBOY* only proves that there is not a single, true Christian clergyman left.

You seem to be striving to oppose and to ridicule those forces that have given the world standards of purity, righteousness, morality, truth and justice. May God bring you to the judgment that you deserve for contributing to the moral breakdown of our nation. The only hope for you to escape this judgment is in turning to Christ and the Bible.

If this letter is published, I want my name withheld. Also, if you reply to this letter, I do not want the name of your outfit seen anywhere on the outside of the envelope.

(Name withheld by request)
Springfield, Massachusetts

GETTING OUT OF THE CHURCH

Near my home, a sign in bold letters reads, COME TO CHURCH. This is the trouble with the church today: We say "Come in," where Jesus said "Go out." We have forgotten that the proper role of Christians is to serve. We have forgotten what poverty, hunger and war are really like. We are obsessed with standards—our standard of living and our standard of morality. Sexuality is still frightening. Many laymen couldn't imagine the pastor and his wife having a wild bedroom romp.

Some pastors and laymen are getting out of the church. One can hardly condemn them: Christianity was meant to be comforting, not comfortable. I see the church moving or being moved out of the picture, as far as being a viable

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means of ministry. But there will always be a spark and, hopefully, the spark will fan a flame when the flame can warm society instead of trying to burn it.

The Rev. Paul D. Gehris
Colonial Park Community
Baptist Church
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

TAXING THE CHURCHES

This is a belated addendum to Bishop Pike's article *Tax Organized Religion* (PLAYBOY, April 1967). Far more dangerous than the beliefs, prejudices or bigotry of any religious group are the unique advantages churches possess under our Internal Revenue Code. Vast sums are being channeled by back doors into ecclesiastical treasuries, which now have tremendous accumulations of tax-free wealth. I am presently doing research in this field to expand my study *Church Wealth and Business Income*, which was published three years ago. At that time, I found that religiously used property belonging to churches totaled 79.5 billion dollars. In addition, the churches have unknown resources in the form of cash, stocks, bonds, mortgages, leaseholds, etc.

Churches, associations of churches and sacerdotal orders are the only entities that may receive unlimited amounts of revenue, with complete immunity, not only from taxation but also from disclosure. This is also true when the money comes from businesses completely unrelated to religion. Secular charities, even if tax-exempt, have to file a report revealing their earnings; but churches need not tell the Government anything about their financial activities—and they certainly do not inform their memberships.

Having now reanalyzed several of the city tax rolls examined in 1964, I have found that exempt church real estate has been increasing so rapidly that now the total in the United States is probably at least 100 billion dollars. The churches may also receive other income amounting to unguessed billions from commercial property and intangible sources.

The Internal Revenue Code must be revised so that churches will enjoy no preference or immunity not given every other business, and all church properties must be taxed as if they were commercial real estate.

Martin A. Larson, Ph. D.
Phoenix, Arizona

In addition to "*Church Wealth and Business Income*," Dr. Larson has also written "*The Religion of the Occident*," "*The Theory of Logical Expression*" and other books.

SODOMY FACTORIES

I have followed with interest your discussion of homosexuality in America's sexually segregated prisons. In Sweden's penal institutions, there is virtually no such problem. They have so-called open

prisons, where the prisoners can regularly receive visits from their wives or their girlfriends. Inside some of the prisons, there is a kind of small hotel, where the prisoner, if he can financially afford it, can place his family and maintain a close relationship with his relatives. In the so-called closed prisons, the prisoners can also receive female visitors, while the guard very discreetly stays outside, leaving the prisoner and his visitor alone for about an hour.

In this way, Sweden has practically destroyed the sodomy factories. And because of the contact maintained with his family, the prisoner has a head start when it is time to be reintegrated into society.

Armand Panico
Nice, France

I had heard about homosexuality in our prisons, but I didn't realize how bad it was until I saw for myself. As a teen-aged boy, I had the misfortune of being arrested as a result of heroin addiction and was sent to a New Jersey reformatory. There were queens everywhere, and it was common to see a weaker boy being forced to submit to the sexual demands of the stronger ones. The officials knew of the situation but were always "too busy" to do anything about it.

(Name withheld by request)
Perth Amboy, New Jersey

DEATH FOR HOMOSEXUALS

Anita K. Adkisson, who seems to favor death for homosexuals (*The Playboy Forum*, June), is probably not far from sanctioning death for anyone who disagrees with her warped conceptions of morality. It is women such as Miss Adkisson who are thorns in the side of an enlightened democracy.

The only way to prevent such people from turning democracy into "mobocracy" is for logic to be taught in elementary school instead of in college. Otherwise, we will never see an end to hatred: and Negroes, Jews, Mexicans, Indians and other minority groups, including homosexuals, will continue to be victimized.

H. G. Vautillburgh
Lubbock, Texas

I feel compelled to take issue with Anita K. Adkisson, who wrote, "God says . . . in the Bible" that homosexuals should be put to death. While I do feel that homosexuality is a problem in our society, I would imagine that the homosexuals themselves do not necessarily share my opinion. As for God's opinion, I am afraid I am not in His confidence. And while there is a good deal to be said for the Bible, it was written by men, not by God. Since the Bible is some 2000 years old, there are probably more up-to-date references for modern social reform.

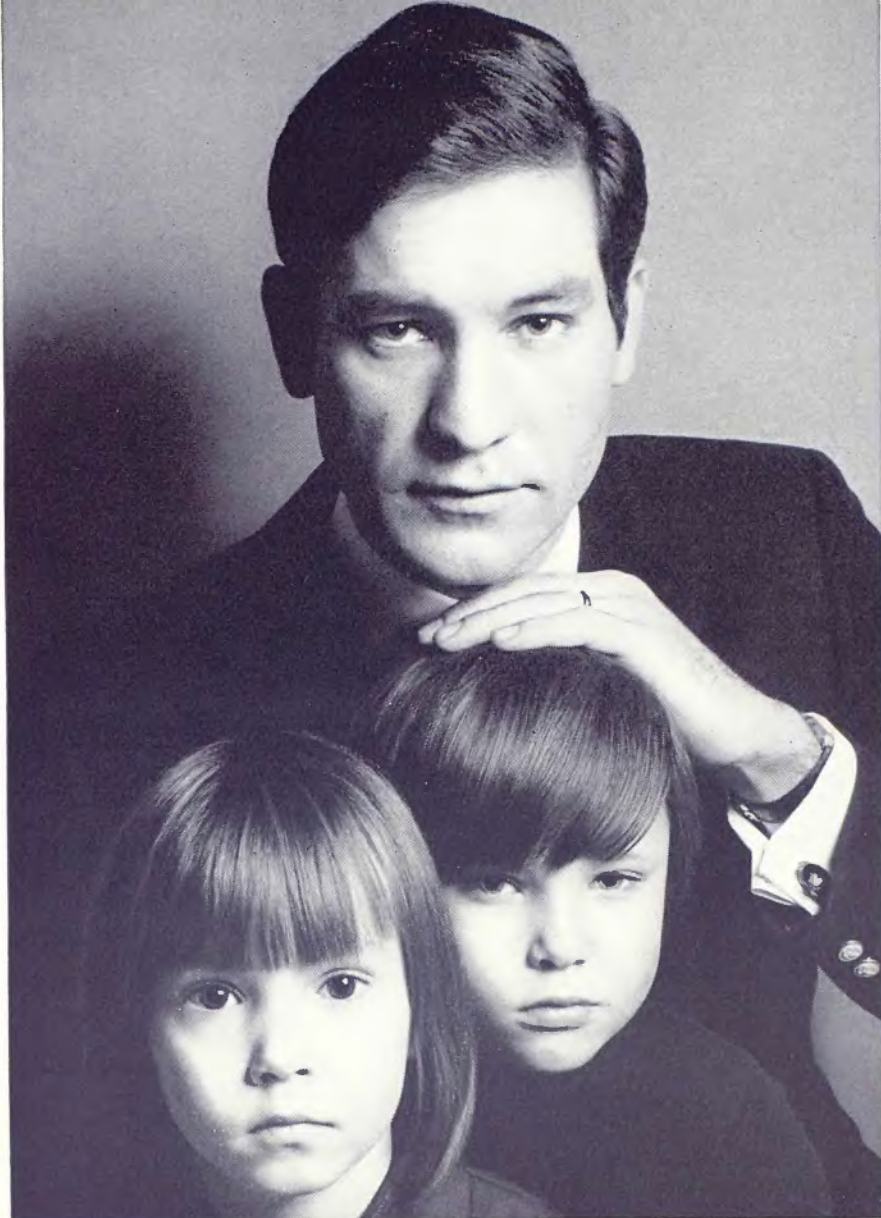
(continued on page 220)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STANLEY KUBRICK

a candid conversation with the pioneering creator of "2001: a space odyssey," "dr. strangelove" and "lolita"

Throughout his 17-year career as a moviemaker, Stanley Kubrick has committed himself to pushing the frontiers of film into new and often controversial regions—despite the box-office problems and censorship battles that such a commitment invariably entails. Never a follower of the safe, well-traveled road to Hollywood success, he has consistently struck out on his own, shattering movie conventions and shibboleths along the way. In many respects, his latest film, the epic "2001: A Space Odyssey," stands as a metaphor for Kubrick himself. A technically flawless production that took three years and \$10,500,000 to create, "2001" could have been just a super-spectacle of exotic gadgetry and lavish special effects; but with the collaboration of Arthur C. Clarke, astrophysicist and doyen of science-fiction writers, Kubrick has elevated a sci-fi adventure to the level of allegory—creating a stunning and disturbing metaphysical speculation on man's destiny that has fomented a good-sized critical controversy and become a cocktail-party topic across the country. An uncompromising film, "2001" places a heavy intellectual burden upon the audience, compelling each viewer to unravel for himself its deeper meaning and significance. Its message is conveyed not through plot or standard expository dialog but through metaphysical hints and visual symbols that demand confrontation and interpretation.

"2001" begins several million years in the past, with a vivid—and, to some, mystifying—sequence on the dawn of man. At first an apelike vegetarian

living peacefully among other animals, he suddenly becomes a carnivorous and warlike protohuman, eager and ready to kill his neighbor in defense of the territorial imperative. The cosmic midwife of this transmogrification is a mysterious black monolith that appears at a crucial point in the ape's evolution and apparently inspires him to employ a bone as both weapon and tool. The monoliths are, in a very real sense, the protagonists of the picture; they appear, Siva-like, to offer man options for both good and evil, as represented by the weapon-tool—which, when flung triumphantly into the air by a jubilant warrior ape, dissolves into a spaceship languidly approaching a satellite space station.

The year is now 2001. Another monolith has been discovered buried beneath the moon's surface—and man is ready for his next evolutionary leap. The monolith broadcasts an earsplitting signal toward the planet Jupiter, and a team of five astronauts (three in hibernation) is sent there to determine the source of the mystery. But in the course of the journey, four of them die at the hands of Hal 9000—the ship's omniscient and omnipresent computer—who is so anthropomorphic that he suffers from the all-too-human sin of hubris. The remaining astronaut (Keir Dullea) performs a mechanical lobotomy on Hal's memory circuits.

Pursuing another monolith, floating among Jupiter's moons, Dullea is suddenly swept into a cosmic maelstrom that hurtles him through inner and outer space into new dimensions of

consciousness. Finally, he emerges from his space capsule, death-eyed and white-haired, in an eerie Regency bedroom replete with Watteau paintings, French provincial furniture and a luminously glowing floor. Here he witnesses—and experiences—the successive stages of his life from old age into senescence and death—a death that becomes a mystical rebirth as the astronaut, shrunk and desiccated like the first apes, gazes up at yet another monolith at the foot of his bed and is absorbed into a sunburst of energy. Reborn as the first of a new race, the astronaut in the last scene floats fetally in space within a cosmic placenta—his huge eyes, worldly and other-worldly, turning for a last look at the earth he has left behind forever.

Critical reaction to "2001" was vehemently divided between those who declared it either an unqualified masterpiece or an absolute disaster. "Technically and imaginatively," wrote Penelope Gilliatt of *The New Yorker*, "it is staggering." The *Washington Evening Star* called it "a gorgeous, exhilarating and mind-stretching spectacle," and *Cue* observed that it "dazzles the eyes and gnaws at the mind." But other reviewers concurred with the film critic for *Women's Wear Daily*, who termed it "not the worst film I've ever seen, simply the dullest," and with John Simon of *The New Leader*, who loftily dismissed the epic as "a kind of space-Spartacus" and, more pretentious still, a shaggy God story." But Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice* waxed most passionate of all the critics in his denunciation: "It is



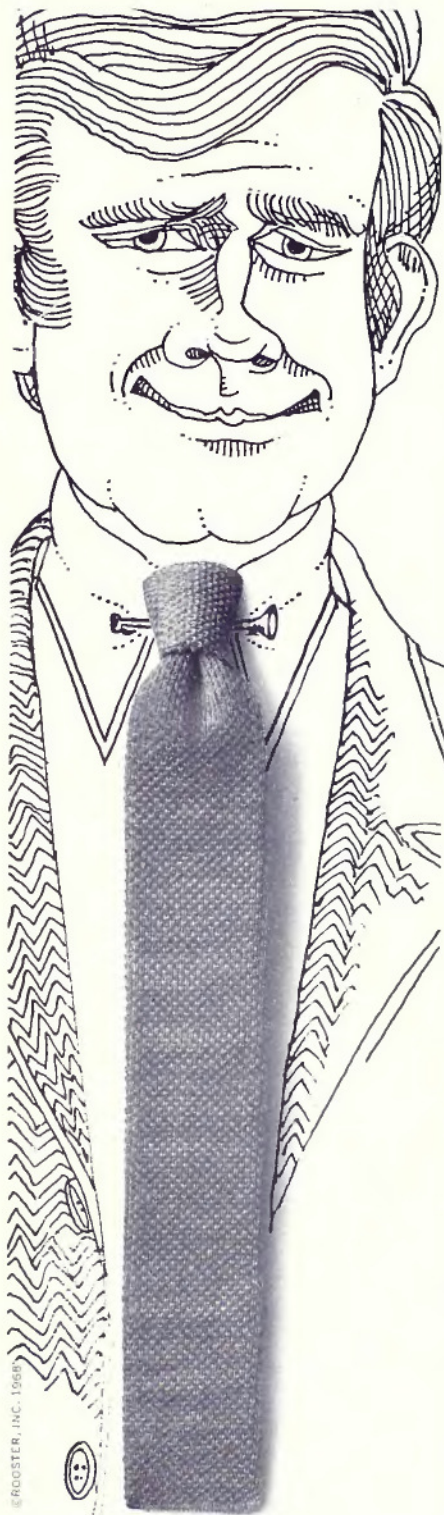
"In '2001' the message is the medium. I tried to create a visual experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with its emotional and philosophical content."



"Within 200 years we will have reached a stage of genetic engineering where another race could transmit its genetic code to us by radio and we could then duplicate one of their species in our laboratories."



"All the attributes assigned to God could be the characteristics of biological entities who have evolved into something as remote from man as man is remote from the primordial ooze from which he first emerged."



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anti-human, anti-science, and anti-progress . . . completely sexless, soulless: A dirge for the future."

Though Kubrick is by now accustomed to living in the eye of such critical hurricanes, his early background was hardly tempestuous. He was born in the Bronx in 1928, the son of a doctor who still practices there. Kubrick's adolescent ambition to become a jazz drummer was sidetracked at the age of 13, when his father gave him his first camera—a Graflex. Habitually quiet and introspective, young Kubrick made few friends, but his photographic talent blossomed rapidly. In 1945, two months before he graduated from Taft High School in the Bronx (with a lukewarm 67 average), he snapped a picture of a weeping news dealer surrounded by papers announcing F.D.R.'s death, submitted the photo to *Look* and received \$25 for his first published work. Shortly thereafter, *Look* also gave Kubrick his first job: he became one of the youngest photographers in the magazine's history.

Kubrick stayed with the magazine until 1950, supplementing his modest income by playing chess in Washington Square Park at 25 cents a game (he is still a superior player); but he was becoming increasingly intrigued with cinema. His first film, "Day of the Fight," was a short documentary about prize fighter Walter Cartier. It cost all of \$3900 to make, but Kubrick soon found he couldn't retrieve even this investment. Finally he sold the work to RKO-Pathé at a \$100 loss. After one more unheralded documentary, Kubrick decided to try his hand—and his luck—at a feature-length film. He quit his job at *Look*, raised \$20,000—mostly from his father and his uncle—and began shooting "Fear and Desire," the story of four soldiers, isolated behind enemy lines during World War Two, who gain insights about themselves in their struggle to rejoin their outfit. Kubrick now regards the film as pretentious and amateurish, but many critics welcomed it as a remarkably sensitive first effort. Though rejected by all major distributors, "Fear and Desire" toured the art-house circuit and eventually broke even.

After a decidedly commercial murder mystery called "Killer's Kiss," Kubrick went to work on "The Killing," an intricately contrived melodrama involving a race-track robbery. The film starred Sterling Hayden and won Kubrick his first widespread recognition. As *Time* breathlessly declared: "At 27, writer-director Stanley Kubrick has shown more audacity with dialog and camera than Hollywood has seen since the obstreperous Orson Welles." *Time* subsequently called "The Killing" one of the ten best films of 1956, but the movie proved a box-office dud.

Undismayed, Kubrick again focused his attention on a military subject: the blood-soaked battlefields of the western



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front in World War One. The result was "Paths of Glory," the tragic story of three innocent French soldiers who live through a futile engagement with the Germans only to be executed as cowards by their own high command. With Kirk Douglas in the leading role, the film movingly depicted the bleak horror and meaninglessness of war. Though it, too, fared only modestly at the box office, it was universally hailed as a major work of cinematic art, and it made Kubrick a name to be reckoned with. Douglas, impressed with Kubrick's talent, asked him to direct the forthcoming "Spartacus," in which Douglas was to play the starring role. "It was the only film I didn't have full directorial control over," Kubrick recalls ruefully; but "Spartacus" was viewed by the critics as a cut above the standard Cinemascope spectacular. It also made money.

Never one to rest on his laurels, Kubrick had already selected his next film: an adaptation of "Lolita," Vladimir Nabokov's sexy, scintillating best seller. Undaunted by the looming censorship problems involved in depicting the story of a passionate liaison between a middle-aged man and a sensuous nymphet, Kubrick selected James Mason to play Humbert Humbert and a Hollywood unknown—Sue Lyon—for the lead role. Kubrick then wisely decided to make the film in England, where the chance of censorial intervention was less likely than on home shores. The result was one of the biggest box-office hits in Hollywood history—and a superabundance of rave reviews. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., then moonlighting as a film critic from his Presidential advisory post, called "Lolita" "a brilliant and sinister film, wildly funny and wildly poignant."

Well before the returns on "Lolita" were in, Kubrick was characteristically blocking out his next project. He had long been concerned with the prospect of accidental nuclear holocaust; and his fears were reinforced by a novel, "Red Alert," by Peter George. In collaboration with George—and with an indeterminate amount of assistance from black humorist Terry Southern (Kubrick and Southern still disagree heatedly on the extent of Southern's participation)—Kubrick produced "Dr. Strangelove," an overwhelming critical and commercial success. The film's darkly satirical antiwar message offended some Cold Warriors and travelers on the ultraright, but critic Stanley Kauffmann described it as "the best American picture that I can remember since Chaplain's 'Monsieur Verdoux' and Houston's 'Treasure of the Sierra Madre.'" And Time declared, "It fulfills Stanley Kubrick's promise as one of the most audacious and imaginative directors the U. S. cinema has yet produced."

Kubrick's meteoric career—launched into even higher orbit by his ambitious space odyssey to 2001—has made him a near legend in Hollywood, where he has



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won the devoted admiration of his co-workers and the respect of fellow directors and actors; no mean feat in Tinseltown. Marlon Brando, who has worked with Kubrick (though not always harmoniously), reports: "Stanley is unusually perceptive and delicately attuned to people. He has an adroit intellect and is a creative thinker, not a repeater, not a fact gatherer. He digests what he learns and brings to a new project an original point of view and a reserved passion." Kirk Douglas is more blunt: "Success can't hurt that kid. Stanley always knew he was good."

To discover what has made Kubrick so respected—and controversial—a director, and to plumb both his own complexities and those of "2001," PLAYBOY interviewed Kubrick at his elegant mansion outside London, a short drive from MGM's studio at Borham Wood, where he is working on his latest film—a biography of Napoleon. Interviewer Eric Norden found Kubrick—"a slim, relaxed man with thinning hair, dark beard and intense eyes"—sprawled in a chair on the spacious expanse of lawn overlooking his elegantly tended gardens. "As Kubrick crossed one scuffed shoe over a wrinkled pants leg," writes Norden, "I began by asking him to decipher the metaphysical message of '2001.' Though his answer was enigmatically evasive, he was far more voluble about his space odyssey, and the destiny it prophesies for the human race, than about himself as man or moviemaker. It may be that he feels his private life is too dull to talk about, or perhaps too interesting, or simply nobody's business but his own. But I think it's more likely that he is one of those rare men whose self-concern is plural and impersonal, to whom the present is less real than the possible, who live less in the world of tangible reality than in the uncharted country of the mind." But not completely uncharted, Norden might have added, since many of Kubrick's imaginative extrapolations are predicated on theories and formulations with which science-fiction fans are fondly familiar. What lifts Kubrick's prognostications beyond the realm of most conventional sci-fi speculation is his preoccupation not with mechanistic externals but with the philosophical implications of man's future.

PLAYBOY: Much of the controversy surrounding *2001* deals with the meaning of the metaphysical symbols that abound in the film—the polished black monoliths, the orbital conjunction of earth, moon and sun at each stage of the monoliths' intervention in human destiny, the stunning final kaleidoscopic maelstrom of time and space that engulfs the surviving astronaut and sets the stage for his rebirth as a "star child" drifting toward earth in a translucent placenta. One critic even called *2001* "the first Nietzschean film," contending

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that its essential theme is Nietzsche's concept of man's evolution from ape to human to superman. What *was* the meta-physical message of *2001*?

KUBRICK: It's not a message that I ever intend to convey in words. *2001* is a nonverbal experience; out of two hours and 19 minutes of film, there are only a little less than 40 minutes of dialog. I tried to create a *visual* experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with an emotional and philosophic content. To convolute McLuhan, in *2001*, the message is the medium. I intended the film to be an intensely subjective experience that reaches the viewer at an inner level of consciousness, just as music does: to "explain" a Beethoven symphony would be to emasculate it by erecting an artificial barrier between conception and appreciation. You're free to speculate as you wish about the philosophical and allegorical meaning of the film—and such speculation is one indication that it has succeeded in gripping the audience at a deep level—but I don't want to spell out a verbal road map for *2001* that every viewer will feel obligated to pursue or else fear he's missed the point. I think that if *2001* succeeds at all, it is in reaching a wide spectrum of people who would not often give a thought to man's destiny, his role in the cosmos and his relationship to higher forms of life. But even in the case of someone who is highly intelligent, certain ideas found in *2001* would, if presented as abstractions, fall rather lifelessly and be automatically assigned to pat intellectual categories: experienced in a moving visual and emotional context, however, they can resonate within the deepest fibers of one's being.

PLAYBOY: Without laying out a philosophical road map for the viewer, can you tell us your own interpretation of the meaning of the film?

KUBRICK: No, for the reasons I've already given. How much would we appreciate *La Gioconda* today if Leonardo had written at the bottom of the canvas: "This lady is smiling slightly because she has rotten teeth"—or "because she's hiding a secret from her lover"? It would shut off the viewer's appreciation and shackle him to a "reality" other than his own. I don't want that to happen to *2001*.

PLAYBOY: Arthur Clarke has said of the film, "If anyone understands it on the first viewing, we've failed in our intention." Why should the viewer have to see a film twice to get its message?

KUBRICK: I don't agree with that statement of Arthur's, and I believe he made it facetiously. The very nature of the visual experience in *2001* is to give the viewer an instantaneous, visceral reaction that does not—and should not—require further amplification. Just speaking generally, however, I would say that



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there are elements in any good film that would increase the viewer's interest and appreciation on a second viewing; the momentum of a movie often prevents every stimulating detail or nuance from having a full impact the first time it's seen. The whole idea that a movie should be seen only once is an extension of our traditional conception of the film as an ephemeral entertainment rather than as a visual work of art. We don't believe that we should hear a great piece of music only once, or see a great painting once, or even read a great book just once. But the film has until recent years been exempted from the category of art—a situation I'm glad is finally changing.

PLAYBOY: Some prominent critics—including Renata Adler of *The New York Times*, John Simon of the *New Leader*, Judith Crist of *New York* magazine and Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice*—apparently felt that *2001* should be among those films still exempted from the category of art; all four castigated it as dull, pretentious and overlong. How do you account for their hostility?

KUBRICK: The four critics you mention all work for New York publications. The reviews across America and around the world have been 95-percent enthusiastic. Some were more perceptive than others, of course, but even those who praised the film on relatively superficial grounds were able to get something of its message. New York was the only really hostile city. Perhaps there is a certain element of the lumpen literati that is so dogmatically atheist and materialist and earth-bound that it finds the grandeur of space and the myriad mysteries of cosmic intelligence anathema. But film critics, fortunately, rarely have any effect on the general public; houses everywhere are packed and the film is well on its way to becoming the greatest money-maker in MGM's history. Perhaps this sounds like a crass way to evaluate one's work, but I think that, especially with a film that is so obviously *different*, record audience attendance means people are saying the right things to one another after they see it—and isn't this really what it's all about?

PLAYBOY: Speaking of what it's all about—if you'll allow us to return to the philosophical interpretation of *2001*—would you agree with those critics who call it a profoundly religious film?

KUBRICK: I will say that the God concept is at the heart of *2001*—but not any traditional, anthropomorphic image of God. I don't believe in any of earth's monotheistic religions, but I do believe that one can construct an intriguing *scientific* definition of God, once you accept the fact that there are approximately 100 billion stars in our galaxy alone, that each star is a life-giving sun and that there are approximately 100 billion galaxies in just the *visible* universe. Giv-

en a planet in a stable orbit, not too hot and not too cold, and given a few billion years of chance chemical reactions created by the interaction of a sun's energy on the planet's chemicals, it's fairly certain that life in one form or another will eventually emerge. It's reasonable to assume that there must be, in fact, countless *billions* of such planets where biological life has arisen, and the odds of some proportion of such life developing intelligence are high. Now, the sun is by no means an old star, and its planets are mere children in cosmic age, so it seems likely that there are billions of planets in the universe not only where intelligent life is on a lower scale than man but other billions where it is approximately equal and others still where it is hundreds of thousands of millions of years in advance of us. When you think of the giant technological strides that man has made in a few millennia—less than a microsecond in the chronology of the universe—can you imagine the evolutionary development that much older life forms have taken? They may have progressed from biological species, which are fragile shells for the mind at best, into immortal machine entities—and then, over innumerable eons, they could emerge from the chrysalis of matter transformed into beings of pure energy and spirit. Their potentialities would be limitless and their intelligence ungraspable by humans.

PLAYBOY: Even assuming the cosmic evolutionary path you suggest, what has this to do with the nature of God?

KUBRICK: Everything—because these beings would be gods to the billions of less advanced races in the universe, just as man would appear a god to an ant that somehow comprehended man's existence. They would possess the twin attributes of all deities—omniscience and omnipotence. These entities might be in telepathic communication throughout the cosmos and thus be aware of everything that occurs, tapping every intelligent mind as effortlessly as we switch on the radio; they might not be limited by the speed of light and their presence could penetrate to the farthest corners of the universe; they might possess complete mastery over matter and energy; and in their final evolutionary stage, they might develop into an integrated collective immortal consciousness. They would be incomprehensible to us except as gods; and if the tendrils of their consciousness ever brushed men's minds, it is only the hand of God we could grasp as an explanation.

PLAYBOY: If such creatures do exist, why should they be interested in man?

KUBRICK: They may not be. But why should man be interested in microbes? The motives of such beings would be as alien to us as their intelligence.

PLAYBOY: In *2001*, such incorporeal creatures seem to manipulate our destinies and control our evolution, though



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whether for good or evil—or both, or neither—remains unclear. Do you really believe it's possible that man is a cosmic plaything of such entities?

KUBRICK: I don't really *believe* anything about them; how can I? Mere speculation on the possibility of their existence is sufficiently overwhelming, without attempting to decipher their motives. The important point is that all the standard attributes assigned to God in our history could equally well be the characteristics of biological entities who billions of years ago were at a stage of development similar to man's own and evolved into something as remote from man as man is remote from the primordial ooze from which he first emerged.

PLAYBOY: In this cosmic phylogeny you've described, isn't it possible that there might be forms of intelligent life on an even higher scale than these entities of pure energy—perhaps as far removed from them as they are from us?

KUBRICK: Of course there could be; in an infinite, eternal universe, the point is that *anything* is possible, and it's unlikely that we can even begin to scratch the surface of the full range of possibilities. But at a time when astronauts are preparing to set foot on the moon, I think it's necessary to open up our earth-bound minds to such speculation. No one knows what's waiting for us in the universe. I think it was a prominent astronomer who wrote recently, "Sometimes I think we are alone, and sometimes I think we're not. In either case, the idea is quite staggering."

PLAYBOY: You said there must be billions of planets sustaining life that is considerably more advanced than man but has not yet evolved into non- or suprabiological forms. What do you believe would be the effect on humanity if the earth were contacted by a race of such ungodlike but technologically superior beings?

KUBRICK: There's a considerable difference of opinion on this subject among scientists and philosophers. Some contend that encountering a highly advanced civilization—even one whose technology is essentially comprehensible to us—would produce a traumatic cultural shock effect on man by divesting him of his smug ethnocentrism and shattering the delusion that he is the center of the universe. Carl Jung summed up this position when he wrote of contact with advanced extraterrestrial life that the "reins would be torn from our hands and we would, as a tearful old medicine man once said to me, find ourselves 'without dreams' . . . we would find our intellectual and spiritual aspirations so outmoded as to leave us completely paralyzed." I personally don't accept this position, but it's one that's widely held and can't be summarily dismissed.

In 1960, for example, the Committee for Long Range Studies of the Brookings Institution prepared a report for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration warning that even indirect contact

—i.e., alien artifacts that might possibly be discovered through our space activities on the moon, Mars or Venus or via radio contact with an interstellar civilization—could cause severe psychological dislocations. The study cautioned that "Anthropological files contain many examples of societies, sure of their place in the universe, which have disintegrated when they have had to associate with previously unfamiliar societies espousing different ideas and different life ways; others that survived such an experience usually did so by paying the price of changes in values and attitudes and behavior." It concluded that since intelligent life might be discovered at any time, and that since the consequences of such a discovery are "presently unpredictable," it was advisable that the Government initiate continuing studies on the psychological and intellectual impact of confrontation with extraterrestrial life. What action was taken on this report I don't know, but I assume that such studies are now under way. However, while not discounting the possible adverse emotional impact on some people, I would personally tend to view such contact with a tremendous amount of excitement and enthusiasm. Rather than shattering our society, I think it could immeasurably enrich it.

Another positive point is that it's a virtual certainty that all intelligent life at one stage in its technological development must have discovered nuclear energy. This is obviously the watershed of any civilization; does it find a way to use nuclear power without destruction and harness it for peaceful purposes, or does it annihilate itself? I would guess that any civilization that has existed for 1000 years after its discovery of atomic energy has devised a means of accommodating itself to the bomb, and this could prove tremendously reassuring to us—as well as give us specific guidelines for our own survival. In any case, as far as cultural shock is concerned, my impression is that the attention span of most people is quite brief; after a week or two of great excitement and oversaturation in newspapers and on television, the public's interest would drop off and the United Nations, or whatever world body we then had, would settle down to discussions with the aliens.

PLAYBOY: You're assuming that extraterrestrials would be benevolent. Why?

KUBRICK: Why should a vastly superior race *bother* to harm or destroy us? If an intelligent ant suddenly traced a message in the sand at my feet reading, "I am sentient; let's talk things over," I doubt very much that I would rush to grind him under my heel. Even if they weren't superintelligent, though, but merely more advanced than mankind, I would tend to lean more toward the benevolence, or at least indifference, theory. Since it's most unlikely that we would be visited from within our

own solar system, any society capable of traversing light-years of space would have to have an extremely high degree of control over matter and energy. Therefore, what possible motivation for hostility would they have? To steal our gold or oil or coal? It's hard to think of any nasty intention that would justify the long and arduous journey from another star.

PLAYBOY: You'll admit, though, that extraterrestrials are commonly portrayed in comic strips and cheap science-fiction films as bug-eyed monsters scuttling hungrily after curvaceous earth maidens.

KUBRICK: This probably dates back to the pulp science-fiction magazines of the Twenties and Thirties and perhaps even to the Orson Welles Martian-invasion broadcast in 1938 and the resultant mass hysteria, which is always advanced in support of the hypothesis that contact would cause severe cultural shock. In a sense, the lines with which Welles opened that broadcast set the tone for public consideration of extraterrestrial life for years to come. I've memorized them: "Across an immense ethereal gulf, minds that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts in the jungle—intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic—regarded this earth with envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. . . ." Anything we can imagine about such other life forms is possible, of course. You could have psychotic civilizations, or decadent civilizations that have elevated pain to an aesthetic and might covet humans as gladiators or torture objects, or civilizations that might want us for zoos, or scientific experimentation, or slaves or even for food. While I am appreciably more optimistic, we just can't be sure *what* their motivations will be.

I'm interested in the argument of Professor Freeman Dyson of Princeton's Institute of Advanced Study, who contends that it would be a mistake to expect that all potential space visitors will be altruistic, or to believe that they would have *any* ethical or moral concepts comparable to mankind's. Dyson writes, if I remember him correctly, that "Intelligence may indeed be a benign influence creating isolated groups of philosopher kings far apart in the heavens," but it's just as likely that "Intelligence may be a cancer of purposeless technological exploitation, sweeping across a galaxy as irresistibly as it has swept across our own planet." Dyson concludes that it's "just as unscientific to impute to remote intelligence wisdom and serenity as it is to impute to them irrational and murderous impulses. We must be prepared for either possibility and conduct our searches accordingly."

This is why some scientists caution, now that we're attempting to intercept radio signals from other solar systems, that if we do receive a message we should wait awhile before answering it. But we've been transmitting radio and television signals

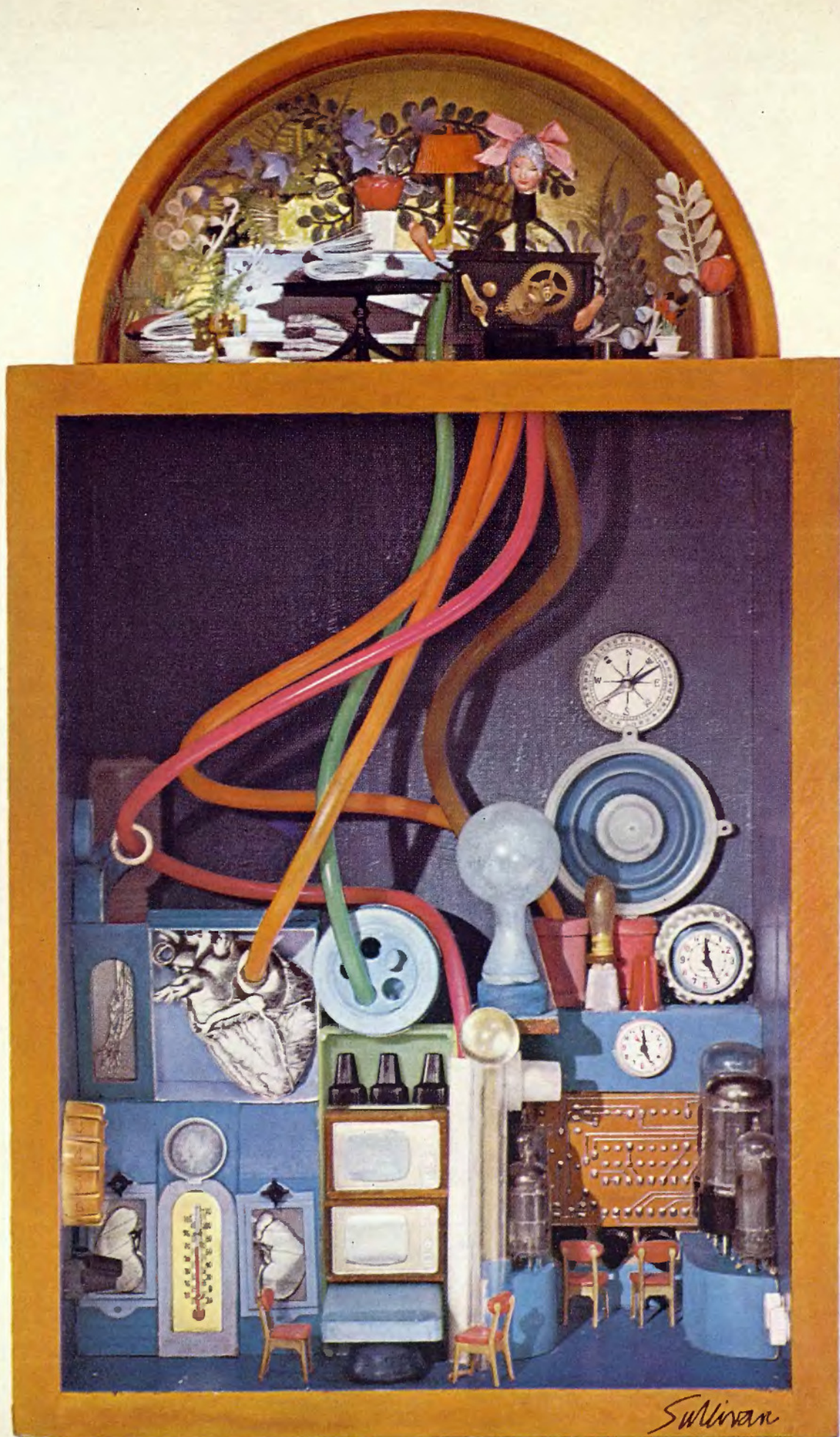
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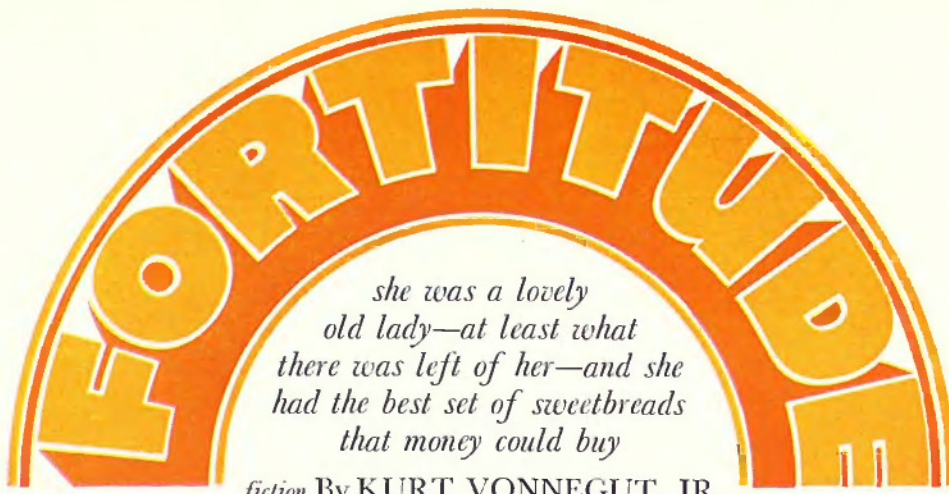


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fiction By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

THE TIME: *the present.* THE PLACE: *Upstate New York, a large room filled with pulsing, writhing, panting machines that perform the functions of various organs of the human body—heart, lungs, liver, and so on. Color-coded pipes and wires swoop upward from the machines to converge and pass through a hole in the ceiling. To one side is a fantastically complicated master control console.*

DR. ELBERT LITTLE, *a kindly, attractive young general practitioner, is being shown around by the creator and boss of the operation, DR. NORBERT FRANKENSTEIN. FRANKENSTEIN is 65, a crass medical genius. Seated at the console, wearing headphones and watching meters and flashing lights, is DR. TOM SWIFT, FRANKENSTEIN's enthusiastic first assistant.*

LITTLE: Oh, my God—oh, my God—

FRANKENSTEIN: Yeah. Those are her kidneys over there. That's her liver, of course. There you got her pancreas.

LITTLE: Amazing. Dr. Frankenstein, after seeing this, I wonder if I've even been *practicing* medicine, if I've ever even *been* to medical school. (*Pointing*) That's her *heart*?

FRANKENSTEIN: That's a Westinghouse heart. They make a damn good heart, if you ever need one. They make a kidney I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

LITTLE: That heart is probably worth more than the whole township where I practice.

FRANKENSTEIN: That pancreas is worth your whole state. *Vermont?*

LITTLE: Vermont.

FRANKENSTEIN: What we paid for the pancreas—yeah, we could have bought Vermont for that. Nobody'd ever made a pancreas before, and we had to have one in ten days or lose the patient. So we told all the big organ manufacturers, "OK, you guys got to have a crash program for a pancreas. Put every man you got on the job. We don't care what it costs, as long as we get a pancreas by next Tuesday."

LITTLE: And they succeeded.

FRANKENSTEIN: The patient's still alive, isn't

she? Believe me, those are some expensive sweetbreads.

LITTLE: But the patient could afford them.

FRANKENSTEIN: You don't live like this on Blue Cross.

LITTLE: And how many operations has she had? In how many years?

FRANKENSTEIN: I gave her her first major operation thirty-six years ago. She's had seventy-eight operations since then.

LITTLE: And how old is she?

FRANKENSTEIN: One hundred.

LITTLE: What *guts* that woman must have!

FRANKENSTEIN: You're looking at 'em.

LITTLE: I mean—what *courage*! What *fortitude*!

FRANKENSTEIN: We knock her out, you know. We don't operate without anesthetics.

LITTLE: Even so. . . .

FRANKENSTEIN *taps SWIFT on the shoulder. SWIFT frees an ear from the headphones, divides his attention between the visitors and the console.*

FRANKENSTEIN: Dr. Tom Swift, this is Dr. Elbert Little. Tom here is my first assistant.

SWIFT: Howdy-doo.

FRANKENSTEIN: Dr. Little has a practice up in Vermont. He happened to be in the neighborhood. He asked for a tour.

LITTLE: What do you hear in the headphones?

SWIFT: Anything that's going on in the patient's room. (*He offers the headphones*) Be my guest.

LITTLE (*listening to headphones*): Nothing.

SWIFT: She's having her hair brushed now. The beautician's up there. She's always quiet when her hair's being brushed. (*He takes the headphones back*)

FRANKENSTEIN (*to SWIFT*): We should *congratulate* our young visitor here.

SWIFT: What for?

LITTLE: Good question. What for?

FRANKENSTEIN: Oh, I know about the great honor that has come your way.

LITTLE: I'm not sure *I* do.

FRANKENSTEIN: You are *the* Dr. Little, aren't

you, who was named the Family Doctor of the Year by the *Ladies' Home Journal* last month?

LITTLE: Yes—that's right. I don't know how in the hell they decided. And I'm even more flabbergasted that a man of your caliber would know about it.

FRANKENSTEIN: I read the *Ladies' Home Journal* from cover to cover every month.

LITTLE: You do?

FRANKENSTEIN: I only got one patient, Mrs. Lovejoy. And Mrs. Lovejoy reads the *Ladies' Home Journal*, so I read it, too. That's what we talk about—what's in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We read all about you last month. Mrs. Lovejoy kept saying, "Oh, what a nice young man he must be. So understanding."

LITTLE: Um.

FRANKENSTEIN: Now here you are in the flesh. I bet she wrote you a letter.

LITTLE: Yes—she did.

FRANKENSTEIN: She writes thousands of letters a year, gets thousands of letters back. Some pen pal she is.

LITTLE: Is she—uh—generally cheerful most of the time?

FRANKENSTEIN: If she isn't, that's our fault down here. If she gets unhappy, that means something down here isn't working right. She was blue about a month ago. Turned out it was a bum transistor in the console. (He reaches over SWIFT's shoulder, changes a setting on the console. The machinery subtly adjusts to the new setting.) There—she'll be all depressed for a couple of minutes now. (He changes the setting again) There. Now, pretty quick, she'll be happier than she was before. She'll sing like a bird.

LITTLE conceals his horror imperfectly. CUT TO patient's room, which is full of flowers and candy boxes and books. The patient is SYLVIA LOVEJOY, a billionaire's widow. SYLVIA is no longer anything but a head connected to pipes and wires coming up through the floor, but this is not immediately apparent. The first shot of her is a CLOSE-UP, with GLORIA, a gorgeous beautician, standing behind her. SYLVIA is a heartbreakingly good-looking old lady, once a famous beauty. She is crying now.

SYLVIA: Gloria—

GLORIA: Ma'am?

SYLVIA: Wipe these tears away before somebody comes in and sees them.

GLORIA (wanting to cry herself): Yes, ma'am. (She wipes the tears away with Kleenex, studies the results) There. There.

SYLVIA: I don't know what came over me. Suddenly I was so sad I couldn't stand it.

GLORIA: Everybody has to cry sometimes.

SYLVIA: It's passing now. Can you tell I've been crying?

GLORIA: No. No. (She is unable to control her own tears anymore. She goes

to a window so SYLVIA can't see her cry. CAMERA BACKS AWAY to reveal the tidy, clinical abomination of the head and wires and pipes. The head is on a tripod. There is a black box with winking colored lights hanging under the head, where the chest would normally be. Mechanical arms come out of the box where arms would normally be. There is a table within easy reach of the arms. On it are a pen and paper, a partially solved jigsaw puzzle and a bulky knitting bag. Sticking out of the bag are needles and a sweater in progress. Hanging over SYLVIA's head is a microphone on a boom.)

SYLVIA (sighing): Oh, what a foolish old woman you must think I am. (GLORIA shakes her head in denial, is unable to reply) Gloria? Are you still there?

GLORIA: Yes.

SYLVIA: Is anything the matter?

GLORIA: No.

SYLVIA: You're such a good friend, Gloria. I want you to know I feel that with all my heart.

GLORIA: I like you, too.

SYLVIA: If you ever have any problems I can help you with, I hope you'll ask me.

GLORIA: I will, I will.

HOWARD DERBY, the hospital mail clerk, dances in with an armload of letters. He is a merry old fool.

DERBY: Mailman! Mailman!

SYLVIA (brightening): Mailman! God bless the mailman!

DERBY: How's the patient today?

SYLVIA: Very sad a moment ago. But now that I see you, I want to sing like a bird.

DERBY: Fifty-three letters today. There's even one from Leningrad.

SYLVIA: There's a blind woman in Leningrad. Poor soul, poor soul.

DERBY (making a fan of the mail, reading postmarks): West Virginia, Honolulu, Brisbane, Australia—

SYLVIA selects an envelope at random.

SYLVIA: Wheeling, West Virginia. Now, who do I know in Wheeling? (She opens the envelope expertly with her mechanical hands, reads) "Dear Mrs. Lovejoy: You don't know me, but I just read about you in the *Reader's Digest*, and I'm sitting here with tears streaming down my cheeks." *Reader's Digest*? My goodness—that article was printed fourteen years ago! And she just read it?

DERBY: Old *Reader's Digests* go on and on. I've got one at home I'll bet is ten years old. I still read it every time I need a little inspiration.

SYLVIA (reading on): "I am never going to complain about anything that ever happens to me ever again. I thought I was as unfortunate as a person can get when my husband shot his girlfriend six

months ago and then blew his own brains out. He left me with seven children and with eight payments still to go on a Buick Roadmaster with three flat tires and a busted transmission. After reading about you, though, I sit here and count my blessings." Isn't that a nice letter?

DERBY: Sure is.

SYLVIA: There's a P.S.: "Get well real soon, you hear?" (She puts the letter on the table) There isn't a letter from Vermont, is there?

DERBY: Vermont?

SYLVIA: Last month, when I had that low spell, I wrote what I'm afraid was a very stupid, self-centered, self-pitying letter to a young doctor I read about in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I'm so ashamed. I live in fear and trembling of what he's going to say back to me—if he answers at all.

GLORIA: What could he say? What could he possibly say?

SYLVIA: He could tell me about the real suffering going on out there in the world, about people who don't know where the next meal is coming from, about people so poor they've never been to a doctor in their whole lives. And to think of all the help I've had—all the tender, loving care, all the latest wonders science has to offer.

CUT TO corridor outside SYLVIA's room. There is a sign on the door saying, ALWAYS ENTER SMILING! FRANKENSTEIN and LITTLE are about to enter.

LITTLE: She's in there?

FRANKENSTEIN: Every part of her that isn't downstairs.

LITTLE: And everybody obeys this sign, I'm sure.

FRANKENSTEIN: Part of the therapy. We treat the whole patient here.

GLORIA comes from the room, closes the door tightly, then bursts into noisy tears.

FRANKENSTEIN (to GLORIA, disgusted): Oh, for crying out loud. And what is this?

GLORIA: Let her die, Dr. Frankenstein. For the love of God, let her die!

LITTLE: This is her nurse?

FRANKENSTEIN: She hasn't got brains enough to be a nurse. She is a lousy beautician. A hundred bucks a week she makes—just to take care of one woman's face and hair. (To GLORIA) You blew it, honeybunch. You're through.

GLORIA: What?

FRANKENSTEIN: Pick up your check and scam.

GLORIA: I'm her closest friend.

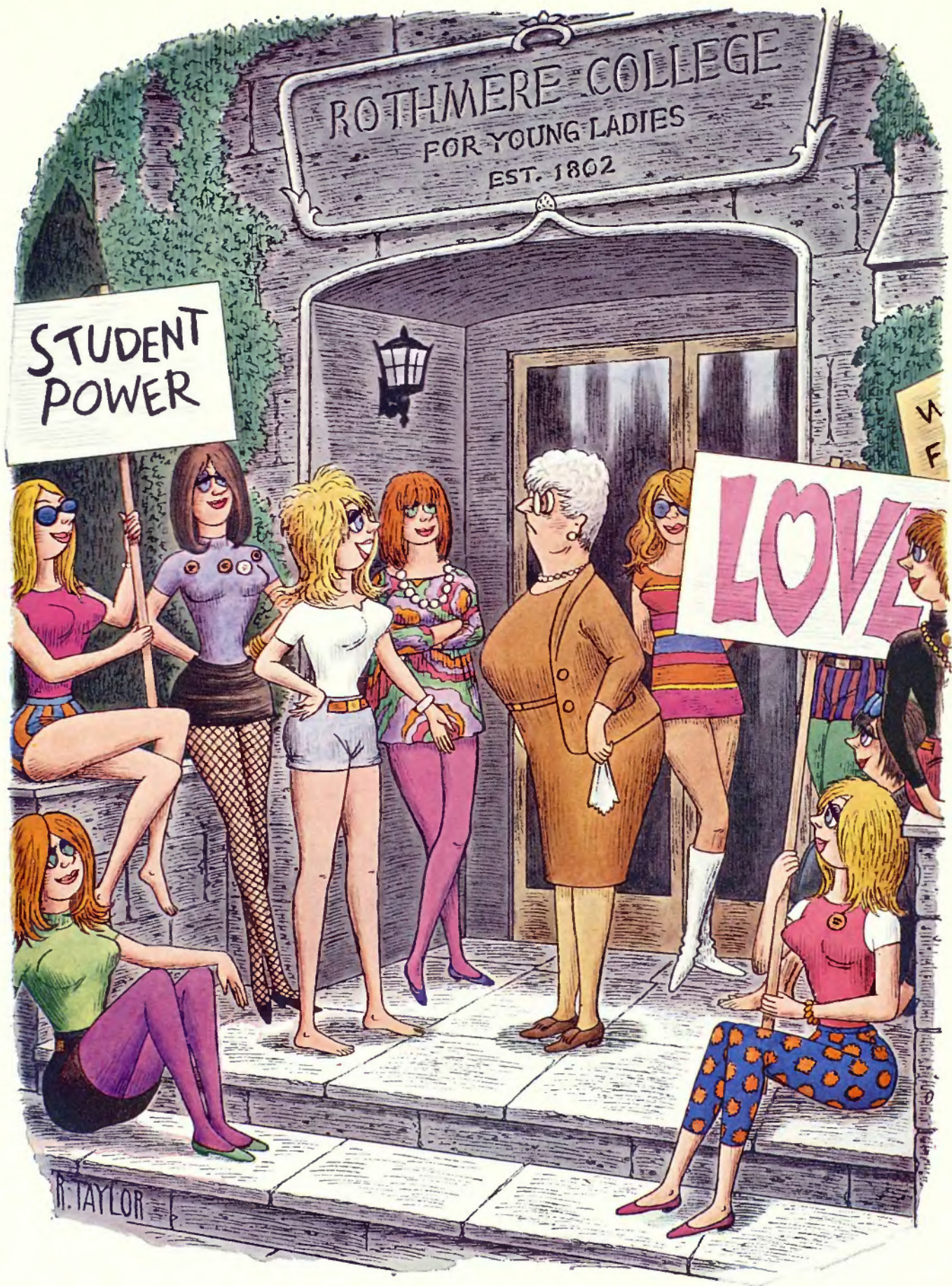
FRANKENSTEIN: Drop her a line.

GLORIA: I'm her only friend.

FRANKENSTEIN: Some friend! You just asked me to knock her off.

GLORIA: In the name of mercy, yes, I did.

FRANKENSTEIN: You're that sure there's a heaven, eh? You want to send her right



"Either our demands are met by this afternoon or we go topless and really mess up the school image!"

up there so she can get her wings and harp.

GLORIA: I know there's a hell. I've seen it. It's in there, and you're its great inventor.

FRANKENSTEIN (*stung, letting a moment pass before replying*): Christ—the things people say sometimes.

GLORIA: It's time somebody who loves her spoke up.

FRANKENSTEIN: Love.

GLORIA: You wouldn't know what it was.

FRANKENSTEIN: Love. (*More to himself than to her*) Do I have a wife? No. Do I have a mistress? No. I have loved only two women in my life—my mother and that woman in there. I wasn't able to save my mother from death. I had just graduated from medical school and my mother was dying of cancer of the everything. "OK, wise guy," I said to myself. "you're such a hot-shot doctor from Heidelberg, now, let's see you save your mother from death." And everybody told me there wasn't anything I could do for her, and I said, "I don't give a damn. I'm gonna do something anyway." And they finally decided I was nuts and they put me in a crazy-house for a little while. When I got out, she was dead—the way all the wise men said she had to be. What those wise men didn't know was all the wonderful things machinery could do—and neither did I, but I was gonna find out. So I went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and I studied mechanical engineering and electrical engineering and chemical engineering for six long years. I lived in an attic. I ate two-day-old bread and the kind of cheese they put in mousetraps. When I got out of MIT, I said to myself, "OK, boy—it's just barely possible now that you're the only guy on earth with the proper education to practice 20th Century medicine." I went to work for the Curley Clinic in Boston. They brought in this woman who was beautiful on the outside and a mess on the inside. She was the image of my mother. She was the widow of a man who had left her five-hundred million dollars. She didn't have any relatives. The wise men said again, "This lady's gotta die." And I said to them, "Shut up and listen. I'm gonna tell you what we're gonna do."

Silence.

LITTLE: That's—that's quite a story.

FRANKENSTEIN: It's a story about love. (*To GLORIA*) That love story started years and years before you were born, you great lover, you. And it's still going on.

GLORIA: Last month, she asked me to bring her a pistol so she could shoot herself.

FRANKENSTEIN: You think I don't know that? (*Jerking a thumb at LITTLE*) Last month, she wrote him a letter and

said, "Bring me some cyanide, doctor, if you're a doctor with any heart at all."

LITTLE (*startled*): You *knew* that. You—you read her mail?

FRANKENSTEIN: So we'll know what she's *really* feeling. She might try to fool us sometime—just *pretend* to be happy. I told you about that bum transistor last month. We maybe wouldn't have known anything was wrong if we hadn't read her mail and listened to what she was saying to lame-brains like this one here. (*Feeling challenged*) Look—you go in there all by yourself. Stay as long as you want, ask her anything. Then you come back out and tell me the truth: Is that a happy woman in there, or is that a woman in hell?

LITTLE (*hesitating*): I—

FRANKENSTEIN: Go on in! I got some more things to say to this young lady—to Miss Mercy Killing of the Year. I'd like to show her a body that's been in a casket for a couple of years sometime—let her see how pretty death is, this thing she wants for her friend.

LITTLE (*gropes for something to say, finally mimes his wish to be fair to everyone. He enters the patient's room. CUT to room. SYLVIA is alone, faced away from the door.*

SYLVIA: Who's that?

LITTLE: A friend—somebody you wrote a letter to.

SYLVIA: That could be anybody. Can I see you, please? (*LITTLE obliges. She looks him over with growing affection.*) Dr. Little—family doctor from Vermont.

LITTLE (*bowing slightly*): Mrs. Lovejoy—how are you today?

SYLVIA: Did you bring me cyanide?

LITTLE: No.

SYLVIA: I wouldn't take it today. It's such a lovely day. I wouldn't want to miss it, or tomorrow, either. Did you come on a snow-white horse?

LITTLE: In a blue Oldsmobile.

SYLVIA: What about your patients, who love and need you so?

LITTLE: Another doctor is covering for me. I'm taking a week off.

SYLVIA: Not on my account.

LITTLE: No.

SYLVIA: Because I'm fine. You can see what wonderful hands I'm in.

LITTLE: Yes.

SYLVIA: One thing I don't need is another doctor.

LITTLE: Right.

Pause.

SYLVIA: I do wish I had somebody to talk to about death, though. You've seen a lot of it, I suppose.

LITTLE: Some.

SYLVIA: And it was a blessing for some of them—when they died?

LITTLE: I've heard that said.

SYLVIA: But you don't say so yourself.

LITTLE: It's not a professional thing for a doctor to say, Mrs. Lovejoy.

SYLVIA: Why have other people said

that certain deaths have been a blessing?

LITTLE: Because of the pain the patient was in, because he couldn't be cured at any price—at any price within his means. Or because the patient was a vegetable, had lost his mind and couldn't get it back.

SYLVIA: At any price.

LITTLE: As far as I know, it is not now possible to beg, borrow or steal an artificial mind for someone who's lost one. If I asked Dr. Frankenstein about it, he might tell me that it's the coming thing.

Pause.

SYLVIA: It *is* the coming thing.

LITTLE: He's told you so?

SYLVIA: I asked him yesterday what would happen if my brain started to go. He was serene. He said I wasn't to worry my pretty little head about that. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," he told me. (*Pause*) Oh, God, the bridges I've crossed!

CUT to room full of organs, as before. SWIFT is at the console. FRANKENSTEIN and LITTLE enter.

FRANKENSTEIN: You've made the grand tour and now here you are back at the beginning.

LITTLE: And I still have to say what I said at the beginning: "My God—oh, my God."

FRANKENSTEIN: It's gonna be a little tough going back to the aspirin-and-laxative trade after this, eh?

LITTLE: Yes. (*Pause*) What's the cheapest thing here?

FRANKENSTEIN: The simplest thing. It's the goddamn pump.

LITTLE: What does a heart go for these days?

FRANKENSTEIN: Sixty thousand dollars. There are cheaper ones and more expensive ones. The cheap ones are junk. The expensive ones are jewelry.

LITTLE: And how many are sold a year now?

FRANKENSTEIN: Six hundred, give or take a few.

LITTLE: Give one, that's life. Take one, that's death.

FRANKENSTEIN: If the trouble is the heart. It's lucky if you have trouble that cheap. (*To SWIFT*) Hey, Tom—put her to sleep so he can see how the day ends around here.

SWIFT: It's twenty minutes ahead of time.

FRANKENSTEIN: What's the difference? We put her to sleep for twenty minutes extra, she still wakes up tomorrow feeling like a million bucks, unless we got another bum transistor.

LITTLE: Why don't you have a television camera aimed at her, so you can watch her on a screen?

FRANKENSTEIN: She didn't want one.

LITTLE: She gets what she wants?

(*continued on page 106*)

student body

stanford coed vicky drake tossed her hat into the ring—along with the rest of her clothes





Above: At campaign headquarters, Vicky and her volunteers look over letters and requests for posters to be answered; later, she doffs her see-through campaign dress to strike a campy pose in front of the campus' Leland Stanford Mausoleum. Below: Vicky shows off her party lines while dancing topless at The Morgue and (opposite) demonstrates just how fetching a flower child can be back in her own back yard.



WHEN BLONDE Victoria Drake decided to run for president of Stanford University's student body, she launched a whistle-copping campaign based on a well-proportioned platform of 38-22-36. Un-Victorian posters of her nude figure (shown on our opening page) and a self-explanatory campaign button (take another look at the "o" in *Student Body*) soon cropped up on campus to carry Vicky's message to the voters. Since Stanford's student population is mostly male (5-to-2 ratio), the posters disappeared almost as fast as they were tacked up, and are still being sold at campaign headquarters (a room in one of the men's dorms). From a starting field of five candidates—plus several write-ins—our body politic emerged with a plurality of the votes. Lacking a majority, however, she was forced into a runoff election with Denis Hayes, a history major whose efforts—though decidedly less flamboyant than Vicky's (she had appeared at dorms and fraternity houses, dancing topless and making off-the-buff speeches)—gave him the presidency. Vicky, who's financing her education by working as a topless dancer at The Morgue, a Palo Alto night club, doesn't mind that Denis won: "There are no hard feelings. Actually, I was just offering a little distraction for book-weary students." Although she lost the election, in our book Vicky's every inch a winner.



FORTITUDE *(continued from page 102)*

FRANKENSTEIN: She got *that*. What the hell do we have to watch her face for? We can look at the meters down here and find out more about her than she can know about herself. (To SWIFT) Put her to sleep, Tom.

SWIFT (to LITTLE): It's just like slowing down a car or banking a furnace.

LITTLE: Um.

FRANKENSTEIN: Tom, too, has degrees in both engineering and medicine.

LITTLE: Are you tired at the end of a day, Tom?

SWIFT: It's a good kind of tiredness—as though I'd flown a big jet from New York to Honolulu, or something like that. (Taking hold of a lever) And now we'll bring Mrs. Lovejoy in for a happy landing. (He pulls the lever gradually and the machinery slows down) There.

FRANKENSTEIN: Beautiful.

LITTLE: She's asleep?

FRANKENSTEIN: Like a baby.

SWIFT: All I have to do now is wait for the night man to come on.

LITTLE: Has anybody ever taken her a suicide weapon?

FRANKENSTEIN: No. We wouldn't worry about it if they did. The arms are designed so she can't possibly point a gun at herself or get poison to her lips, no matter how she tries. That was Tom's stroke of genius.

LITTLE: Congratulations.

Alarm bell rings. Light flashes.

FRANKENSTEIN: Who could that be? (To LITTLE) Somebody just went into her room. We better check! (To SWIFT) Lock the door up there, Tom—so whoever it is, we got 'em. (SWIFT pushes a button that locks door upstairs. To LITTLE) You come with me.

CUT TO patient's room. SYLVIA is asleep, snoring gently. GLORIA has just sneaked in. She looks around furtively, takes a revolver from her purse, makes sure it's loaded, then hides it in SYLVIA's knitting bag. She is barely finished when FRANKENSTEIN and LITTLE enter breathlessly, FRANKENSTEIN opening the door with a key.

FRANKENSTEIN: What's this?

GLORIA: I left my watch up here. (Pointing to watch) I've got it now.

FRANKENSTEIN: Thought I told you never to come into this building again.

GLORIA: I won't.

FRANKENSTEIN (to LITTLE): You keep her right there. I'm gonna check things over. Maybe there's been a little huggery buggery. (To GLORIA) How would you like to be in court for attempted murder, ch? (Into microphone) Tom? Can you hear me?

SWIFT (voice from squawk box on wall): I hear you.

FRANKENSTEIN: Wake her up again. I gotta give her a check.

SWIFT: Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Machinery can be heard speeding up

below. SYLVIA opens her eyes, sweetly dazed.

SYLVIA (to FRANKENSTEIN): Good morning, Norbert.

FRANKENSTEIN: How do you feel?

SYLVIA: The way I always feel when I wake up—fine—vaguely at sea. Gloria! Good morning!

GLORIA: Good morning.

SYLVIA: Dr. Little! You're staying another day?

FRANKENSTEIN: It isn't morning. We'll put you back to sleep in a minute.

SYLVIA: I'm sick again?

FRANKENSTEIN: I don't think so.

SYLVIA: I'm going to have to have another operation?

FRANKENSTEIN: Calm down, calm down. (He takes an ophthalmoscope from his pocket)

SYLVIA: How can I be calm when I think about another operation?

FRANKENSTEIN (into microphone): Tom—give her some tranquilizers.

SWIFT (squawk box): Coming up.

SYLVIA: What else do I have to lose? My ears? My hair?

FRANKENSTEIN: You'll be calm in a minute.

SYLVIA: My eyes? My eyes, Norbert—are they going next?

FRANKENSTEIN (to GLORIA): Oh, boy, baby doll—will you look what you've done? (Into microphone) Where the hell are those tranquilizers?

SWIFT: Should be taking effect just about now.

SYLVIA: Oh, well. It doesn't matter. (As FRANKENSTEIN examines her eyes) It is my eyes, isn't it?

FRANKENSTEIN: It isn't your anything.

SYLVIA: Easy come, easy go.

FRANKENSTEIN: You're healthy as a horse.

SYLVIA: I'm sure somebody manufactures excellent eyes.

FRANKENSTEIN: RCA makes a damn good eye, but we aren't gonna buy one for a while yet. (He backs away, satisfied) Everything's all right up here. (To GLORIA) Lucky for you.

SYLVIA: I love it when friends of mine are lucky.

SWIFT: Put her to sleep again?

FRANKENSTEIN: Not yet. I want to check a couple of things down there.

SWIFT: Roger and out.

CUT TO LITTLE, GLORIA and FRANKENSTEIN entering the machinery room minutes later. SWIFT is at the console.

SWIFT: Night man's late.

FRANKENSTEIN: He's got troubles at home. You want a good piece of advice, boy? Don't ever get married. (He scrutinizes meter after meter)

GLORIA (appalled by her surroundings): My God—oh, my God—

LITTLE: You've never seen this before?

GLORIA: No.

FRANKENSTEIN: She was the great

hair specialist. We took off everything else—everything but the hair. (The reading on a meter puzzles him) What's this? (He socks the meter, which then gives him the proper reading) That's more like it.

GLORIA (emptily): Science.

FRANKENSTEIN: What did you think it was like down here?

GLORIA: I was afraid to think. Now I can see why.

FRANKENSTEIN: You got any scientific background at all—any way of appreciating even slightly what you're seeing here?

GLORIA: I flunked earth science twice in high school.

FRANKENSTEIN: What do they teach in beauty college?

GLORIA: Dumb things for dumb people. How to paint a face. How to curl or uncurl hair. How to cut hair. How to dye hair. Fingernails. Toenails in the summertime.

FRANKENSTEIN: I suppose you're gonna crack off about this place after you get out of here—gonna tell people all the crazy stuff that goes on.

GLORIA: Maybe.

FRANKENSTEIN: Just remember this: You haven't got the brains or the education to talk about any aspect of our operation. Right?

GLORIA: Maybe.

FRANKENSTEIN: What will you say to the outside world?

GLORIA: Nothing very complicated—just that. . . .

FRANKENSTEIN: Yes?

GLORIA: That you have the head of a dead woman connected to a lot of machinery, and you play with it all day long, and you aren't married or anything, and that's all you do.

FREEZE SCENE as a still photograph. FADE TO black. FADE IN same still. Figures begin to move.

FRANKENSTEIN (aghast): How can you call her dead? She reads the *Ladies' Home Journal*! She talks! She knits! She writes letters to pen pals all over the world!

GLORIA: She's like some horrible fortunetelling machine in a penny arcade.

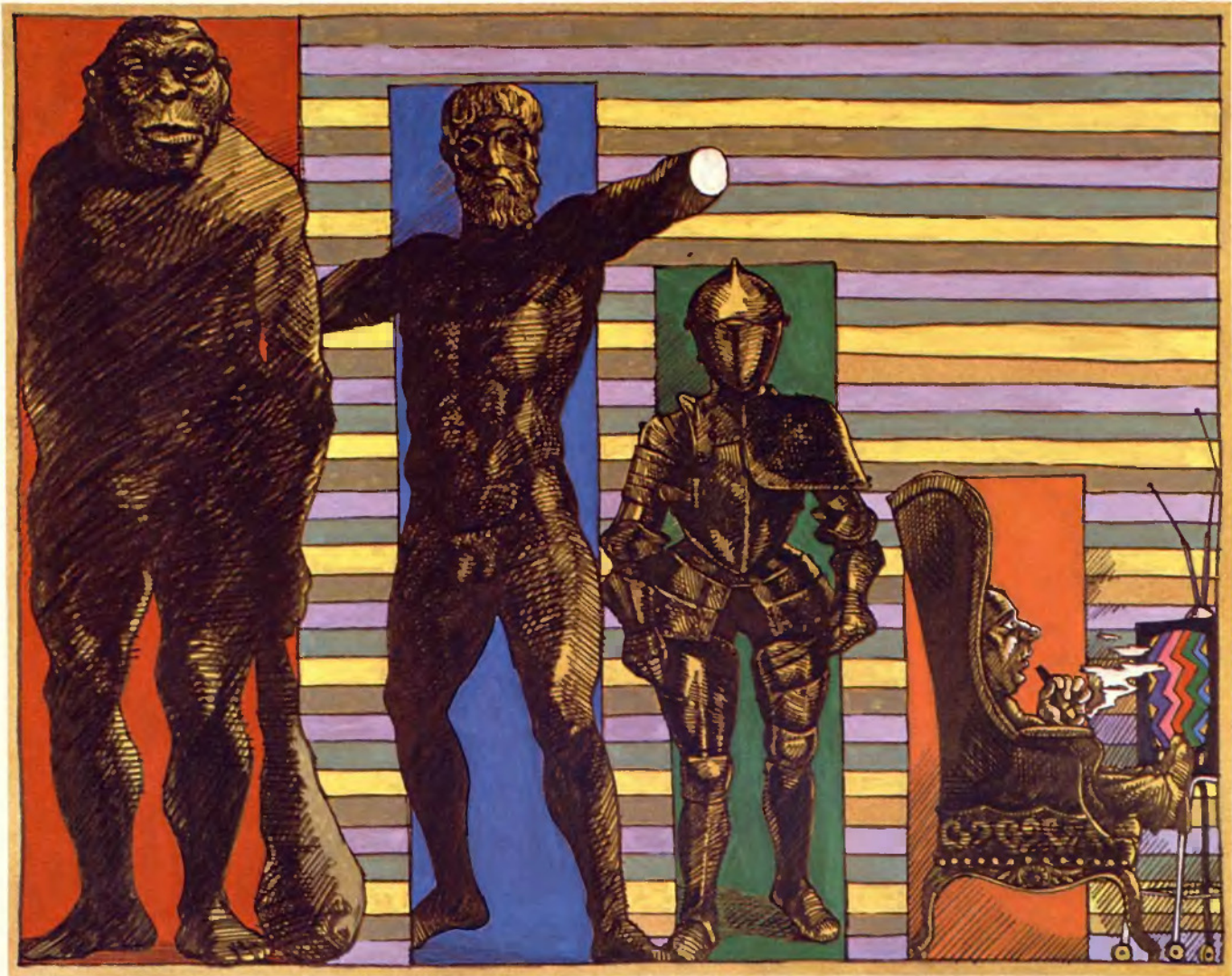
FRANKENSTEIN: I thought you loved her.

GLORIA: Every so often, I see a tiny little spark of what she used to be. I love that spark. Most people say they love her for her courage. What's that courage worth, when it comes from down here? You could turn a few faucets and switches down here and she'd be volunteering to fly a rocket ship to the moon. But no matter what you do down here, that little spark goes on thinking, "For the love of God—somebody get me out of here!"

FRANKENSTEIN (glancing at the console): Dr. Swift—is that microphone open?

SWIFT: Yeah. (Snapping his fingers) I'm sorry.

(continued on page 217)



MAN IS AT LEAST a million years old and beginning to look it. He has lost most of the hair that once covered his body and kept him warm without his having to decide on the color and the fabric and whether to have two buttons or three. Back in the old days, he had only one button and it was permanently set in the center and unaffected by styles. Nor was there any question about whether to have side vents or a center vent. Year after year, he went along with the same old center vent, and it worked very well.

The change has been so gradual—just a little every few thousand years—that man is hardly aware of how much he has deteriorated. Once his teeth were so strong that he could gnaw a bone as well as any of the other animals. If his incisors and canines stuck out a little, enabling him to take a bite without having to raise his upper lip, so much the better. To have had orthodontia would have struck him as ridiculous. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine what it would be like to have a tooth drilled or to try to keep an upper plate from slipping during a spirited conversation.

In early times, man walked everywhere he went, and not on the advice of his physician. Not until the domestica-

THE DEPOPULATION EXPLOSION

humor By RICHARD ARMOUR

*modern man may not know it,
but he's part of a
self-extinction conspiracy
that's working better every day*

tion of the horse did he get where he wanted to go sitting down. Not until the invention of the wheel were there any unfortunate consequences from exceeding the speed limit or turning without signaling. Walking or running from place to place, breathing air uncontaminated by sulphur compounds and hydrocarbons, he kept himself in shape without steam baths, massage or a morning routine of exercises.

His good health was also furthered by a sensible diet, consisting of never having quite enough to eat. Not cooking his

food, he did not lose the essential juices, nor did he become upset if he ordered a three-minute egg and got a two-minute egg. There was no such thing as well done, medium and rare—only extremely rare, or raw. It did not occur to him to worry about salt, sugar or cholesterol. Vitamins did not have to be added, because they had not been taken out. His only concern about food was getting it.

Man at first wore no shoes. He went barefoot everywhere, and not because he belonged to some protest group. Since he wore no shoes, he had no corns, ingrown toenails, athlete's foot or need for a podiatrist. Thanks to calluses that grew thicker instead of thinner, he never required resoling. If his heels were run over, they were his own heels and no one dared say they looked slovenly and should be fixed.

Man was, in short, in fine physical condition. He slept without sleeping pills and kept regular without taking anything that could be spelled backward. If he caught a cold, he simply waited until he got over it, instead of disturbing his sleep to take an antibiotic every four hours. He breathed deeply, from force of habit; and, despite a highly developed sense of smell, was never offended by bad breath or (continued on page 110)



THIS FALL, Pierre Cardin has turned his—and our—attention to the creation of an eminently elegant wardrobe of wearables specifically designed for the American man about town. Particular note should be taken of the suit and top-coat offerings: Both extend to stylishly correct new lengths and include such details as higher armholes and narrow sleeves. Cardin's felt hat, worn with the suit and topcoat, adds a jaunty touch that is both practical and good-looking.

GALLIC URBANITY

pierre cardin brings new shapes to our shores
attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**



The dashing boulevardier on these pages is right in step with the times, having assembled a fall ensemble that includes: a wool twill six-button double-breasted overcoat that features a greatcoat collar, slanted flap pockets and a deep center vent, \$195; a felt hat with rakishly shaped brim and center crease, \$40; a chalk-stripe wool flannel six-button double-breasted suit with deep side vents, \$195; an imported cotton fly-front shirt featuring a longer-point higher collar and French cuffs, \$15; and a wide silk tie, \$10, all by Pierre Cardin, U. S. A. 109

perspiration odors. Nor did he worry about offending. After all, there was no perfume or after-shave lotion to help one sex recognize the other, and the olfactory sense was on its own.

Since early man lived close to his work, he was spared the wear and tear of commuting. Self-employed, he was never upset by having someone less competent promoted over him. Nor was his blood pressure made to rise dangerously at thoughts of the income tax, Big Government and giveaway programs.

When the decline began is not known precisely. It was slow at first. It was hundreds of thousands of years before man became overweight, lost his muscle tone and started going to a psychiatrist because there was something wrong with his sex life. What is clear is that, once the decline began, it became increasingly rapid. Man has deteriorated more in the past 50 years, perhaps in the past 5, than during any previous millennium.

This decline, both physical and spiritual, has shown such increased rapidity with each generation that it can hardly be an accident. There is too much evidence of a carefully thought-out plan.

Obviously, man has decided to do away with the human race. Not all at once and openly, but gradually and by subtle, ingenious means. He could get it over quickly with a thermonuclear holocaust, but this would be too evident, too easy and rather heavy-handed. Intelligent creatures on some other planet might be watching. They would expect something better of the race that has produced 52 flavors of ice cream, drive-in banks and the electric toothbrush.

Why man decided to exterminate the human race is not really known. A hint of the reason, however, may be found by anyone who watches TV commercials and, for purposes of research, stares at himself in the bathroom mirror immediately upon arising.

At any rate, it is now clear what is going on. Man is engaged in an intricate, many-faceted plan to rid the earth of what was once called *Homo sapiens* but now, in an increasingly sexless society, is referred to simply as *Homo*. Under cover for many years, perhaps because it was not yet perfected, the plan is now out in the open. There is no longer any reason to stand aloof or to leave it to the specialists. Extermination is for everyone.

There are many ways you may make your contribution to this worthwhile project. The easiest, employed by many persons, is simply to sit. Before invention of the chair, people sat on stones and logs and the ground. Everything they sat on was either hard or rough or damp, and we can understand why they were always getting up and walking around. Besides, they had to go get whatever they wanted, there being no

home delivery or room service.

The straight chair made it easier to sit for long periods. But it was the upholstered chair, followed by the molded-plastic chair, that made it possible to sit for hours on end. A contribution was also made by the rocking chair, a contrivance that gave ambitious people the feeling they were on the move and getting somewhere without getting up. Of recent years, the chair has become a home within a home, its equipment including a built-in vibrator and an ice-making machine. Some of the later models have bathroom facilities. Once settled, the sitter has no reason to leave. If the chair is placed in front of a television set, with a remote-control device for changing channels, so much the better, because now there is something other than think to do while sitting.

Thanks to year after year of sitting, you become comfortably soft and flabby, with a stomach that you cannot keep from patting and rubbing. "It's mine," you mumble happily, "all mine."

More important, the cholesterol count rises in the blood, the arteries harden and you can look forward to a coronary or an embolism that will bring you to a swift end. When this comes, you will not even have to get up from your chair, if it is the latest type, the kind that folds up around you and can be moved directly to the slumber room.

Paradoxical though it may at first appear, exercise can be as effective as sitting. As a matter of fact, the two may profitably be combined. First, sit for several years, until the walls of the arteries have thickened and the heart has grown unaccustomed to strain. Then suddenly take up a vigorous exercise, such as broad jumping (in either sense of the words) or weight lifting. While you may get nothing more than a hernia out of all this, there is always the possibility of something a little more spectacular, such as a ruptured aorta.

Even if you take up exercise gradually, by choosing the right exercise you can do wonders. Consider bicycle riding. Riding a bicycle in heavy traffic or after dark without a light will, in a gratifying number of cases, result in a fatal accident. Riding a motorcycle is even better, since a motorcycle has room for a passenger, and the average accident will thus dispense with two persons instead of one.

Among other sports highly recommended are sky diving, sports-car racing and karate. A small private plane or a glider affords endless opportunities for exciting crashes, especially if you play a game of chicken, heading straight for a cliff at full speed, to see whether it will pull to one side before you do.

One of the nicest combinations of sitting and exercising is isometric tension performed in a wheelchair, where you

are confined with casts on both legs after a skiing accident. How is this done? You wheel your chair up until you can reach out and press against the living-room wall. (Be sure to set the brakes.) Day after day, you press with all your might, building up the biceps, triceps and pectoral muscles. If you are faithful to this exercise, pushing at the wall during every waking hour, you will not only develop magnificent muscles but, one memorable day, push the wall down and bring the ceiling tumbling onto your head. This is approximately what Samson did, setting a good example for future generations of physical-fitness buffs.

The automobile, of course, offers interesting possibilities to be of service in the cause. Until writers got to poking into things that were none of their business and vote-conscious legislators pushed through restrictive bills, automobiles were admirably constructed. They had spearlike steering columns to pierce the chest, unpadded dashboards to crush the vital organs and splintering glass to take care of the eyes.

But all is not lost. If safety belts are not fastened, a front-seat passenger can be catapulted through the windshield. If doors are not locked, they can spring open and dump back-seat passengers into the path of an oncoming car. One belt that will be found helpful is a belt, or several belts, of Scotch or bourbon just before crawling into the driver's seat. The two cars you try to drive between will really be only one car, and this can lead to interesting consequences.

Once, man believed that air, which at that time was invisible and odorless, was present in unlimited quantity. Unless there were clouds, as far as he could see he could see nothing, and he assumed all this was air. Pollution of air that stretched out to infinity was a discouraging prospect—some said impossible.

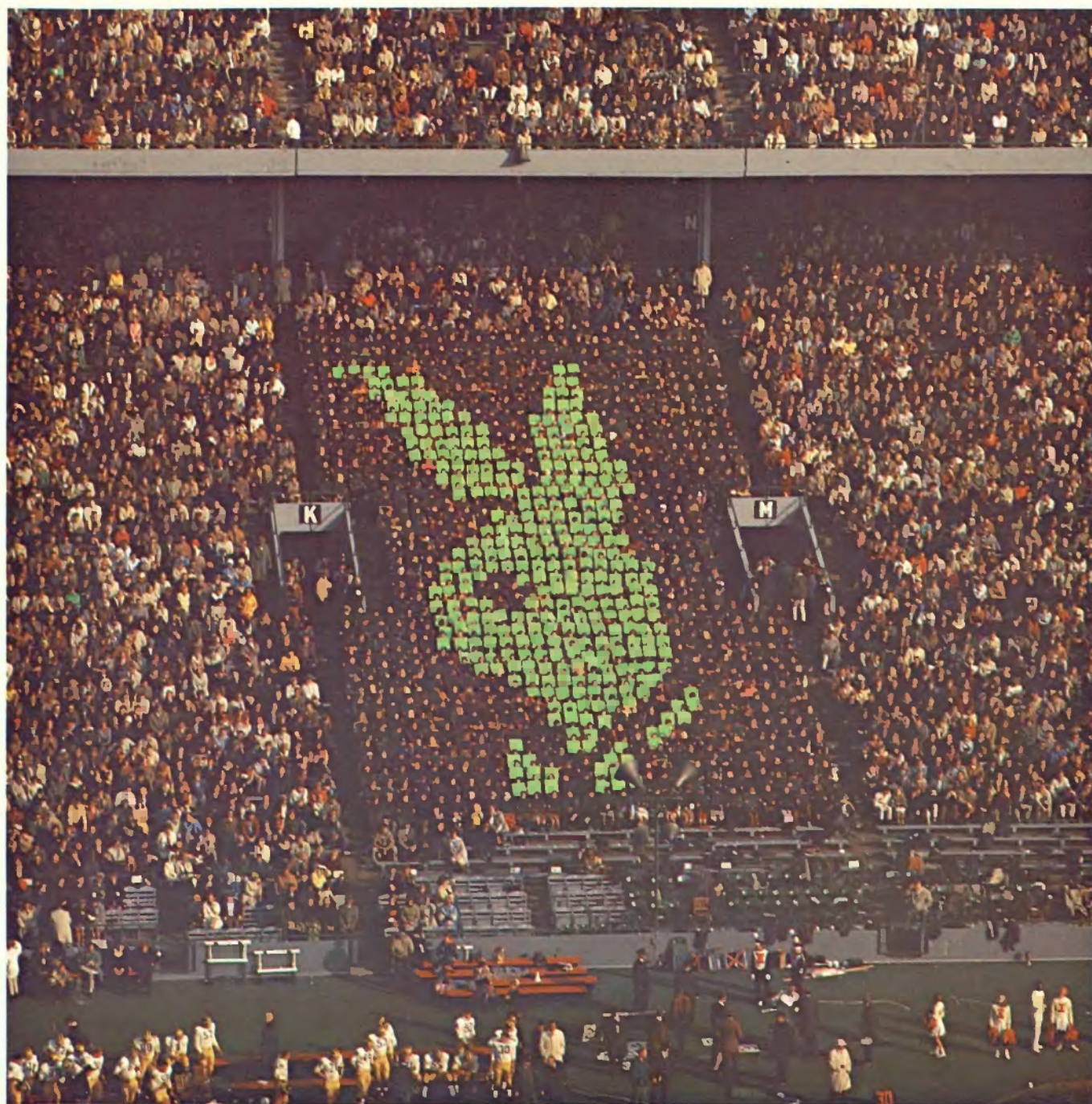
Fortunately, man was wrong. Scientists have discovered that there is only a thin envelope of air around the earth. The amount of air is definitely limited. Complete contamination is fairly easy.

What joy there was when this discovery was announced! Those who had been rather halfheartedly sending pollutants into the air, convinced that it was a hopeless, never-ending task, went back to work with new zest. They held their heads a little higher, there was a little more spring in their step. It was not their imagination: Their eyes *did* smart a little more and it *was* a little harder to take a deep breath. There was a fullness in their hearts, almost matching that in their lungs. Some burst into song, delightedly discovering how soon this brought on a fit of coughing.

As a means of destroying the human race, air pollution is extremely attractive. It has the three prime requisites: subtlety, gradualness and total effectiveness.

(concluded on page 227)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW



The University of Illinois card section offers a Rabbit-fire salute to its favorite magazine during half time of the 1967 Michigan game.

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

sports **By anson MOUNT**

"IN TIMES of such turmoil," said a particularly unctuous politician during homecoming festivities at a major state university last fall, "when all kinds of undesirable elements are attacking our most hallowed traditions, it is nice to see at least one part of the American scene untouched by rabble-rousers and revolutionaries. Thank God for college football! There aren't any long-haired New Lefters or black militants on our football squad. Football players are disciplined. They know how to get along together."

The curious assumption—widely held among more stolid alumni—that college football players are uniformly well-scrubbed, short-haired, moral-rearmament types who couldn't care less about social justice was blown apart by a number of incidents on several football squads last fall, though athletic departments and sports editors tried valiantly to play it all down. It is foolish to assume that racial concerns (text continued on page 114)



DEFENSIVE TEAM. Seated, l to r: Jon Sandstrom, middle guard (Oregon State); Joe Greene, tackle (North Texas State); Jake Scott, defensive back (Georgia); Tany Kyasky, defensive back (Syracuse). Standing, l to r: Ted Hendricks, end (Miami, Florida); Bill Stanfill, tackle (Georgia); Bob Stein, end (Minnesota); Bill Hobbs, linebacker (Texas A&M); Bob Babich, linebacker (Miami of Ohio); Rager Wehrli, defensive back (Missouri); Ron Pritchard, linebacker (Arizona State).

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Purdue.....9-1	11. Penn State.....9-1
2. Oregon State.....9-1	12. Florida State.....8-2
3. Florida.....9-1	13. Tennessee.....8-2
4. Texas A&M.....8-2	14. Minnesota.....8-2
5. Notre Dame.....8-2	15. Georgia.....7-3
6. Ohio State.....8-1	16. Kansas.....7-3
7. Southern California.....8-2	17. Alabama.....7-3
8. Houston.....8-2	18. Texas at El Paso.....8-2
9. Nebraska.....8-2	19. Missouri.....7-3
10. Texas.....8-2	20. Louisiana State.....7-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Arizona State (8-2); Indiana (7-3); Arkansas (7-3);

UCLA (6-4); Miami, Florida (6-4); Oklahoma (6-4); Clemson (6-4).



Purdue's defense stops Indiana's John



OFFENSIVE TEAM. Kneeling: Dee Andros, Coach of the Year (Oregon State). Seated, l to r: Leroy Keyes, halfback (Purdue); Ron Sellers, end (Florida State); Ted Kwalick, end (Penn State); George Kunz, tackle (Notre Dame). Standing, l to r: Terry Hanratty, quarterback (Notre Dame); O. J. Simpson, halfback (Southern Cal); Guy Dennis, guard (Florida); Larry Smith, fullback (Florida); Mike Montler, tackle (Colorado); Charles Rosenfelder, guard (Tennessee); John Didion, center (Oregon State).



Isenbarger in battle for Rase Bowl berth.

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Any one of whom has a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

ENDS: Jim Seymour (Notre Dame), Jerry Levias (SMU), Volly Murphy (Texas at El Paso), Al Brenner (Michigan St.), John Sias (Georgia Tech), Jim Yarbrough (Florida), Gary Arthur (Miami of Ohio), Mark Capuano (North Carolina St.), John Zook (Kansas), Mike Ford (Alabama)

TACKLES: Dave Foley (Ohio St.), Leland Winston (Rice), Ezell Jones (Minnesota), Jack Fenwick (Florida St.), Ron Carpenter (North Carolina St.), Phil Olsen (Utah St.), Mike McCoy (Notre Dame), Rich Moore (Villanova), Tony Pleviak (Illinois), Rolf Krueger (Texas A&M), Art Thoms (Syracuse)

GUARDS: James Ray (TCU), Danny Abbott (Texas), Don Jordan (North Carolina St.), Jim Barnes (Arkansas), Wally Schoessow (Wisconsin), Carl Crennel (West Virginia), Chuck Kyle (Purdue), Rex Barnes (Southern Mississippi)

CENTERS: Jon Kolb (Oklahoma St.), Dennis Bramlett (Texas at El Paso), Wayne Mulligan (Clemson), Dave Harris (Washington St.)

LINEBACKERS: Bob Olson (Notre Dame), Chip Healy (Vanderbilt), John Small (Citadel), Jim Sniadecki (Indiana), Dave Mann (Florida), Jim House (Wyoming), Dennis Onkotz (Penn St.),

Jim Snow (Southern California), Ken Criter (Wisconsin), Dale McCullers (Florida St.)

BACKS: Bobby Douglass (Kansas), Edd Hargett (Texas A&M), Brian Dowling (Yale), Mike Phipps (Purdue), Frank Patrick (Nebraska), Bob Anderson (Colorado), Robby Shelton (Rice), Harry Gonso (Indiana), Steve Preece (Oregon St.), Chris Gilbert (Texas), Eugene Morris (West Texas St.), Buddy Gore (Clemson), Dicky Lyons (Kentucky), Paul Gipson (Houston), Frank Quayle (Virginia), Ron Johnson (Michigan), Bill Enyart (Oregon St.), Perry Williams (Purdue), Dick Davis (Nebraska), Calvin Hill (Yale), Warren Muir (South Carolina), Mike Battle (Southern California), Wes Plummer (Arizona St.), Bill Kishman (Colorado St.), Glenn Cannon (Mississippi), Buddy McClinton (Auburn), Ron Davidson (Virginia Tech), Gary Adams (Arkansas)

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Center Chip Kell (Tennessee)

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Quarterback Bill Montgomery (Arkansas)

should not affect football squads; college athletes are also students and the wave of concern about racial inequity among students everywhere inevitably calls attention to the plight of Negro players on predominantly white squads. Resentment and near rebellion of black athletes—aimed more at athletic administrators and coaching staffs than at white athletes—destroyed squad morale at a few major universities last season and the result showed clearly on the scoreboard. Though some of the racial gripes may be imaginary, some are obviously real. One star Negro athlete from a football-factory school told us, "There aren't any soul brothers sitting on our bench. If a black player on our squad isn't good enough to make the first team, he doesn't have a scholarship for very long. Only white players can ride the bench and keep their scholarships."

This unfortunate situation results, of course, less from bias among coaches than from the tendency to recruit academically unqualified athletes in order to build a winning team. Since a large proportion of all Negroes are educationally deprived, it is no surprise that many black athletes struggle for classroom survival in an increasingly competitive academic climate. Thus, if they are anything short of superstars, they are easily bypassed at schools where coaches have a win-or-else contract.

So the social revolution has come to college football, and its effects are likely to be even more apparent this season than last. The only possible solution is for university administrations to lift some of the pressure to win, so that coaches everywhere can begin to look upon their players—white and black alike—more as human beings and students than as hired gladiators.

Also, the National Collegiate Athletic Association should more carefully police member institutions, so that fewer devious methods are used to keep an academically inept athlete in school or to dismiss an otherwise passable student who disappoints the football coach.

Another interesting development on the college gridiron scene, and one that is also likely to become increasingly influential in the immediate future, is the arrival of computer technology. The ranking of teams has, in the past, been delegated by the wire services to selected groups of sportswriters or coaches, who vote each week during the season for the top ten teams in the nation. This, of course, is a totally subjective method; the selectors' judgments are inevitably affected by regional prejudices and unequal information about the various teams.

A major breakthrough toward accurate rankings seems to have been made by a Chicago-based research agency that has programed a computer to compare teams

by the one objective measuring stick—game scores. A complex mathematical procedure calculates score differences in an interrelated, weblike manner. For example, the final score of a game between Purdue and Illinois could have some effect (though a relatively small one) on the ranking of Stanford, even though Stanford plays neither of the teams. Also, as the season progresses, the games played earlier in the year have decreasing influence on the teams' rankings. Last year, we watched the weekly results of the computer's ruminations (it would take a mathematician five years to do all the computing of a single Saturday's scores) and we are convinced that the resultant rankings are far more realistic than the wire-service polls. At season's end, the computer's top ten teams were Notre Dame, Houston, Louisiana State, Southern California, Miami, Tennessee, Purdue, Georgia, Oklahoma and Texas at El Paso. The Associated Press poll, however, listed Southern California, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Indiana, Notre Dame, Wyoming, Oregon State, Alabama, Purdue and Penn State. Looking back over the season, we think we would rather have trusted the computer's judgment.

But a new season is upon us and the old locker-room arguments about who can beat whom are about to begin. We have some ideas of our own, based on bushels of scouting reports gleaned from practice fields all over the country. So here goes.

There's something new this year in the East: Syracuse, for a change, isn't the big favorite. Gone is nearly all of last year's offense, including Larry Csonka, who carried most of coach Schwartzwalder's grinding ground game. Except for soph fullback Al Newton (a vicious blocker who could in time fog the fond memories of Csonka), the replacements are questionable. Ergo, the Orange mud-and-guts attack may falter and Schwartzwalder will be reduced to using the forward pass. Since big Ben's arsenal includes ends Tony Gabriel and John Massis, the finest receivers he's ever had in stock, he might even instruct his quarterbacks to heave passes beyond the line of scrimmage, thereby opening a new era in Syracuse football. The Orange defense, though, is something else again. Led by PLAYBOY All-America cornerback Tony Kyasky and tackle Art Thoms, the defensive unit should be even more impregnable than last year, when they were among the toughest in the nation.

Another major reason for a less glorious Syracuse season is the fact that the opposition is much stronger. Penn State, for example. The Nittany Lions will be tougher than last year, thanks to the return of halfback Bob Campbell and of linebacker Mike Reid, who were supposed to be the big guns in '67 but were sidelined

with injuries. Nearly everybody else returns, too, including PLAYBOY All-America tight end Ted Kwalick, the best of his breed anywhere. Penn State, in brief, has returned to the glories of the Rip Engle era, and the only possible difficulty we can see for this season is finding a capable replacement for graduated quarterback Tom Sherman. If this is accomplished, the Nittanies may win 'em all.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	9-1	Holy Cross	7-3
Syracuse	6-4	Colgate	5-5
Pittsburgh	6-4	Rutgers	5-5
West Virginia	6-4	Boston College	4-5
Navy	5-5	Boston	
Army	4-6	University	4-5
Buffalo	8-2	Villanova	4-6

IVY LEAGUE

Yale	8-1	Harvard	4-5
Cornell	8-1	Penn	3-6
Princeton	7-2	Columbia	3-6
Dartmouth	5-4	Brown	1-8

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Gettysburg	7-2	Lafayette	5-5
Temple	6-4	Delaware	4-6
Hofstra	6-4	Lehigh	3-7
Bucknell	5-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Kwalick, Campbell, Onkotz, Smear (Penn St.); Kyasky, Thoms (Syracuse); Cindrich, Weston, Ferris, Orszulak (Pitt); Crennel, Brown (W. Virginia); Balsly, Clark (Navy); Jarvis, Johnson (Army); Moncevicz (Holy Cross); Luzny (Buffalo); Burton, Powers (Colgate); Van Ness (Rutgers); Hughes (Boston U.); Kroner (Boston C.); Moore, Sodaski (Villanova); Dowling, Hill (Yale); Kleiber, Sponheimer (Cornell); Moore, Bracken (Princeton); Gatto, Emery (Harvard); Koenig, Lawrence (Dartmouth); Joseph (Penn); Kontos, Murphy (Brown); Domes (Columbia); Waller, Callahan (Temple); Havrilak, Onischenko (Bucknell); Jennings (Lehigh); Zimmers, Lewis (Lafayette); Favero, DiMuzio (Delaware); Barton, Maloney (Gettysburg); Williams (Hofstra).

Now we get to the really good news: Pittsburgh. Coach Dave Hart has done a monumental rebuilding job. Hart is a skilled coach, of course, but as a recruiter, he has no peer. Since taking over the Pittsburgh team after the 1965 season, Hart has spent more time in other people's living rooms than a vacuum-cleaner salesman. Pennsylvania's mountain ravines and steel towns are a football recruiter's Shangri-La, and Hart has picked them clean. The result is that most of the few seniors on the Pittsburgh squad this year will be carrying water buckets while younger men exact some retribution for the unseemly manner with which opponents have treated the Panthers in recent years. This year's sophomore crew is the most talented in school history; and if the youngsters can mature quickly, Pittsburgh will be the most dramatically improved team in the country. Among the new men to watch

(continued on page 122)

fiction By RAY RUSSELL BEGIN. This is Carter, John Henry, Captain, U.S.A.F., Moon Shot One. Re-entry having been effected, this craft is now 30.25 minutes away from touchdown at Point Pin Point and all systems are go. I am in good health, discounting a possible mild case of space euphoria, am observing Earth at this moment, repeat have Earth in range on my view screen, reception clear, and a mighty pretty gal she is, too, my oh my, smiling up at me, big as life, right underneath me, fat and sassy as ever, a sight for sore eyes Old Mother Earth, I'm telling you. This here is Carter, John Henry, Cap—or did I identify myself already? . . . Anyway, this is Atlanta's favorite son and—excuse the expression—fair-haired boy, a genuine Yankee Doodle Dandy, born on the Fourth of July, 1945, full-fledged citizen of the U. S. of A. and the first man to set foot on the Moon. Correction. First man to set foot on the Moon and come home to tell about it. The real first man on the Moon was my buddy, that other John Henry, and since I've got (continued on page 118)

HERE COMES JOHN HENRY

*all you generals and senators
and public-relations sharpies—and
you, too, mister president
and mister premier—
you're in for a real surprise*



*"The only way to tell
if they're real is to bite
them, Mr. Hancock."*





Vargas

JOHN HENRY (continued from page 115)

another half hour till I touch down and there's still about 600 feet of tape left on the reel here, I figure I may as well tell you all about it. Because once I home in for that famous pinpoint landing this fancy new chariot is capable of, once I get down there where those cameras are snapping and the band is playing and all the big brass is standing at attention and the biggest brass of all is waiting to pin a medal on my chest . . . by that time, it will be too late.

Let me fess up and tell you that I didn't warm up to the idea at first. Oh, I knew I wouldn't be taking the 239,000-mile trip to the Moon alone, I knew I'd be one half of a two-man team, all through my training I knew that, but it sure took me by surprise when they told me that the other stud on that team was going to be one of *them*!

I mean, *me*?—riding to the Moon alongside a Russian? Whoee-ee! What a combo!

Of course, I get used to the idea pretty quick. I dig that Darwin quote: "Adapt or die." So I go along with the gag—symbol of international understanding, pledge of mutual trust, peaceful coexistence, hands across the sea, the whole scam (*man*, there was some mighty fancy language flying!). And I dig why they pick me, too—Mammy Carter's li'l pickaninny, John Henry. Great public relations, you know? I bet the propaganda boys sat up all night thinking up that one. The Black and the Red. The Darky and the Russky. Tovarish and the Tar Baby. The Comrade and the Coon. A little cornball for my taste, a little obvious, wouldn't you say? But I'm a good boy, I go along.

Of course, mixed in with all this spirit-of-cooperation stuff there's a king-size slug of the old Red, White and Blue, too. Just to give the milk of human kindness a little kick, I guess. I mean, I get some pretty strong hints that even though I'm supposed to be buddies with this guy, nobody's forcing me to forget all that good old game spirit I learned back in Boy Scouts, nobody's telling me I have to take a back seat to anybody, nobody's ordering me to jettison all the natural sibling rivalry out of this nice little package of brotherly love. But this new added ingredient isn't obvious at all—it's very soft sell. Still, I get the drift. It would be oh, so nice, they're telling me, if the American half of this team could somehow end up Number One Boy in the eyes of the world. I keep a straight face while they feed me all this farina. Not long after, I meet my teamie for the first time.

Now, first thing I notice about this cat is that he's a John Henry, too—Ivan Genrikhovich, John son of Henry, just like me, my daddy's name is Henry, too. Ivan Genrikhovich Yashvili. What a handle. We start out real formal—Captain

Carter, Tovarish Kapitan Yashvili—but pretty soon he says to just call him Vanya and I tell him to call me John Henry, which he does, almost: John Henry is the best he can do; but shucks, who am I to complain? One thing I got to say for him—he can talk English a damn sight better than I can talk Russian.

All through indoctrination and dry runs, we stay pretty formal except for that first-name stuff. And then the big day comes. We smile and shake hands for the reporters. We cram our tails inside this mother and strap ourselves into our custom-made couches—they're personally tailored, you know; sliding into that couch is like slipping a gingerbread man back into the cookie cutter, old man Schirra said back in '62, and it's the best description I've heard yet, and here comes the countdown, that nerve-racking ride to zero that seems to take a lifetime, and then POW!!!—lift-off!

Man, the noise! The vibration! Millions of pounds of thrust turn this thing into a Mixmaster! Our body weight doubles, then redoubles as the g forces squash us back into our couches! Like a ton of anvils dropped on us! We force ourselves to *breathe*, strain to open our lungs against all those g anvils pressing down and doing their best to flatten us out and squeeze the air out of us, *breathe*, that's all you can think of, *breathe*, baby, *breathe*; because if you don't, you'll slip into a grayout and then you'll be knocked cold completely. And the g anvils keep dropping on us, g after g after g. . . .

In two minutes we're going 6000 miles an hour, the booster engines drop off and this stripped-down tin can of ours keeps building toward peak velocity . . . we hit it, 25,000 mph . . . we almost black out. . . .

And then all those g anvils are gone and the noise has shut up and the only thing holding us to our seats are the straps, because we're lighter than a couple of soap bubbles. Zero gravity. I check the instrument panel and take a slug of o. j. from the squeeze bottle and turn and grin at Vanya. He grins back. We're on our way. The First Men In The Moon.

It's hard to stay formal when you're cooped up in a thing like this, and there's not too much to keep us busy right now, all the automatic gizmos are ticking along A-OK, so pretty soon we begin to loosen up and talk.

He rubs my fur the wrong way when he calls me an African, but I can see he doesn't mean any harm by it, he's just trying to tell me that one of their big Russky poets, sort of like their Shakespeare, was part African, this Pushkin cat. I tell him that's real fine, I bet he was a swinger. Then he asks me if I'm the son of a slave. That tickles me so much it makes me laugh out loud—

shows he's got U.S. history all telescoped into a few years—and I tell him, no, but my great-great-granddaddy was a slave. He nods his head and says, "My father's father was a serf."

That kind of breaks the ice, and pretty soon I'm asking him where he's from, what part of Russia. He says, "I *not* Russian, John Henry. I from what Russians call Gruzija, what my people call Sakartvelo. You call it, I think, Georgia."

That really cracks me up. "You, too? Just a couple of li'l ole Georgia boys, that's us!" And I start singing in my best down-home drawl—

*Jawjuh, Jawjuh,
No peace Ah fahnd,
Jes' an ole sweet song
Keeps Jawjuh awn mah mahnd. . . .*

"You grow any cotton over there in your Georgia, Vanya? Any corn or tobacco?"

He says, "Corn, tobacco, yes. Cotton, no. Also oranges and lemons, like your California and Florida. Also tea, almonds, silk, sugar beets, wine!"

"What part of Georgia you come from? You a farm boy?"

He shakes his head. "From city, big city, capital. Tbilisi, what you call Tiflis."

"Don't that beat all. I'm from the capital of Georgia, too."

He smiles. "From my home comes Dzhugashvili."

"You don't say. That some kind of vodka?"

He laughs. "Nol Is Stalin, Yosef Stalin!"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Say, was he some kind of kin to you? That name of yours, Yashvili, it sounds like his, sort of chopped down."

"In my home, many names sound so. Cholokashvili, Orachelashvili, Baratashvili, Taktakishvili. But not only Georgians live in Georgia. Is like your country, melting pot. Sixty-five percent, Georgians. Ten percent, Russians. Rest, Armenians, Ossetians, Abkhassians, Ukrainians, Azeri Turks, Jews, Greeks, Kurds. Many peoples."

And that's the way it goes, the first few hours out from Earth, until that bad time comes, that first real *bad* bad time.

Now, the big problem on a trip like this, you know, isn't air—the life-support system includes tanks of a compound that absorbs the carbon dioxide we exhale and releases simon-pure 100-percent oxygen. As for food, we only need like less than a week's worth, because the whole round trip to the Moon, going and coming, is only 130 hours—which is 14 hours short of six days—so food storage is no problem, either. (Hell, even if they *forgot* to store food aboard, we'd make it . . . we'd be mighty hungry and mighty skinny by the time we got back, but we'd make it—five and a half days? It would be rough.

(continued on page 209)

a quick-change artist's guide to short-order shrubbery—
instant mustaches, sideburns and beards

hair today, gone tomorrow

PRESENTING the hairiest of all put-ons: Clean-shaven urbanites are sporting false facial foliage that can be whisked on for a party and, if necessary, whisked off for working hours. The artful smoothie in this feature turns an a bevy of brush-loving birds by instantly sprouting the type of face fuzz that pleasantly tickles each of their fancies. Here he keeps a stiff upper lip, despite the nearness of two comely distractionists who dig his Zapata (left) and Britannia mustaches, \$25 each.





Right on time for a pressing engagement, the young man has the situation well in hand; he's hirsutably adorned in traditional boot sideburns, about \$60.



Before an elegant dinner à deux, he caters to his date's whimsy for whiskers by serving up a stylish side order of muttonchop sideburns, about \$100.



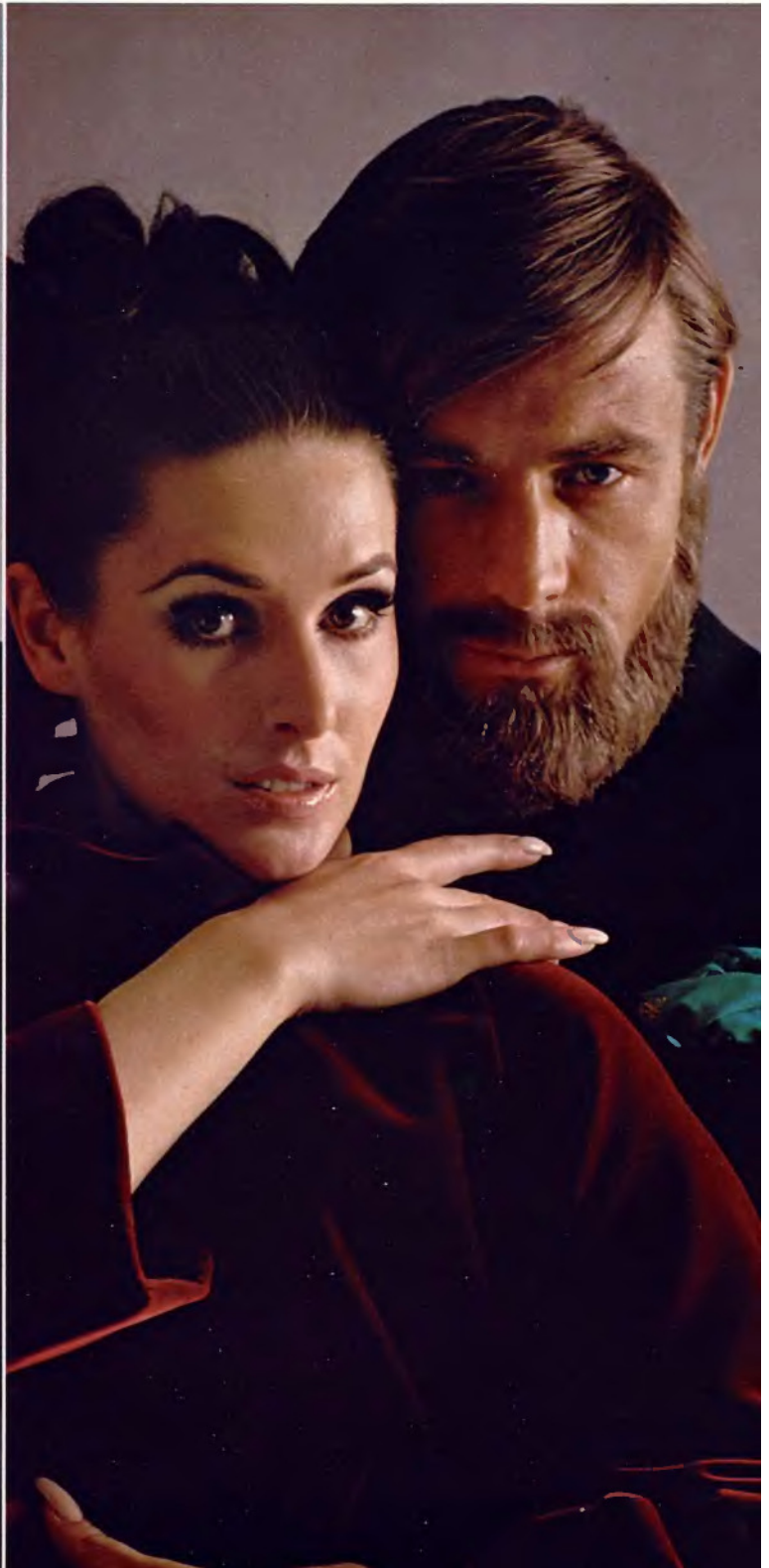


The gentleman cultivates an even more sophisticated image—a look that this blonde definitely prefers—by favoring a Freudulent Vandyke, about \$80.



As a swashbuckler, our man comes on strong in a mariner's beard, about \$100. All stick-on shrubbery available by mail from Hollywood Joe's, N.Y.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE



PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 114)*

are Ralph Cindrich and Lloyd Weston, a fearsome pair of linebackers, and halfback Dennis Ferris. The Panthers are harboring secret dreams of being the Cinderella team of 1968 (à la Indiana last year). We think they just might.

Something new has happened at West Virginia, too. The Mountaineers have decided to abandon their poor relatives and move North to the big city to seek a better future. The break with the Southern Conference became official last spring. The move was well timed, because coach Jim Carlen is bringing West Virginia back to gridiron affluence. The '68 aggregation will almost resemble those dimly remembered winning teams of a decade ago.

Things are tough for the military these days. Both West Point and the Naval Academy are lean on manpower. Warm bodies are scarcest at Army, where both forward walls suffered heavy graduation casualties. The Cadets will have sufficient backfield talent—returnees from '67 being joined by nifty plebe halfback Billy Hunter. The problems at Annapolis are the reverse. Coach Bill Elias is scraping the larder looking for throwing and running types to replace departed John Cartwright and Terry Murray. Nevertheless, Elias, ever the optimist, flatly predicts the Navy attack will be even better this year than last. He makes the same promise about the defense, a disastrous disappointment in '67. But a glance at the Middle schedule dampens hopes for a winning season.

Since Doc Urich, Ara Parseghian's longtime assistant, took the helm at Buffalo three years ago, he has brought the Bulls a long way. This year's squad should be the strongest in school history, and the Bulls *could* wind up in a Bowl game at season's end. Holy Cross will be stronger, too, if the Crusaders can find a few good new linemen to go with a veteran backfield. New blood on the Colgate coaching staff augurs a better future. On paper, the 1967 team promised to be a good one, but the offense suffered from arthritis and the team won only two games. This year, fledgling coach Neil Wheelwright will open up the attack to take advantage of quarterback Ron Burton's multiple skills. This will take the pressure off an already excellent defense, so the Raiders should be a much better football team.

Rutgers will make further progress on the road back to gridiron excellence, a destination hopefully to be reached by next year, when the Scarlet Knights will celebrate the 100th anniversary of college football, a game that they invented

(with the cooperation of Princeton) back in 1869. With a little more beef up front and fewer injuries, Rutgers could arrive a year ahead of schedule. Bruce Van Ness presumably won't have to play with his arm in a sling again this year and, if he stays healthy, he could turn out to be the East's outstanding quarterback.

If the Boston University team can forget last year's embarrassment (they won only three games after pre-season prognosticators had named them the most improved squad in New England), they may recoup some lost glory this year. Last season's defensive platoon was superb, but the offense suffered a season-long attack of acute ineptitude. The defenders, led by gritty linebacker Pat Hughes, will again be tough and, if the offense can figure out how to move the ball (finding a good quarterback would help), the Terriers will improve.

With the arrival of new coach Joe Yukica, things should be looking up at Boston College, too. He's inherited a capable squad, and if he can plug some holes in the offensive line, BC fans should be treated to a more potent attack. Biggest new gun in the Eagle camp will be halfback Fred Willis.

Villanova suffered an unusually severe impoverishment via graduation, so coach Jack Gregory faces what is politely called a "rebuilding year." Yet, new fullback Mickey Kerins should give the Wildcats the running attack that was so obviously missing a year ago. If a bright group of sophs comes through, Villanova won't play dead for anyone.

Assuming that Eli quarterback Brian Dowling will still be on his Frank Merriwell kick, Yale should again dominate the Ivy League. But don't bet any money on it; things rarely turn out the way they're supposed to on the cerebral circuit. The Yalies won't have quite the depth nor the emotional incentive of last year, and game-winning feats of heroism in the waning moments might not be so frequent. Although '67's major rivals, Dartmouth and Harvard, will be significantly weaker this season, Princeton and Cornell should give Yale a rough fight for loop honors. Cornell was much better than its six wins would indicate, and if coach Musick can find a suitably glue-fingered replacement for departed receiver Bill Murphy, the Big Red will be ready. Quarterback Bill Robertson returns, so supersoph slinger Dick Furbush may debut as a halfback.

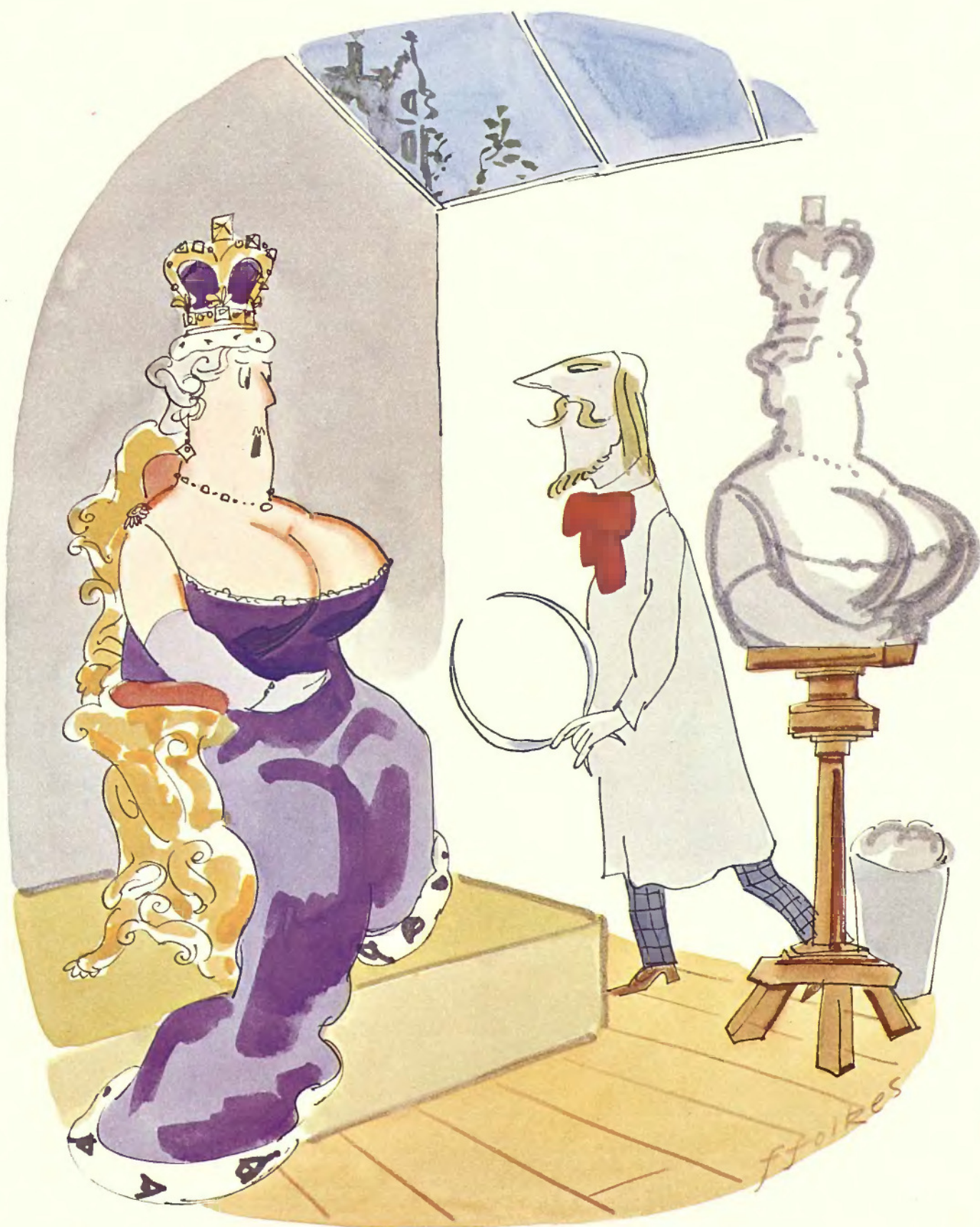
Princeton won't be far behind. In fact, the Tigers' incredible rash of injuries last season made them look a good deal tamer than they really were. Therefore, if everyone stays healthy, the Tigers could grind everybody under with their

ancient but still menacing single-wing attack.

The Dartmouth squad will be relatively green, and that's no joke, son. Two outstanding quarterbacks, Bill Koenig and soph Jim Chasey, should keep the Indians' multiple offense interesting; but unless the new men grow up in a hurry, this will have to be listed as a rebuilding year in Hanover. A similar—but even more acute—situation is extant in Cambridge: 41 scholars were lettered in football at Harvard last fall and 27 have since fled with diploma in hand. Among them are the aerial tandem of Carter Lord and Ric Zimmerman, leaving no experienced quarterback candidates and a dearth of good receivers. Flashy halfback Vic Gatto returns, but he may not have many blockers in front of him. Pennsylvania will be tougher, but the schedule probably won't allow any improvement on last year's won-lost record. In a moment of direst need last season, the Quakers discovered a bright new quarterback in Bernie Zbrzezny (pronounced Zbrz-e'-zny), who came off the bench to score two touchdowns and throw for a third against Ivy champion Yale. With the help of new thrower Pancho Micir, he could help Penn become the surprise team of the league in '68. Prospects are still bleak at Brown. Last year's problems (lack of speed, size and a healthy quarterback) have been aggravated by graduation. Finding replacements for 14 starters will be difficult, so Bear fans will have to wait at least another year for a winning season.

Temple should again dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference. The Owls are even sharper than last year, when they won their first Conference championship. Hofstra lost too much talent to challenge Temple, though an easier schedule should give them another winning season. Delaware, the one-time power of the league, will partly recover from last year's dismal showing but the squad is still too young for a shot at the title. Both Bucknell and Gettysburg are more formidable and either could take the Conference championship from Temple. Gettysburg has its top soph crop in years and a favorable schedule will probably allow the Bullets to win more games than any other team in the loop, though Temple will probably still win more Conference games and, thus, the championship. Bucknell's rugged non-Conference schedule, on the other hand, could result in the Bisons' having a poorer won-lost record than some of their weaker M. A. C. foes. Bucknell soph Tarras Onischenko could become a brilliant defensive tackle. Lehigh will also be improved, partly because of the presence

(continued on page 196)



"You can take our word for it, Sir Roger. They're both the same size."



HART THROB

fledgling legal aide dru hart is california personified—from her back-to-nature bent to her passion for baseball

THE CALIFORNIANS, wrote O. Henry 60 years ago, are not merely inhabitants of a state—they're a race of people; and one of the loveliest specimens of that species is 19-year-old September Playmate Dru Hart. In transition from the leisurely pace of growing up in the San Fernando Valley to the rush and responsibility of her new life as a career girl in Los Angeles, Dru manifestly embodies the effervescent enthusiasm and vitality O. Henry attributed to the denizens of that swinging state. Whether at a ball game in Chavez Ravine (she's a self-admitted baseball nut) or in the course of her hectic days as personal secretary to prominent Los Angeles attorney William Anderson, Miss September enjoys both with a native-Californian gusto. Dru—"It's short for Drucilla, which makes it obvious why I like to be called Dru"—also digs such mixed-media recreation as rock 'n' roll, surfing and water-skiing with the endless-summer set. Her notably informal speech pattern further places her firmly in the tuned-in generation: "Without making a big thing out of it, I guess I do try to groove to the fun side of life as much as possible. But, at least for me, it doesn't take a chemical or even surroundings like the Sunset Strip to flip me out. Unless the Dodgers have a big home series—I've been mad about them ever since they

As a legal secretary, Dru Hart takes her varied responsibilities seriously—whether locating a dusty lawbook, receiving last-minute instructions from her boss or carrying necessary files to the Los Angeles County Courthouse.





Days at the courthouse are especially busy, but Dru likes them best. "The greatest part about my job," she says, "is that every case is different, so the work never gets routine. Law is still pretty much of a mystery to me—but it's a gas." Briefcase in tow, she often spends her time running errands between the office and the courtroom—interrupted only for a quick sandwich or a dash to the drinking fountain. Because of her active work weeks, Dru reserves Saturdays and Sundays strictly for pleasure, particularly baseball. Opposite, top left: She drops in at the Bizazz in Glendale to pick up an outfit for a special event—a Dodgers-Cubs game. After trying on a couple of way-out "nude look" dresses—accompanied by much laughter—she opts for a less wild herringbone tweed suit ("The other clothes were really out of sight, but I felt silly in them"). On a visit home (opposite, top right and center), Dru and her sister Lynn rummage through the record collection—mostly rhythm and blues—and settle down for a long musical session with Cokes and conversation. "Lynn and I have become much closer lately," says Miss September, "more like friends than sisters, if that makes any sense." After changing into her new suit, Dru relaxes briefly with Coco, the family poodle, until fellow Dodgers fan Rick arrives to take her to Chavez Ravine.







MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



came to town when I was nine—I spend most of my warm-weather weekends on camping trips with friends. We usually split for a place I discovered with my family—a long, beautifully clear lake called the Cachuma Reservoir about a hundred miles up the coast. We sleep overnight on the banks and then hike up into the hills. You're so completely detached from the city, it's easy to imagine how isolated the first settlers must have felt." Dru currently maintains a small apartment in Van Nuys, halfway between her family's home and Los Angeles, but she's looking for a larger place in L. A. "to fill with big bright paper furniture, plastic cushions and a huge stereo system." Although she's satisfied at the moment with her career as a lawyer's girl Friday, she says she might abandon the staid surroundings of law offices and courtrooms for something more glamorous. "If fashion photographers weren't quite so obsessed with tall, emaciated girls," says Dru, "I'd like to try my luck at modeling. And I'm turning on to acting, too. For some time, I've thought about joining a little theater group; I wish now that I'd taken some dramatic training in school—it would help. But I'll have to see how things turn out when I move to L. A." With what Dru has going for her, things should turn out just fine.

Sporting a souvenir pennant provided by Rick, Dru rivets her attention on the progress of the game (top)—and, like any good fan, reflects the team's changing fortunes in her reactions. "I get really involved with what's happening; it's a kind of therapy. When the Dodgers win, I go away feeling like I've won something, too—and when they lose, well, I try not to think about it." On this night, Dru gloats good-naturedly over her team's victory, reminding Rick that he's lost the bet they made before the game.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After an examination, the curvaceous blonde phoned her gynecologist and asked, "Doctor, would you see if by chance I left my panties in your office?"

He looked in the examining room, returned to the phone and told her, "I'm afraid they're not here."

"Sorry to trouble you, doctor," she replied. "I'll try the dentist."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pylon* as what a nymphomaniac might say at a nude beach party.



While inspecting their honeymoon motel room, the bride discovered a little box attached to the bed. "What's this for?" she asked her husband.

"If you put a quarter in," he answered, reaching into his pocket, "the bed starts vibrating."

"Save your money," she cooed. "A quarter in and I start vibrating, too."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *triplets* as what you might get from small doses of LSD.

Two old friends, both prosperous businessmen, hadn't seen each other in some time and happened to meet on the beach at Miami. "What brings you here, Jack?" asked one.

"Actually, Fred, a tragedy. My business was burned to the ground, and I'm taking a vacation on part of the \$250,000 insurance money."

"What a coincidence," responded Fred. "My business was destroyed by a flood and I got almost a million in insurance."

After a moment of thoughtful silence, Jack leaned close to his friend and whispered: "Tell me, Fred—how do you start a flood?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chest protector* as a bouncer at a topless restaurant.

Asked by his teacher to spell "straight," the third-grade boy did so without error. "Now," said the teacher, "what does it mean?"

"Without water."

Then there was the Eskimo who rubbed noses so indiscriminately that he contracted syphilis.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prudery* as middle-class morality.

"I was married twice," explained the man to a newly discovered drinking companion, "and I'll never marry again. My first wife died after eating poison mushrooms and my second died of a fractured skull."

"That's a shame," offered the friend. "How did that happen?"

"She wouldn't eat her mushrooms."

Not that I believe in reincarnation," said the young man to his hyperprudish date, "but what were you before you died?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *homogeneous* as a wise old queer.

All I need in an apartment," says a bachelor we know, "is enough room to lay my head—and a few close friends."

The sexy coed was being driven back to college by her wealthy father's chauffeur when a tire blew out. Seeing that the chauffeur couldn't remove the hubcap, the girl reached for the toolbox and asked, "Do you want a screwdriver?"

"Might as well," he muttered. "I sure can't get this damn hubcap off."

Please help me," panted the shapely career girl, running into the police station. "I've just been raped by an imbecile."

"How do you know he was an imbecile?" asked the desk sergeant.

"He must have been," she replied. "I had to show him what to do."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *scratch pad* as a Greenwich Village bank.

Mother," the sweet young thing asked, "remember when you told me the way to a man's heart was through his stomach?"

"Yes, dear," the mother answered.

"Well," the girl went on, "last night I found a new route."



Discussing their respective employers, one pretty secretary confessed to her friend, "Whenever I take dictation, he has me sit on his desk and then plays with my stockings while he's talking. Does your boss ever do such things?"

"Oh, no," replied the other. "He's above all that."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *girls' school* as an institution of higher yearning.

Hey, lover," said the hippie to a pretty flower child he'd just met, "have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

"No," she answered, "but I bet it really hurts."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Darling, I'd like you to meet my guru."





food By THOMAS MARIO

SEA IT NOW

how to be a son of a beach and shore up the inner man

SEPTEMBER HATH not only 30 days but also the sweetest-tasting, most enjoyable clambakes of the whole year. Men who entertain are ready to toast the fact that the gnats have fled, the weekend traffic jams have been unraveled and the teeming shores are now unteemed. The best and timeliest way we know of celebrating is to cruise to a deserted cove, light up a beach fire and place on the glowing coals bundles of soft-shell clams, live lobsters, split chickens, golden corn on the cob and potatoes lavishly rubbed with butter. The merry quintet of foods that make up the modern shore dinner is reminiscent of pre-Puritan Indian parties that, tradition has it, glorified the end of the summer's harvest with a whole day's catch of seafood. It was steamed over white-hot stones and seaweed. Intended as a sacrificial offering to tribal gods, the heaping feast was usually rescued before it was completely incinerated and went instead into the bellies of heap-big chiefs.

The guiding principle of any outdoor shore dinner is expressed in the simple words fire power. It can be employed in a number of ways. One is the imu, which is Hawaiian for the hole-in-the-ground approach. It involves not only fire power but also muscle power and is still practiced on a surprising number of beaches up and down the coast line. To manage it properly, you must be the sort of man who can unerringly tell the difference between nonexploding rocks and the type of shale rocks that *do* pop when heated, because they contain water. You arrive at your site carrying shovel, pickax, rake and tarpaulin. The men in your shore party are divided into squads. One digs a saucer-shaped pit at a point comfortably removed from the high-tide mark. Another leaps about, gathering seaweed or other nonbitter leaves such as sassafras or grape. A third combs the beach, gathering dry logs or

driftwood for the fire built above the rocks. For big parties, a cord or two of wood is usually ordered beforehand. When the rocks are white-hot, they're draped with seaweed, then with the clams, lobster, chicken, corn and potatoes; after that, a second bed of seaweed, the tarpaulin and, finally, about six inches of sand to hold the heat in tow. It's Daniel Booneish but still the accepted style of those bake-masters who cater to huge political clam-bakes, outsize chowder parties and other eating circuses.

There's a new breed of New Englander that has discovered a more modern approach, and it's as simple as this: You use portable grills or, if the party is held on your own patio, your own barbecue equipment; an outdoor stone or brick fire-place is perfect. Build a double layer of charcoal fire and, when the charcoal begins to turn gray, take the ingredients for the clambake—wrapped in individual-portion foil bundles—and place them above the coals. In an hour or less, your clambake is ready to unpack, releasing the most tantalizing fragrances this side of Martha's Vineyard. There's an even easier alternative. A few days before your party, go to a seafood dealer who specializes in catering to clambakes, tell him how many beach-combers you're entertaining and he'll fill a suitable pot (your own or one that he furnishes) with all ingredients scrupulously tailored to your own seafood fancies. If you want to include shrimp or baby bluefish, to use sausage instead of chicken or substitute yams for white potatoes, he'll satisfy your whims and deliver the complete feast-in-a-pot to your station wagon, cruiser, patio or terrace. All you supply is the fire and a brigade to carry those endless buckets of beer and ice.

Outdoor hosts with sensitive noses attuned to the pervading aromas of grilled steaks and chops all summer long will notice that at an alfresco shore dinner all the sweet fragrances of clams, lobster, chicken, corn and potatoes are trapped inside the aluminum foil or under the lid of the clam cooker. Eventually they're set free; but during their entrapment, a culinary miracle takes place. The potatoes, chicken and corn emerge bursting with flavors so deliciously rich and mellow it seems that nothing on land or sea could possibly rival their new gusto. The succulent coalition has come about because everything in the bundle has been steam-baked in the rare liquors of the clams and the lobster, set off with a faint whiff of charcoal.

There are many pleasure-seeking mariners, nevertheless, who enjoy watching the viands over the charcoal bed almost as much as eating them. For these purists, the best thing is the naked clambake; that is, one in which everything is cooked uncovered directly on the hissing

coals. It takes more attention; hosts must be willing to put their pilsner glasses down long enough to turn the young broilers or to make sure the corn in the husk isn't charred beyond recognition. The important thing to remember is that all fish and shellfish—outside of a few specimens such as abalone and octopus—are tender in their raw state. You cook them to transform their flavor; a riotous flame only toughens and dries them.

Split lobsters above the coals must be broiled shell-side down, so that the flesh doesn't turn to rubber. Only when the very edges of the lobster shells become charred does the flesh side briefly face the fire for a final benediction and sealing. Shrimps on a skewer are always more tender and tasteful if their shells are left on and merely cut down the back, so that the veins can be removed. Cherrystone clams out of the shell are tenderly wrapped in bacon before they're exposed to the hot embers. All seafood broiled directly over or under a fire should be generously swabbed with melted butter before, during and after the broiling. But seafood needn't be blessed exclusively by butter. There are four other dips (recipes follow), which may be served hot or cold; these, together with drawn butter, may all be offered at one time as a bounteous medley. Thus, if you're broiling swordfish, still at a seasonal peak, the assortment of sauces will transform the solo offering into a rich seafood *variété*.

While seafood grilled outdoors over coals must be handled more cautiously than meat, the field of choice these days for a shore menu has become Lucullan. In the dominion of the sea, the clam is only one of at least 160 kinds of commercial fish and shellfish that throng America's offshore waters. From mussels to mullets, they all lend themselves to carousals in the open air.

Shore dinners these days are no longer confined to down-East denizens of the deep. Anyone who's ever tasted the fresh wares on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco or the coquina clams, stone crabs and pompano from Florida's waters has dipped into kettles of fish that are pure ocean treasures. Thanks to air and truck express, shore lines have now been rolled back so that seafood parties can be staged in the most secluded inland hideaways.

Any site that you select for your shore dinner should be far from the madding crowd. Thomas Gray, who penned the famous line, was, incidentally, a studious gourmet and collector of recipes. It was therefore quite natural for him to compose a line equally famous—"What cat's averse to fish?" All contemporary cats will savor the following ichthyological instructions.

HOT CRAB CANAPÉS (Serves six)

- 1 lb. fresh crab meat or 2 7½-oz. cans tendonless crab meat
- ¼ cup green pepper, minced extremely fine
- ¼ cup celery, minced extremely fine
- 2 medium-size scallions, white and green parts, minced extremely fine
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt, celery salt, pepper
- 1 long loaf French bread

While famished members of the party are waiting impatiently for the clambake to be uncovered, one of the best temporary appeasements at the shore is a hot crab canapé. The crab-meat mixture should be prepared indoors, chilled and carried to the picnic in an insulated bag.

Examine fresh crab meat and very carefully remove any pieces of shell. Break up large pieces of meat into flakes. Combine all ingredients except bread, seasoning to taste with salt, celery salt and pepper. Keep chilled until needed. Place mixture in heavy saucepan over moderate charcoal fire and stir frequently, just until ingredients are heated through. Further cooking is unnecessary. Slice bread and toast above coals. Spoon crab-meat mixture on toast. (Outside of pan may be rubbed with soap or detergent paste for easier cleaning later.)

CLAMBAKE, BUNDLE STYLE (Serves six)

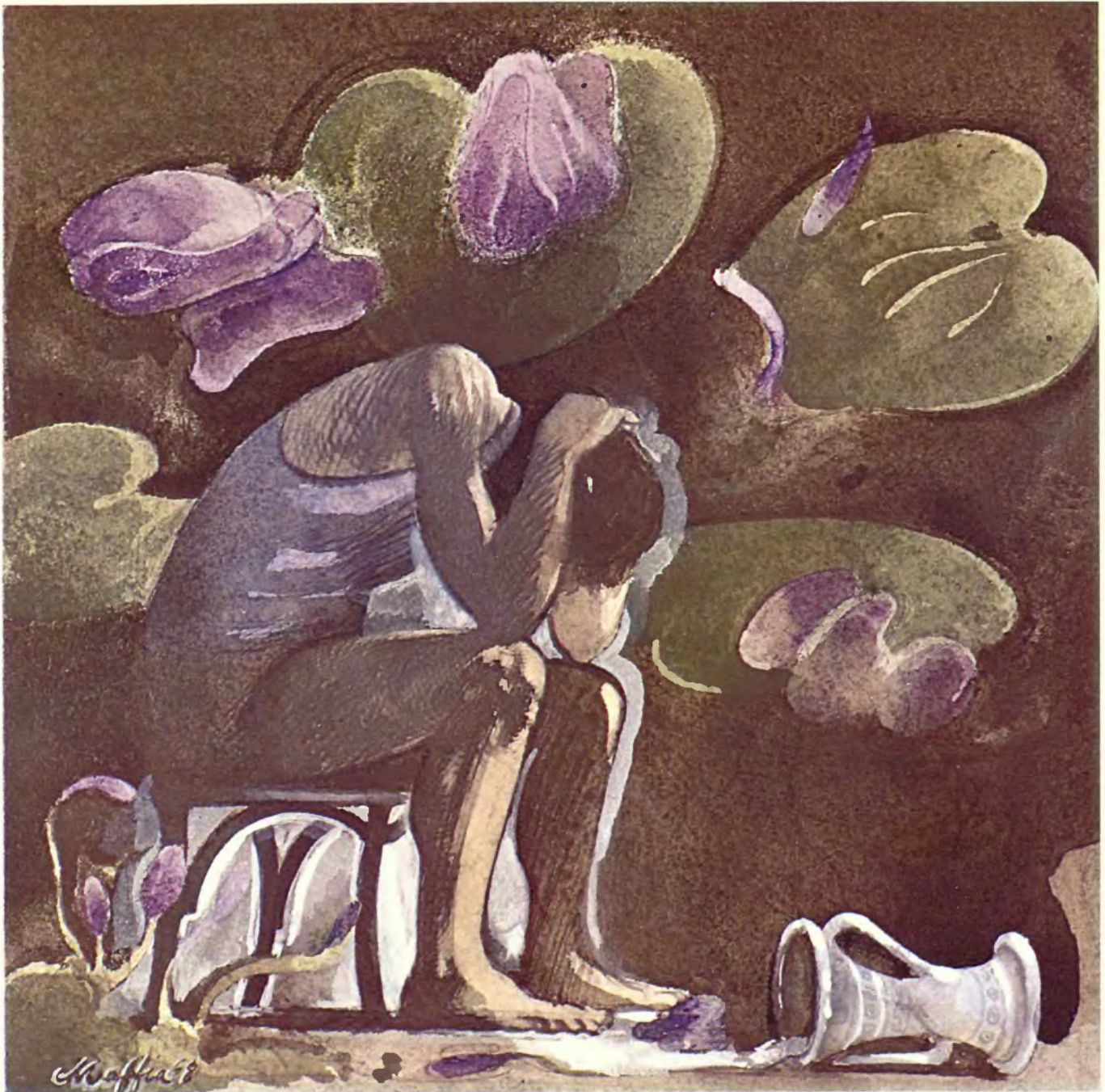
- 6 dozen large-size steamer clams
- 6 live lobsters, 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each
- 3 split chickens, small broiler size, 1¾ lbs. each
- 6 ears corn on the cob, silk removed, husk left on
- 6 medium-size potatoes
- 6 medium-size onions
- Salad oil
- Salt, pepper
- ¼ lb. softened butter

Brush chickens with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil under a preheated moderate flame indoors or over a charcoal fire outdoors only until chicken is light golden brown on both sides. It should not be completely cooked. Wash clams well. Wash potatoes well and cut a thin slice from each end. Coat generously with softened butter. Peel onions, leaving them whole. The onions are an optional item; they add to the general succulence. For each portion, place a lobster, a half chicken, an ear of corn, 12 clams, a potato and an onion on a piece of cheesecloth 24 ins. by 36 ins. Bring ends of the cheesecloth together and tie to keep the lobster in place. Pour about ½ cup water over the cheesecloth. Place on a sheet of heavy-duty aluminum foil 18 ins. by 36

(continued on page 214)

THE DAY THE FLOWERS CAME

he tried to seal himself off from the world, but the door chimes kept ringing like a death knell



fiction By DAVID MADDEN J. D. OPENED HIS EYES. A woman was talking to him. A man began talking to him. Through the pain in his head, in his eyes, he saw his own living-room ceiling. Who were these people? Why was he on the couch? On the coffee table sat an empty Jack Daniel's fifth and two glasses. Why two? The voices went on talking to him. "Yes?" he asked.

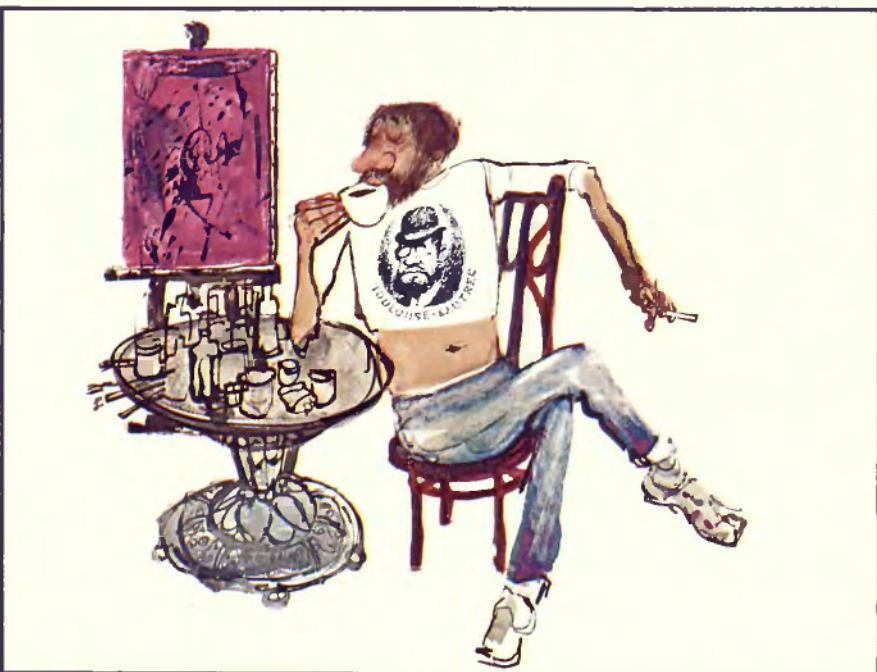
Chimes. As he raised himself up to answer the front door, a magazine slipped off his chest and flopped onto the pale-rose carpet. *True*. Light through the wide window clashed on his eyes. The chimes. He stumbled to the wall, pulled the drape cord, darkened the room. Light flickered from the television set in the corner. The man and the woman who had been talking to him were talking to each other in a family situation-comedy series. The husband was greeting a neighbor at the door. But J. D. still heard chimes.

Going to the door, he wondered why he wasn't at the office. Labor Day. Where (continued on page 142)

CARTOONIST-COUTURIER ERICH SOKOL PRESENTS A ONE-MAN SHOW OF THE LATEST AND LOONIEST IN CASUALWEAR

SOKOL'S SWEATSHIRTS









were Carolyn? Ronnie? Ellen?

The sudden smell of flowers, thrust at him in red profusion as he opened the door, made J. D. step back. "Carolyn, flowers!" No, she was gone. With the kids.

"This the Hindle residence?"

"My wife's in Florida."

The young man hooked the basket handle over J. D.'s arm and started back down the walk.

A printed message: "My deepest sympathy."

"Hey, come back here, fella."

"Something wrong?"

"Yeah, wrong house."

"You just said you were Mr. Hindle."

"Nobody dead here, pal. Wrong Hindle, maybe. You better check."

J. D. handed the young man the basket. He took it and walked back to his truck.

Sunlight on endless roofs below glared up at J. D. as he paused a moment on his porch, which was at the crest of a roll in the Rolling Hills Homes community. Blinking, he went in and turned off the TV, picked up the bottle and the glasses and started to the kitchen to find coffee. As he passed the front door, the chimes sounded.

The young man again with the flowers.

"I checked and double-checked, Mr. Hindle. They're for you."

"Listen, nobody died here. The card's unsigned and the whole thing's a mistake. OK?" J. D. shut the door and went on to the kitchen. Through the window over the sink, he saw the delivery boy get into his truck without the flowers.

They stood on the porch, red, fresh, redolent. About to leave them there, J. D. saw a familiar car come down the street, so he took the roses and set them just inside the door.

Every morning since they had moved into this house three years ago, J. D. had found coffee in the pot as dependably as he had seen daylight in the yard. This morning, daylight hung full and bright in the young birch tree, but the pot was empty. When he found the coffee, he realized he didn't know how to operate the new-model percolator. When he finally found the instant coffee, he was exhausted. The drinking he had done last night had a double impact because it had been solitary, depressing.

Now, how did the damned stove work? The latest model, it left him far behind. The kitchen was a single, integrated marvel—or mystery—princess pink. The second outfit since they had built the house. For Carolyn, it had every convenience. On the rare occasions when J. D. entered the kitchen, he simply dangled in the middle of the room, feeling immersed in a glimmer of pink that was, this morning, a hostile blur.

He let the hot water in the bathroom washbowl run, filled the plastic, insulated coffee mug, spooned instant coffee from the jar into the cup and stirred, viciously. The first sip scalded his tongue; the second, as he sat on the edge of the tub, made him gag. Perhaps four teaspoonfuls was too much.

In the hall, he slipped on Ronnie's plastic puzzle set strewn over the already slickly polished floor, and the pain of hot coffee that spilled down the front of his shirt made him shudder.

His feeling of abandonment seemed more intense than his feeling of contentment yesterday as he watched Carolyn and the kids board the plane. Sitting on the couch, he tried to see their faces.

Chimes startled him.

A different deliveryman stood on the porch, holding a green urn of lilies, using both hands, though his burden looked light.

"What do you want?"

"You J. D. Hindle?"

"Yes."

"Flowers."

"In God's name, what for?"

"I think there's a card."

J. D. set the coffee cup on the hall table and took a card out of its tiny white envelope: "*We extend our deepest sympathy to you in your recent bereavement. James L. Converse, Manager, Rolling Hills Homes.*"

"Wait a moment, will you?"

Leaving the man holding the lilies, J. D. went to the telephone in a confusion of anger and bewilderment and dialed Converse's number. His office didn't answer. Labor Day. His home didn't answer. Gone fishing, probably.

"Everything OK?"

"I can take a joke," said J. D., taking the flowers. He tipped the deliveryman. He set the lilies beside the roses.

But as he showered, the more he thought about it, the less he felt inclined to take a joke like this.

Out of razor blades. In this world's-fair deluxe bathroom exhibit, he knew there was a blade dispenser concealed in the fixtures somewhere. When he found it, he would probably be delightfully amazed. Since Carolyn always saw to it that his razor was ready, he had had no occasion to use the dispenser. But he remembered it as one of the bathroom's awesome features. He pushed a button. Pink lotion burped out onto his bare toes. He ripped a Kleenex out of a dispenser under the towel cabinet. It seemed that the house, masterfully conceived to dispense with human beings, had not really existed for him until this morning, now that its more acclimatized human beings had temporarily vacated it.

Where were his underclothes, his shirts, his trousers—which Carolyn had

waiting for him on the mobile valet gizmo every morning? In the first three houses they had had—each representing a major step in the insurance company's hierarchy—he had known where most things were and how to operate the facilities. He remembered vividly where his shirts used to hang in the house in Greenacres Manor. As second vice-president, perhaps he spent more time away now, more time in the air. Coming home was more and more like an astronaut's re-entry problem.

His wrist watch informed him that two hours had been consumed in the simple act of getting up and dressing himself—in lounging clothes, at that. As he entered the living room again, he heard a racker in the foyer. When he stepped off the pale-rose carpet onto the pinkish marble, water lapped against the toe of his shoe. The roses lay fanned out on the marble. A folded newspaper, shoved through the brass delivery slot, lay on the floor. When J. D. picked it up, water dripped on his trousers.

He removed the want-ad section and the comics and spread them over the four-branched run of water, stanching its flow.

He wished the chill of autumn had not set in so firmly. How nice it would be to sit on the veranda and read the morning paper leisurely in the light that filtered through the large umbrella. He opened the drapes a little and sat in his black-leather easy chair. The cold leather chilled him thoroughly. He would have to turn the heat on.

On page two, as he clucked his tongue to alleviate the bitterness of the second cup of instant coffee on the back of his tongue, he read a news report twice about the death of Carolyn Hindle, 36, and her children, Ronald H. Hindle, 7, and Ellen Hindle, 9, in a hurricane near Daytona Beach, Florida. Survived by J. D. Hindle, 37, vice-president of—

"I'm sorry, all lines to Florida are in use."

"But, operator, this is an emergency."

"Whole sections of the Florida coast, sir, are in a state of emergency. Hurricane Gloria—"

"I know that! My wife—"

"And with Labor Day. . . . Do you wish me to call you when I've contacted the Breakers Hotel, or do you wish to place the call later?"

"Call me."

J. D. flicked on the television and gulped the cold instant coffee. It was a mistake. They had mistakenly listed survivors instead of victims. Or perhaps they were only—the phone rang—missing.

"Mr. Hindle, on your call to the Breakers Hotel in Florida, the manager says that no one by the name of Carolyn Hindle is registered there."

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ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

THE EDUCATED EXECUTIVE

DESPITE TODAY'S EMPHASIS ON SPECIALIZATION, IT IS TRUER THAN EVER THAT THE LADDER TO THE UPPER ECHELONS IS BASED ON THE LIBERAL ARTS

ACCORDING TO TIME-HONORED (if not entirely reliable) Horatio Alger tradition, almost any ambitious young man, with a lot of good fortune, could quickly reach the top of the ladder in the business world. The principal ingredient in the formula for success was luck: a careening carriage being pulled wildly along a street by a team of runaway horses—and, of course, inside the carriage, the terrified, nubile daughter of a multimillionaire. The young man needed only to fling himself on the horses' harness and, by dint of courage and brawn, bring beasts, carriage and the terrified, nubile daughter to a safe halt just short of disaster.

"My hero! You have saved my life!" the lovely damsel would breathe in gratitude. "I shall see that my father rewards you!"

Soon afterward, our hero would find himself happily and wealthily ensconced as—at the very least—a vice-president in one of the tycoon's giant companies and married, equally happily, to the tycoon's daughter.

I have no way of knowing how many—if any—Horatio Alger-style success stories were actually recorded in the history of American business. Certainly, the aspiring executive of today would have an extremely hard time trying to make his mark by waiting for a runaway Cadillac to pass him on Madison Avenue, Wacker Drive or Wilshire Boulevard. These days, reaching the upper rungs of the ladder of corporate success is hardly a matter of luck. Few, if any, of our modern-era business executives are born. Virtually all of them are made—in the sense that they are produced by various processes of education, training and experience.

Fortune magazine, which has established an enviable reputation among businessmen for its intensive coverage of the business world, has, at various times, sought to determine the qualities that make the nation's executives. I recall one survey conducted by the magazine that was aimed at gauging the level of education among executive personnel. In the course of the study, questionnaires were submitted to the chairmen, presidents, vice-presidents and other top-level executives of more than 800 U. S. companies. Results indicated that, of the 1700 upper-bracket management men responding, two out of every three were college graduates and one fourth of the remainder had at least some undergraduate training.

Impressive as these statistics might seem—and they do reflect a very high proportion of college graduates in the ranks of top management—a similar study made more recently, but among a smaller group of business leaders, showed that the proportion of college graduates was even higher: around 85 percent in this particular sampling. The educational qualifications of U. S. business executives are even more striking when some additional facts are considered. As *Fortune* pointed out, less than two percent of all American male college graduates have made Phi Beta Kappa. But in the upper strata of U. S. business management, the ratio of Φ BKs is five times greater than this: Nearly ten percent of the men holding top-level executive positions are entitled to sport Φ BK keys on their watch chains. And among the men who are at or near the apex of the business pyramid, some five percent made the dean's list, graduated *cum laude* or better or were chosen as valedictorians during their college careers. Eleven percent of these top executives were members of academic societies while attending college.

Charting the educational-attainment levels of younger executives through the years from 1900 to the present day, one is struck by the steady and unwavering upward curve. The conclusions are inescapable. The modern-day business executive obtains more formal education than his predecessors, and the better-educated (continued on page 154)

The girls of 'funny girl'

a pictorial preview of the cinematic lovelies who beautify the upcoming barbra streisand musical

THIS MONTH in New York, just a few blocks from where it all began four and a half years ago, Columbia Pictures world-premieres its long-heralded film adaptation of the hit musical *Funny Girl*. The poignant story of comedienne-singer Fanny Brice's ill-fated love for gambler Nicky Arnstein and her subsequent rise to fame in the Twenties, *Funny Girl* combines the potent talents of Omar Sharif and super-songbird Barbra Streisand in a screen-debut replay of her star-making role on Broadway. In addition to the much-publicized kissing scene between the ancestrally incompatible stars, much of *Funny Girl*'s footage is devoted to the lavish stage spectaculars that were the trademark of Florenz Ziegfeld, whose Follies made Miss Brice an international star. Producer Ray Stark (who just happens to be married to Miss Brice's daughter, Frances) and director William Wyler—trying his hand at a musical for the first time—have created a stunning celluloid version of the Follies; in keeping with Ziegfeld's own specifications, *Funny Girl*'s chorines are as statuesque and as extravagantly endowed as were their predecessors in the original line-up. In this exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial, the glamorous girls of *Funny Girl* reveal themselves as more than capable of making the Twenties roar once again.

Alená Johnston (right and opposite page, top), who was discovered in Hollywood by comedian Bill Dano, landed her first role in *The Ambushers*.

Janet Hamlin (opposite page, bottom), o former Miss Nevada, has been signed to donce of The Desert Inn in Las Vegas.







Yvonne Shubert (above), a former Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunny, is a native Californian who relishes adventure. "I flew around the world a few years ago," she says, "and I plan to cover the same territory again soon—only this time by boat."

A lover of good food—especially her own—Yvonne wistfully observes, "If I didn't have to watch my figure, I think I'd dine on fondue bourguignonne and a great burgundy at least three times a week." Blonde Barbara Stevens (above right and

black-wigged at right and opposite page) was born in Los Angeles, moved to New York City when she was 12 and there began a modeling career that soon awakened her ambition to become an actress. *Funny Girl* marks the shapely (38-24-38) Miss Stevens' first film appearance. "The *Follies* sequences in *Funny Girl* were as physically demanding as a marathon track event," she says, "but—thanks to Omar Shorif, who is the most charming man I've ever met—it was an experience I wouldn't

have missed for an unlimited charge account at Bullock's."







Funny Girl's Caroline and Christine Williams are cinema's newest sister actresses. Christine (right and opposite page) was a Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunny and, at six feet, the tallest Playmate ever to appear in the magazine (October 1963). "In spite of my height," says Christine, "or perhaps because of it, I find I'm really attracted to shorter men. I'm also attracted to silver Ferraris, which has nothing at all to do with my height but everything to do with, well, silver Ferraris." Christine, who was born in Los Angeles, is "mad about horses. I have a couple of friends who own ranches in Nevada," she says, "and whenever I can, I like to get out there and ride wild stallions until they're manageable. Maybe I don't look like a bronco-buster, but I am." Caroline was born in Antigua, British West Indies, when the girls' father, an electronics engineer, was assigned to a project there. "Aside from high school plays," Caroline says, "*Funny Girl* is the first acting I've ever done. I met producer Ray Stark and, after we'd talked a bit, he asked me to try out for a part. Although I don't think I have enough control over myself in front of the camera, acting gives me a lot of self-confidence." Caroline has already decided what kind of film she eventually wants to star in: "I would like to get a very sexy role written just for me, in which I could really be myself—I guess I'm a secret sensualist."







Kathy Martin (opposite page) attended the Sorbonne in Paris for three years, during which time she modeled *haute couture* for such French magazines as *Elle* and *Paris-Match*. Finding clothing to grace her 5'10", 36-23-37 dimensions had been a problem for Miss Martin until recently, when she began designing her own fashions. "I do semirevealing high styles—slits to the waist, backless dresses; that sort of thing works well for tall women. And," she adds, "I would very much like a career in designing. Acting is great fun and wonderfully challenging, but you almost have to give up everything else in order to become successful at it. I think the world has too many other beautiful and groovy things going for it." Bettina Brenna (top left and above) is a graduate of UCLA, where she majored in theater. Upon graduation in 1966, Bettina—all 6'1" of her—landed a role in TV's *Beverly Hillbillies* and last year was the featured showgirl at Nevada's Sahara-Tahoe Hotel. During a stint in Las Vegas, Bettina says, "I quit my dancer's job on a hunch and, within a month, was hired for two movies." Anne Francis (left) has appeared in 23 films since going to Hollywood at the age of 15. In 1966, she won a Golden Globe Award as TV's most popular actress for her female-detective theatrics in the *Honey West* series. In *Funny Girl*, Anne plays the girl who was Fanny Brice's closest friend in the *Follies*.



Virginia Ann Ford (top, left and right), an expert equestrienne, learned to ride on her family's ranch just outside Dallas. Discovered by Columbia during a talent search through Texas, Virginia Ann has already appeared in two other films. She was a history major at Southern Methodist University and, with cause, is a Civil War buff: Her great-grandfather was Robert E. Lee. Iowa-barn Karen Lee (above) was a "Slaygirl" in *The Silencers* and *Murderer's Row* before being signed for *Funny Girl*. Miss Lee was first sighted by Columbia while appearing in Las Vegas with the Thunderbird Hotel's own Ziegfeld Follies. Joni Webster (right) studied at San Francisco State College before embarking on an acting career. In three years, Joni has guested on such popular television series as *The Monkees* and *The Virginian* and has landed parts in several films. Outdoor oriented, she spends her early-autumn weekends water-skiing at Lake Mead, Nevada. Chris Cranston (opposite page), Miss Winterinternals 1967, is a successful model. "I enjoy acting, but I'm not really obsessed with being a star," she says. Chris, whose favorite sport is skiing (which, come winter, she pursues regularly at California's Mammoth Mountain), hopes that she will soon find the right man to settle down with, "and then every once in a while I'll take a movie role."



THE EDUCATED EXECUTIVE

(continued from page 113)

executive is most likely to rise fastest and farthest.

Thus, on the face of things, it would appear that the nation's colleges and universities provide the best of all executive breeding grounds. It would appear that the principal prerequisite for success in business is a college education and that, once he has his sheepskin in hand, the college grad can scramble nimbly to the top of any corporate pyramid.

Unfortunately, first appearances are sometimes deceiving—and even the most accurate and carefully compiled statistics do not always reveal all the facets of the story they strive to tell. For many years, I—and seasoned businessmen of my acquaintance—have noted a very definite and increasing trend toward overspecialization in education. In all too many instances, the emphasis has been on the *technical* training of young men and women who intend to make their careers in the business world.

Admittedly, this is an age of specialization—a fact that holds as true for the business world as it does for, say, the medical profession. I'll be the first to grant that there is a great need for specialization in business—and I will even concede that business could not operate today without specialists.

However, I regard as disheartening the growing trend toward overspecialization, toward one-track orientation among young executives—especially in their education. It seems that many young men are devoting an inordinately large portion of their academic lives to the study of the "useful disciplines"—while ignoring those subjects that aid an individual in developing into a multidimensional human being.

Figures show that, for a long time, there has been a steady relative decline in the number of male college students who enroll in liberal-arts courses or who choose elective courses designed to broaden their cultural interests. "To the young executive, speculative thought is as foreign as the game of *boccie*," Walter Guzzardi, Jr., wrote in a recent magazine article. Culturally, Guzzardi concluded, the young American executive is a narrow man.

I think that at least some of the blame for this lies with our colleges and universities. I'm sure that a part of the current student unrest stems from feelings that the educational establishment is not in tune with the times. I can feel considerable sympathy for the intelligent college student who resents depersonalization. The universities have been selling the study of the useful disciplines and have, in a great many instances, done little to make the humanities appealing to young men who are eager to hear—and heed—guidance from school authorities or faculty members. Overemphasis on the useful disciplines is not so very far removed from

the attitude that education should teach simple motor tasks. This attitude can produce a breed of depersonalized automata. But the entering freshman student, desiring to prepare himself for a business career, is attracted by useful or practical courses; they seem to have intrinsic value. He is far less enthusiastic about the "soft" courses—dealing with the arts or the social sciences, for example—because he is not taught that they have any practical use.

It has been more than half a century since I attended college. Nonetheless, I can recall being less than satisfied by the teaching processes that prevailed—as it happened—at the University of California at Berkeley. I left Berkeley to complete my education at Oxford. There I found that the student was granted much greater freedom. Compared with Berkeley, there was infinitely more emphasis on the humanities. The student at Oxford was allowed to learn at his own pace and encouraged to read widely—far beyond the limits of any specialty or major.

Part of the blame for overspecialization can also be laid at the doorstep of some companies that, according to reliable accounts, prefer to hire the one-track type and shun the man with broader interests. Scores of books purport to provide infallible guides for executive selection. At least as many firms specialize in testing applicants for executive positions. Most of the books and testers say—or at least hint unmistakably—that an applicant's desirability falls in proportion to his cultural interests. On at least one test, according to Martin Gross, author of *The Brain Watchers*, evidence of a desire to visit fine-arts museums is taken as a warning that the candidate may not be 100-percent masculine.

Obviously, I disagree vigorously with such attitudes. While I am gratified that today's young executive is extremely well educated professionally and that he has the knowledge necessary to do his job well, I deplore the narrowness of his formal education and of his interests. I cannot help but feel that an education that fails to broaden one's outlook is an inadequate education. Neglect of the humanities—which give a student cultural interests and at least some understanding of people, the world and its institutions—can have no beneficial effect.

Today's top executive must be acutely aware of *all* that goes on around him. He must realize that his business—and business in general—is but a part of a social whole. He must understand that whole and all its parts. The head of a large corporation cannot seal himself within his corporation and shut out the rest of the world. There is far too much interdependence and interaction between business and other segments of society for that to be possible.

Beyond this, the one-track executive

who has no grasp of matters outside the boundaries of his own narrow professionalism cannot do a proper job at the top levels of management, because he loses touch with human realities. Guzzardi has pointed out that the average young executive does not have much of the "stockholder mentality." "That white-haired old lady in sneakers in whose stout defense members of top management speak so vehemently and so often is a comparative stranger to the young executives," he charged. "They leave her fate to the boss."

To me, a veteran of more than half a century as a businessman, such attitudes on the part of young executives are intolerable. This new breed of executives seems to have lost—or, quite possibly, never had—the human understanding that makes all the difference in business. That this is at least in part due to their superspecialized educations, their concentration on the useful disciplines and the consequent narrowing of their outlook is a reasonable assumption. It is evident that their useful disciplines haven't been useful enough to inculcate in them the simple truth, known to all successful businessmen, that although the stockholder may be a "white-haired old lady in sneakers," she is still a stockholder. Whether the young executive likes it or not, stockholders are human beings who have invested in the company that employs him and pays his salary. The stockholders, after all, *own* the company.

The statement that young executives leave the stockholder's fate to the boss is startling—and frightening. The man at the top of the corporate heap worries a great deal about the company's stockholders. He has always worried about them; for he was trained, whether through his formal education or through his early experience, that business has its responsibilities: to employees, to stockholders and to society. The fact that he worries about a stockholder's fate is, very probably, one of the principal reasons the boss is at the top while the young executives who do not have the "stockholder mentality" are still well down the ladder.

I know from personal experience that my own college education—especially at Oxford—served me in excellent stead throughout my business career. I learned much, and I have often applied the knowledge I gained to good advantage. But my studies in the humanities—subjects that expanded my cultural horizons—were of the greatest value. It was from these studies that I gained understanding and insight into the structure and development, the functioning and the dynamics of our world and our society. At the same time, I developed interests that have provided me with great pleasure and gratification throughout my life. They helped me be a better man—and a better businessman. My exposure to a wide variety

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THE WAR ON DISSENT

article By NAT HENTOFF A FEW MONTHS AGO, the superintendent of the building where I have an office drew me aside as I was going to the elevator. "Listen," he said very softly, "I shouldn't be telling you this, they told me not to, but a couple of FBI guys were asking about you yesterday."

It was a warm day, but I went cold. "What did they want to know?"

"Oh, do you just work here or do you live here, too? Where do you go in summer? Who comes to see you?"

There was only one possible reason for the FBI's interest in me. I have been writing and speaking against American policy in Vietnam for a long time and, more specifically, I was one of the first few hundred signers of *A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority*, which pledges support of young men who in conscience resist the draft. Adding my name to that call had hardly seemed to me a revolutionary act. I thought these young men courageous and the least I could do was to say so publicly.

The chill left in the wake of the FBI wore off quickly enough, but a certain amount of apprehension remains. I remember, as today's young cannot, the effect on this country of Senator Joseph McCarthy—the careers blighted, the fear that paralyzed and shamed so many who thought themselves liberals. So does the man who wrote the definitive book on the pathology that was then called McCarthyism. The book is *Senator Joe McCarthy* and the writer, Richard Rovere, is a calm, moderate political analyst for *The New Yorker*. Last (continued on page 170)

how the establishment's artillery of suppression—harassment, reprisal, physical force—is deployed against those who would exercise their constitutional right to activist disagreement





I. S. Landi

"Are you going to sit there on that gorgeous little bottom—which we shall call exhibit A—and tell the court you didn't encourage him?"

IN FRANCE there lived a king who proclaimed that the knight who showed himself best in the art of jousting for one whole year would receive his daughter in marriage and half his kingdom to boot. This announcement caused a great stir among all the young nobles. The beauties and riches of half the kingdom, however, scarcely compared—in their eyes—with those offered by the body of her lusty Highness.

"The man who jousts successfully for a year," declared one noble knight, "wins a lifetime of thrust and parry."

Among the many great men who hurried to court for the yearlong tourney was one who was included in the ranks of the knights only because he had once undertaken a journey to the Holy Sepulcher. Without a trace of noble blood, he nonetheless distinguished himself with his strength, fervor and courage. The thrusts from his lance were so powerful and piercing that he brought low the highest in the land—counts, barons and dukes—costing many their lives.

His prowess could not fail to attract the attention of the king, who duly invited him at the tourney's halfway mark to dine at the royal table. The brave but rude knight sighed deeply in the face of his greatest challenge, for court etiquette was his invincible enemy. His squire, better versed in these things, tried to advise him but could not overcome the knight's timidity. At dinner, the knight was seated next to the princess herself. She chatted with him most cordially, admiring his manly form, and took pains to offer him the best of the table's food. The knight, however, was tongue-tied and could offer the princess neither fair words nor sweet delicacies.

The princess was quite distraught by his manner. "What kind of rough, unpolished peasant is this?" she wondered.

When the sweetmeats and fruit were passed, the knight took a ripe pear, sliced it in half with his dagger, stuffed one half in his mouth, peel, core and all, and tossed the other in front of the princess. She could barely conceal her disgust. She shuddered to think that this man might win her hand; for, fond as she was of the delights of coupling, she prized refinement as well as virility.

Ignorant of the impression he had made, the knight left the dinner and returned to court next day to score the most spectacular of all his victories. At the end of the bout he rode past the princess with a shout of triumph, confident of winning her admiration and affection. The lady looked down at him and called out: "That is, indeed, a vulgar hero who knows no better than to stuff his mouth with an unpeeled pear and offer the same to me. He has no inkling of the fine ways of life."

The knight's squire heard the angry words and ran to his master to find out what had happened. The knight blithely

the unpeeled pear

Ribalda Classic
from a 15th Century German tale



told of the fine time he had had, the excellent food, the luscious pears. . . .

"Good sir," said the squire, "I fear you have nothing more to gain from this tournament, no matter how well you joust. Your table manners have betrayed you. However, the princess can still be yours, if you heed my advice. Leave the court, ride to a region where no one knows you and disguise yourself as a clown. Shave your head in the manner of clowns, shave off your beard and pretend yourself dumb, uttering never a word. Thus turned out, go back to court and mingle with the princess' entourage. Whenever one of the people curses you, pushes you over, hits you or otherwise mistreats you, as is the usual lot of a clown, seek refuge always with the princess. Sleep every night by her fireplace and let no one ever drag you away, even if it threatens to cost you your life. In this way, you cannot fail to find some opportunity to further your cause."

The knight followed the squire's counsel and returned to court well disguised as a clownish mute. He was constantly to be seen in the princess' entourage and had repeated reason to seek refuge with her, so that she finally told her retinue: "The clown belongs to me. Any who seek my favor must leave him in peace."

One night it happened that she sat with her ladies in waiting beside the fire in her boudoir. The clown, too, was there, enjoying the warmth. He sat on the floor opposite the princess and let it be noticed that lustful passions were burning in his loins. His attentions, in turn, awakened the princess' desires as she was made unavoidably aware of his arousal by the pressure it imposed on the lower part of his flimsy costume.

She sent her ladies in waiting away to bed, except one old maid who stood highest in her favor for all the many insights she had shown in the past in assisting her mistress' inclinations. The old woman had quickly seen where the shoe was pinching, on both sides, and whispered to the princess: "My lady, never has a need pressed itself on you with greater urgency. Your heart yearns for

the clown. He has crept after you until he has at last struck the right moment. The remedy is at hand. Just put yourself to bed and I will bring him to you without much ado." The princess agreed.

The old maid dragged the clown to her mistress' bed, undressed him and pushed him swiftly under the sheets. The clown snuggled himself up against the princess for warmth and she took him in her arms, caressing and seeking caress. Then, when the moment approached for which the princess longed most ardently, the clown, feigning innocence, did nothing more, but lie on his loving lady like a wooden log.

The old maid watched the inert couple anxiously. When it became obvious that the clown would not further pursue his endeavors, the faithful old woman decided on a drastic corrective to help her mistress. She took out a pin and pricked the clown in the rump, causing him at last to thrust forward where succor was most needed. As often as the old maid pricked, the clown continued his pricking; but when she stopped, the clown stopped, too.

At that, the princess cried aloud: "Prick him, my dearest Irmeltraut, do not stop pricking, or else the clown will not know what to do."

In this way, their coupling progressed until the princess was satisfied. The old maid then dragged the clown out of the bed, dressed him and set him outside the door, where he slept soundly till dawn.

Before the rest of the court was awake, he slipped away to his stables, where he threw off his clown's disguise and donned once more the armor of a knight, his visor covering his beardless face. That day in the tournament, he overcame his powerful rivals, toppling this and that noble duke with equal ease. Recognizing the knight who had behaved so grossly at her father's table but a few months before, the princess called out with vehemence: "There's the vulgar hero who knows no better than to stuff his mouth with an unpeeled pear and offer the same to me. He will never taste the finer joys of life."

Undaunted now, the knight threw up his visor and shouted back with equal vigor: "Prick him, my dearest Irmeltraut, do not stop pricking, or else the clown will not know what to do," and galloped out of the arena.

The king's daughter, realizing the truth and fearing disgrace if that tale were told, went to her father and urged that this bold knight had, indeed, shown himself to be the most skillful jousting of the yearlong tourney. The king agreed and announced the wedding forthwith, giving the vulgar knight the opportunity to prove himself as hardy between the sheets as he had been in the lists—in need of neither pinprick nor any other goad. —Retold by Jack Altman

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 96)

for so many years that any advanced civilization could have received the emissions long ago. So in the final analysis, we really don't have much choice in this matter; they're either going to contact us or they're not, and if they do we'll have nothing to say about their benevolence or malevolence.

Even if they prove to be malevolent, their arrival would have at least one useful by-product in that the nations of the earth would stop squabbling among themselves and forge a common front to defend the planet. I think it was André Maurois who suggested many years ago that the best way to realize world peace would be to stage a false threat from outer space; it's not a bad idea. But I certainly don't believe we should view contact with extraterrestrial life forms with foreboding, or hesitate to visit other planets for fear of what we may find there. If others don't contact us, we must contact them; it's our destiny.

PLAYBOY: You indicated earlier that intelligent life is extremely unlikely elsewhere within our solar system. Why?

KUBRICK: From what we know of the other planets in this system, it appears improbable that intelligence exists, because of surface temperatures and atmospheres that are inhospitable to higher life forms. Improbable, but not impossible. I will admit that there are certain tantalizing clues pointing in the other direction. For example, while the consensus of scientific opinion dismisses the possibility of intelligent life on Mars—as opposed to plant or low orders of organic life—there are some eminently respectable dissenters. Dr. Frank B. Salisbury, professor of plant physiology at Utah State University, has contended in a study in *Science* magazine that if vegetation exists on a planet, then it is logical that there will be higher orders of life to feed on it. "From there," he writes, "it is but one more step—granted, a big one—to intelligent beings."

Salisbury also points out that a number of astronomers have observed strange flashes of light, possibly explosions of great magnitude, on Mars' surface, some of which emit clouds; and he suggests that these could actually be nuclear explosions. Another intriguing facet of Mars is the peculiar orbits of its twin satellites, Phobos and Deimos, first discovered in 1877—the same year, incidentally, that Schiaparelli discovered his famous but still elusive Martian "canals." One eminent astronomer, Dr. Josif Shklovsky, chairman of the department of radio astronomy at the Sternberg Astronomical Institute in Moscow, has propounded the theory that both moons are artificial space satellites launched by the Martians thousands of years ago in an effort to escape the dying surface of their planet. He bases

this theory on the unique orbits of the two moons, which, unlike the 31 other satellites in our solar system, orbit faster than the revolution of their host planet. The orbit of Phobos is also deteriorating in an inexplicable manner and dragging the satellite progressively closer to Mars' surface. Both of these circumstances, Shklovsky contends, make sense only if the two moons are hollow.

Shklovsky believes that the satellites are the last remnants of an extinct ancient Martian civilization; but Professor Salisbury goes a step further and suggests that they were launched within the past hundred years. Noting that the moons were discovered by a relatively small-power telescope in 1877 and not detected by a much more powerful telescope observing Mars in 1862—when the planet was appreciably nearer earth—he asks: "Should we attribute the failure of 1862 to imperfections in the existing telescope, or may we imagine that the satellites were launched into orbit between 1862 and 1877?" There are no answers here, of course, only questions, but it is fascinating speculation. On balance, however, I would have to say that the weight of available evidence dictates against intelligent life on Mars.

PLAYBOY: How about possibilities, if not the probabilities, of intelligent life on the other planets?

KUBRICK: Most scientists and astronomers rule out life on the outer planets since their surface temperatures are thousands of degrees either above or below zero and their atmosphere would be poisonous. I suppose it's possible that life could evolve on such planets with, say, a liquid ammonia or methane base, but it doesn't appear too likely. As far as Venus goes, the Mariner probes indicate that the surface temperature of the planet is approximately 800 degrees Fahrenheit, which would deny the chemical basis for molecular development of life. And there could be no indigenous intelligent life on the moon, because of the total lack of atmosphere—no life as we know it, in any case; though I suppose that intelligent rocks or crystals, or statues, with a silicone life base are not really impossible, or even conscious gaseous matter or swarms of sentient electric particles. You'd get no technology from such creatures, but if their intelligence could control matter, why would they need it? There could be nothing about them, however, even remotely humanoid—a form that would appear to be an eminently practicable universal life prototype.

PLAYBOY: What do you think we'll find on the moon?

KUBRICK: I think the most exciting prospect about the moon is that if alien races have ever visited earth in the remote past and left artifacts for man to discover in the future, they probably chose the arid,

airless lunar vacuum, where no deterioration would take place and an object could exist for millennia. It would be inevitable that as man evolved technologically, he would reach his nearest satellite and the aliens would then expect him to find their calling card—perhaps a message of greeting, a cache of knowledge or simply a cosmic burglar alarm signaling that another race had mastered space flight. This, of course, was the central situation of 2001.

But an equally fascinating question is whether there could be another race of intelligent life on earth. Dr. John Lilly, whose research into dolphins has been funded by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, has amassed considerable evidence pointing to the possibility that the bottle-nosed dolphin may be as intelligent as or more intelligent than man. [See *Deep Thinkers* in PLAYBOY, August 1968—Ed.] He bases this not only on its brain size—which is larger than man's and with a more complex cortex—but on the fact that dolphins have evolved an extensive language. Lilly is currently attempting, with some initial success, to decipher this language and establish communication with the dolphins. NASA's interest in this is obvious, because learning to communicate with dolphins would be a highly instructive precedent for learning to communicate with alien races on other planets. Of course, if the dolphins are really intelligent, theirs is obviously a nontechnological culture, since without an apposable thumb, they could never create artifacts. Their intelligence might also be on a totally different order than man's, which could make communication additionally difficult. Dr. Lilly has written that "It is probable that their intelligence is comparable to ours, though in a very strange fashion . . . they may have a new class of large brain so dissimilar to ours that we cannot within our lifetime possibly understand its mental processes." Their culture may be totally devoted to creating works of poetry or devising abstract mathematical concepts, and they could conceivably share a telepathic communication to supplement their high-frequency underwater language.

What is particularly interesting is that dolphins appear to have developed a concept of altruism; the stories of shipwrecked sailors rescued by dolphins and carried to shore, or protected by them against sharks, are by no means all old wives' tales. But I'm rather disturbed by some recent developments that indicate not only how we may treat dolphins but also how we may treat intelligent races on other planets. The Navy, impressed by the dolphin's apparent intelligence, is reported to have been engaging in underwater-demolition experiments in which a live torpedo is strapped to a dolphin and detonated by radio when it nears a prototype enemy submarine. These experiments have been officially denied; but if they're

(continued on page 180)

our annual autumnal survey
of classic revivals and new directions
for the academic year

BACK TO CAMPUS

WITHIN THE PAST YEAR, the nation's college campuses, hitherto among the bastions of sartorial conservatism, have been taken over by an explosive assortment of revolutionary attire and accessories. Nehrus, tunics, shaped suits, wide ties, medallions and non-traditional garb are being worn from Berkeley to Boston. This is not to say that the natural-shoulder button-down look has dropped out of school; the Ivy image is still strong, but there are upbeat new fashion courses a student can take and still be a candidate for the best-dressed list.

Widespread as this trend is, collegians in various sections of the country staunchly maintain their distinctive fashion identities, culling the

CORNELL UNIVERSITY: A soberly robed statue of Cornell's first president, Andrew Dickson White, is totally eclipsed by four sociable climbers—and a fashion leader down front—who reach new sartorial heights in an upbeat, offbeat array of decidedly untraditional collegiatewear. On the pedestal, left to right: Jon Cutler has an ultracasual look that's not shared by all his campusmates; he combines an acrylic pile zip-front jacket featuring a stand-up collar and leather-inset pocket panels, by McGregor, \$55, with Western-style boots and blue jeans. Headman Philip Madsen favors an Argyle-patterned brushed-wool and alpaca pullover with a dual crew- and turtleneck collar, by Brentwood, \$20, plus cotton and acetate twill jeans, by Contact, \$9. Tony Biddle is the center of attention in a wild wool tweed two-button plaid suit with slanted-flap pockets and a deep center vent, \$165, worn with a dark cotton broadcloth shirt with high medium-spread collar, \$18.50, and cashmere tie, \$16.50, all by Bill Blass. Tony's shady friend, Alfredo Wills, is all ayes in a wool herringbone Harris tweed eight-button double-breasted suit with great-coat lapels and leather-covered buttons, by Stanley Blacker, \$110, plus a Dacron and cotton permanent-press tapered shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Truval, \$16, and a hand-blocked ancient-madder wide silk tie, by Tucker, \$10. Down front: Bearded Barry Wasserman scores fashion points with Leslie Kirpich in his Holmesian double-breasted wool outercoat with belt, buckle sleeve straps and removable shoulder cape, by Cortefiel, \$110, plus a cotton broadcloth shirt with long-pointed collar and French cuffs, by Sero, \$9.50, and a wide ribbed-silk tie, by Damon, \$5.



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

best of contemporary creations and combining them with classic campus stand-bys. In order to delineate the differences—and similarities—in regional tastes, we made our annual pilgrimage to colleges in the Northeast, the South, the Midwest, the Southwest and the West Coast, this time to interview students on their apparel preferences, as well as to photograph them. Using these interviews—plus our own research files—we've compiled a colorful composite of undergrad and postgrad finery for the coming academic year.

THE NORTHEAST: Ivy Leaguers have loosened their rep-stripped ties and are smartly styling up their wardrobes with wearables that are eminently with it. Tony Biddle, a junior at Cornell,

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: Stylish scholars-in-residence at Ricketts House take a courtyard study break to demonstrate how they easily earn top fashion grades. From left to right: Smartly garbed Joe Rhodes goes for a Donegal tweed three-button shaped suit with a greatcoat collar, fabric-covered buttons and flared leg bottoms, by Franklin Bober for Clinton Swan, \$95, a Dacron and cotton chambray permanent-press shirt with high medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Aetna, \$9, and a wide silk and cotton hand-blocked poisley-print tie, by Berkley, \$6. Mark Radomski sports a brushed-pigskin snap-front jacket with stand-up collar and snap-flap pockets, by Cresco, \$55, over houndstooth plaid English wool slacks, by Dunlee, \$25. Middle man Ric Lohman prefers

an antiqued-leather vest with a knitted Dacron and wool back and two side pockets, \$30, that casually coordinates with Donegal tweed wool slacks, \$22.50, both by McGregor, an Orlon and wool patterned-knit turtleneck, by Brentwood, \$18, and a reversible cowhide belt with a satin-finish brass buckle, by Paris, \$7.50. Indian-booted Sam Keys wears a wool tunic jacket with stand-up collar and deep center vent, by Silton, \$28, over homespun-weave cotton and acetate slacks, by Contact, \$10. Lane Masan is turned on by an antiqued-leather mack-turtleneck jacket with ribbed wool and cotton knit sleeves plus turnbuckle closures over a hidden zipper, by Robert Lewis, \$60, and rayon acetate and nylon low-rise twill slacks with flared leg bottoms, by Paul Ressler, \$15.



UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA: On the steps of the classically columned Playmakers Theater, five Southern gentlemen (accompanied by a ring-a-ding Dixie belle and a mokey mascot) show off their topflight wardrobes. From left to right: Mustachioed Mike Hewes leans toward traditional tailoring in a three-button wool worsted shaped suit with matching vest, by Linett, \$125, an imparted cotton broadcloth shirt with high long-pointed collar and French cuffs, by Aetna, \$8, and a pebble-weave wide silk tie, by Oleg Cassini, \$8. His pillar pal, Joe Hester, keeps casually cool in a wool houndstooth plaid zip-front jacket with sueded-leather stand-up collar and packet trim, by H.I.S., \$25, Italian cotton suede slacks, by Dunlee, \$20, and a wool pattern-knit mock turtleneck, by Jantzen,

\$22.50. Paul Clapp, directly behind honey-of-a-blonde Andrea Beerman, goes for a plaid Shetland wool two-button sparts jacket, by Warsted-Tex, \$55, cotton and acetate twill jeans, by Contact, \$9, an imported cotton broadcloth shirt with high medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Aetna, \$8, and a silk and cotton diagonal-striped wide tie, by Berkley, \$6. Callin Moller supports the trend to leatherwear by donning a sueded-buckskin zip-front jacket, by C. O. Ericson of Sweden, \$80, bold-striped wide-wale corduroy jeans, by Contact, \$10, and a washable lamb's-wool turtleneck, by Robert Bruce, \$17. End man Tom Harvey digs a ribbed-wool mock-turtleneck pullover, by Jantzen, \$22.50, that coordinates with his Farrel and cotton permanent-press corduroy slacks, by Glen Oaks, \$11.

comments, "A small minority of students here started wearing European-influenced clothes about two years ago and now the look has really caught on. Some guys go way out, but most prefer to wear clothing that makes good fashion sense rather than to buy something that's just a fad."

Suits: For the winter months ahead, you'll want at least one heavier-weight three-piece style, preferably in a dark shade, to be worn with spread-collar shirts in such colors as royal blue, brown or orange. Two-button suits in window-pane plaids, a look we especially like, are a fashionable alternative to the traditional three-button models. As your clothing collection and budget dictate, also check out the eight-button double-breasted





styles that feature wider lapels and more suppression at the waist.

Sports jackets: Smart matriculants are blazing new fashion trails in both single- and double-breasted blazers with cotton or flat-knit wool turtlenecks in place of buttondown shirts. Easterners who go for more avant-looking garb are decking themselves out in Nehru jackets and love beads or medallions, usually worn to rock concerts or T. G. I. F. parties off campus.

Slacks: For classroom wear, classic corduroy and dependable denim walk away with top honors. While a few students are sticking to conservative shades, most are brightening their fashion image with slacks in more vivid hues—including

MIAMI UNIVERSITY OF OHIO: An up-to-the-minute group of undergrads by the Tri-Delt sundial earns admiring glances (from coeds Sara Straight and Erica Price) in a bright array of smartly styled campuswear. From left to right: Fashion leader Tom Damm wears a plaid Scottish wool and cashmere three-button sports jacket, by Clubman, \$65, with British wool worsted slacks, by Austin-Hill, \$24, an imported cotton satin shirt with high medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Hathaway, \$16, and a wide diagonal-striped tussah silk tie, by Hut, \$6.50. Chic Oxley, on the pedestal, digs a wool snap-front tunic jacket with stand-up collar and snap cuffs, by McGregor, \$13, plus houndstooth plaid Orlon and rayon permanent-press slacks, by Contact, \$14. Jay Miller, down

front, puts his best fashion foot forward in a wool six-button double-breasted shaped blazer, \$85, and wool box plaid slacks, \$30, both by Hardy Amies U.S.A., plus a Kodel and cotton permanent-press shirt with medium-spread collar and barrel cuffs, by Manhattan, \$6.50, and an Italian silk wide tie, by Lino Lentini, \$15. His informally attired schoolmate, Craig Palmer, is foursquare for a hooded thick-and-thin-stitch wool knit warm-up sweater with deep front-tunnel pocket, \$27.50, and plaid wool and nylon slacks, \$18, both by Sebring/Sir Bates. Ken Gillum adds a Continental note with an antiqued-leather double-breasted outercoat with slant pockets and deep side vents, by Cortefiel, \$150, over cotton corduroy twill slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$15, and an Orlon turtleneck, by H.I.S., \$9.



UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA: Near the Administration Annex building, five Southwestern students wear duds that are equally at home in classroom and off campus. From left to right: David Williams likes a cotton corduroy Norfolk-style belted jockey with flap pockets and a center vent, by Catalina-Martin, \$42, bold plaid flannel-finish cotton slacks, by Contact, \$14, and a bulky flake-knit cotton turtleneck, by M.A.N. Casuals, \$20. Foreign student Hamdan A. Hamdan opts for a leather-like polyester-coated cotton zip-front jacket, \$30, matching slacks with an extension waistband, \$20, both by Paul Ressler, and a Shetland wool fisherman's-knit pullover with a dual crew- and turtleneck collar, by Catalina-Martin, \$17. Raven-haired Ellen Shenkarow is behind John Espedal all the way in his bold-

striped raschel-knit mock-turtleneck pullover with button shoulder closures, by Jantzen, \$23.50, and cotton suede slacks with extension waistband, patch pockets and flared leg bottoms, by Paul Ressler, \$17. Vern Statler receives warm support from Barbara Myers for wearing an Acrilan knit mock-turtleneck pullover, by Sebring/Sir Bates, \$9, over cotton tweed-roy low-rise slacks with wide-flared leg bottoms and Western pockets, by Paul Ressler, \$15. Walt McKinney is conservatively au courant in a wool three-button houndstooth ploid shaped suit with flap pockets and deep side vents, by Tempo, \$110, an imported cotton broadcloth fly-front shirt with high pointed collar and French cuffs, by Pierre Cardin, \$15, and a silk grenadine wide tie, by Ralph Lauren far Palo, \$12.50.

forest green and royal blue. For less informal occasions, plaid lightweight worsted styles that coordinate—rather than contrast—with a patterned sports jacket are preferred. While you make your selections, keep in mind that the skintight ultralow-slung look is fading in favor of slightly looser types designed to touch the shoe rather than stop an inch or two above it.

Shirts: The increasing acceptance of the shaped suit over natural-shoulder offerings has inspired Eastern undergrads to update their oxford button-down shirt wardrobes with rich-colored tab and medium-spread collar styles featuring both barrel and French cuffs. Choose those with tapered tailoring,

thus avoiding the sloppy, spare-tire look that wide-cut shirts often have.

Sweaters: Turtles and mock turtles in big-stitch weaves score the most fashion points with Ivy Leaguers. For roistering in style at the local *Hofbräu*, combine a cotton turtleneck with a tweed sports jacket or a solid-color blazer, worsted slacks and penny loafers or boots. Other top-drawer pullovers include lamb's-wool V-necks and button-shoulder crews.

Outerwear: Old man winter comes East with a vengeance, so be prepared for cold snaps in coats that are hefty as well as handsome. For dark Monday-morning trudges to eight-A.M. classes, you might try an acrylic pile zip-front jacket with stand-up collar and leather-piped pockets or a natural-color sheepskin coat with curly wool lining. For an evening on the town, consider a double-breasted belted outercoat with a removable shoulder cape that can be worn as the elements and the occasion dictate. Dick Tracy-style trench coats are a classic cover-up often worn throughout mid-fall.

Shoes: Round out your basic footwear wardrobe with a pair of monk-strap boots or Gucci-style loafers that have a metal bit across the instep.

THE SOUTH: The men of Dixie are noted for their traditional taste in clothes, but today's fresh fashion winds have warmed the campus landscape with a multitude of multihued new threads that are being accepted with surprising alacrity.

Suits: Southerners are playing it close to the vest with three-piece models in deeper shades. Single-breasted three-button jackets are still the accepted fashion norm, but two-button shaped styles with deep center vents and angled hacking pockets are rapidly gaining ground. Double-breasted, too, are increasing in popularity; wear them with a dark-toned, medium-spread-collar shirt and a wide club-patterned tie.

Sports jackets: Boss tweeds in single-breasted three-button styles are king on most Cottonland campuses; look for bold Shetland plaids, plus solid-color herringbones and hopsacks. A double-breasted navy-blue blazer or single-breasted honey-colored model also makes a wise investment and invariably brings a maximum return in compliments as well as wearability.

Slacks: The majority of Southern gentlemen attend class casually attired in denim, poplin or wide-wale corduroy; later, for beer blasts or study dates, they switch to a dressier worsted or stay-press twill. Big bold plaids, as well as miniature checks, are often worn with a pullover or a blazer. While you're shopping, check out both bold striped and comfortable cotton suede styles that feature a slightly flared bell-bottom.

Shirts: While the ubiquitous button-down still heads the collegiate fashion list, pointed-collar shirts are now being

worn for more formal occasions. Tom Harvey, a junior at the University of North Carolina, notes: "The guys here have taken strongly to rich, solid-color shirts with French cuffs. Chocolate, apricot, pink, purple and French-blue models are combined with light-colored wide ties in bright golds and reds. The softer hues of the ties help emphasize the shirt tones and look especially great with a shaped suit."

Sweaters: For early fall, have on hand a random sampling of V-necks, crews and cardigans in Shetland, alpaca and synthetic blends. Later, when the temperature drops, pick up a few bulky-knit wool turtlenecks trimmed with a contrasting color band around the neck.

Outerwear: For on-campus casualness, consider either a poplin windbreaker with zip-in lining, a glen-plaid wool hip-length coat or a rugged sheepskin-and-corduroy style. When the occasion calls for a suit or sports jacket and tie, top it off with a single-breasted camel's-hair outercoat or a herringbone model with slight suppression at the waist.

Shoes: Both penny and tassel-style loafers are worn to class. You'll also want to have on hand several pairs of lace-up wing tips and wing-tip tassels for dressier doings. Depending on your wardrobe needs, also consider a pair of monk-strap boots that buckle across the instep.

THE MIDWEST: If you're a newcomer to this area, be forewarned that balmy autumn days are followed by a long, tough winter. We'd advise you, therefore, to do your shopping early and stock up on winter-weight wearables that are as colorful as they are functional.

Suits: Double-breasted pin stripes are running a close second to single-breasted styles worn with a vest that either coordinates or conservatively contrasts with the shade of the suit. If you already have a closetful of solid-color styles, supplement your selection with a subtly patterned glen plaid or houndstooth check picked from the many medium-weight fabrics now on the market.

Sports jackets: Blazers in navy, honey and bottle green have the campus scene well buttoned up. However, you'll want to build on this solid foundation and obtain a Shetland bold-plaid jacket and a plaid-with-overplaid three-button model. Six-button double-breasted sports jackets are also being donned by Midwesterners, so give strong consideration to this classic revival. From Nebraska to Northwestern, Nehru and tunic jackets are being worn by a liberated minority of students—usually to off-campus parties on weekends.

Slacks: Corduroy, denim, twill and poplin styles are all top-drawer choices. As inclement weather increases, you'll want to ward off the chill with solid-color wool worsteds and heavyweight

tweeds. Plaid and pin-stripe slacks, too, play an important fashion role on all Midwestern campuses. Pick a pattern that can be worn with both sweater and sports-jacket selections.

Shirts: Tattersall checks, pin stripes and rich-tone solid shades earn the highest fashion marks. Buttondown collars are still *de rigueur* for classroom wear, but many Midwesterners now don medium- or longer-pointed styles when the occasion calls for a suit and a tie.

Sweaters: Ken Gillum, a senior at Miami University of Ohio, comments: "Undergrads here are wearing turtlenecks rather than buttondowns with blazers. Dark-colored mock turtles also are often worn with a subtle-patterned sports jacket. The trend to turtlenecks is very strong at Miami and I see it gaining even more acceptance during the coming academic year." In addition to turtlenecks, Midwestern scholars also favor such stylish stand-bys as V-neck Shetlands, popcorn-stitch cardigans and Orlon crews. Colors span the spectrum, ranging from vibrant yellows and reds to subdued shades of blue and brown.

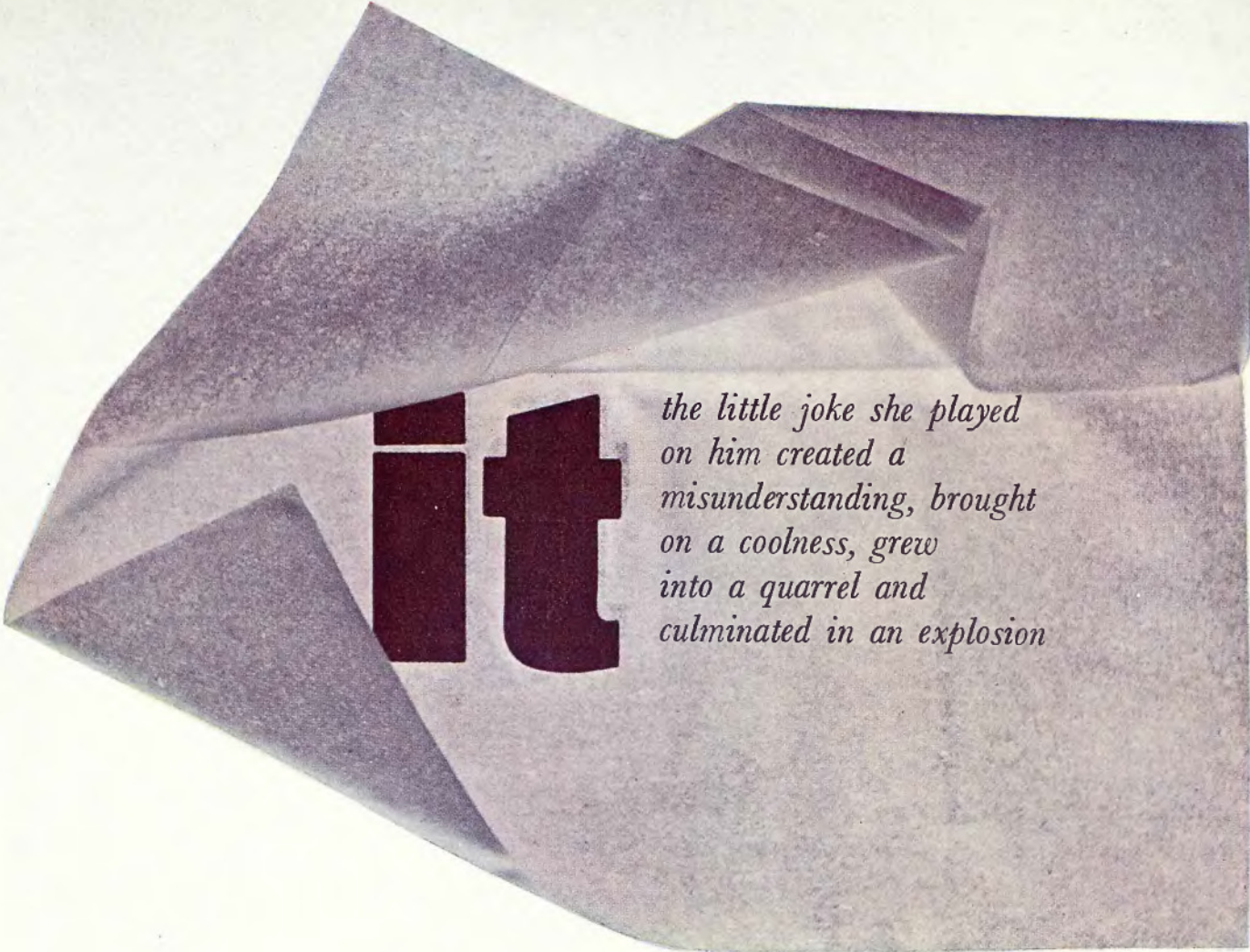
Outerwear: Mid-America's frozen plains and windy cities call for outer garb that does a yeoman's job in keeping out the cold. One such type is a new leather knee-length double-breasted overcoat with deep side vents. We predict that it will take the Central States by storm, pun intended. Other styles to consider include navy wool snap-front jackets with a stand-up collar and hooded pullovers with front tunnel pockets. Natural-colored raincoats with zip-in linings are often worn to class on drizzly days during the early fall. For evening engagements, single-breasted camel's-hair topcoats or double-breasted belted navy-blue gabardine models are preferred.

Shoes: Favored footwear includes polished chukkas, wing-tip brogues, penny loafers and the ever-popular sneakers. After the first snowfall, boots in a variety of shapes and sizes are worn with both patterned slacks and dungarees.

THE SOUTHWEST: Fashion lawmakers unto themselves, Southwestern students are quick to try clothing innovations—the more offbeat the better. On many campuses, Eastern togs and Western wear are mixed and matched, depending on the individual's whim. John Espedal, a senior at the University of Arizona, makes this point: "Here, many students prefer to wear lean cowboy clothes, such as shirts and slacks that are very tight fitting but still comfortable."

Suits: Vested interest is shown in three-piece, three-button models with slight suppression at the waist. Dark solids are preferred, but wise Southwesterners also acquire at least one glen plaid or houndstooth to be worn with a solid-color or bold-striped wide tie.

Sports jackets: The basic blazer in
(concluded on page 257)



it

*the little joke she played
on him created a
misunderstanding, brought
on a coolness, grew
into a quarrel and
culminated in an explosion*

fiction By **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

WHEN THE ALARM CLOCK woke Ralph Stewart that morning, there was a diaphragm in the bed. Karen's, of course. Looking at it, Ralph wondered if she knew it was no longer with her. No, probably not. Had the week at her mother's made her forgetful?

From the kitchen, Karen called, "Ralph! You getting up?"

"Sure, sure," Ralph said. He sat there, looking at it. She must think it was still with her. When she discovered it was gone, what a moment *that* would be.

"Ralph! Breakfast is ready and you're going to be late for work!"

"Sure, sure." Chuckling to himself, Ralph wrapped it in a Kleenex and tucked it away in the drawer of the night table on Karen's side. Then he padded off to brush his teeth.

. . .

After a week away, Karen was pleased to be back in her own kitchen again, though that wasn't what made her smile as she waited for Ralph to come in for breakfast. She was imagining the look on Ralph's face when he'd seen it lying

there in the bed. At first she'd thought of peeking around the bedroom doorway to see what he'd do next, but he might have seen her and that would have spoiled the effect. Besides, it was even better this way, wondering what would be the first thing he'd say when he came through the kitchen door.

He came through the kitchen door. He said, "I'm starved."

Not a word from him during breakfast. He kissed her goodbye, said, "See you at six," grabbed his briefcase and ran.

Hadn't he seen it? She went into the bedroom and looked in the bed and it was gone. That was strange. He *had* found it, but he hadn't said a word about it. And he'd taken it away with him. Karen paled. Could it be? But there was no other explanation. She'd been away for a week and Ralph must have thought it belonged to *somebody else*.

Who?

• • •

Ralph came into the apartment a little after six with a small smile already tugging at his lips. What would she say? She said, "Oh, there you are." Coldly.

Chipper as a cricket, Ralph said, "Anything happen today, hon?"

"Nothing much," she said. Coldly.

All evening, Ralph waited for her to say something, and she never did. Also, there was a definite chill in the air, a definite chill. Ralph began to feel irritated, both because his joke seemed to have fallen flat and because Karen was acting very distant, for some reason. At ten o'clock, they had a sudden flare-up over whether to watch the spy show on channel two or the special about the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge on channel four. Voices weren't raised, but anger quivered in their tones and one or two cutting remarks were exchanged. Ultimately, Ralph went down to the Kozy Korner and watched the spy show there.

When he got home, Karen was already in bed and asleep, or at least appearing to be asleep. Ralph slid between the sheets and lay there a long while, staring at the ceiling. She had never mentioned it. Also, she was acting very cold and distant, for no good reason at all. He'd been trying to avoid the thought, but as far as he could see, there was only one explanation. She must think she'd lost it *somewhere else*.

Where?

• • •

After Ralph left for work the next morning, slamming the apartment door behind him, Karen sat at the kitchen table and cried for a quarter of an hour. The argument over breakfast had been the most violent of their four years of marriage. Ralph had said some things—

But one thing in particular, one unforgivable thing in particular. To bring up Howie Youngblood again after all these years, to bring up an incident that had happened when she was very young and innocent, and it had been a college weekend, and she hadn't even *known* Ralph then, and she'd told him everything about it even before they were married, and to bring that up now, to throw it in her face like that, was unforgivable.

Of course, she knew why he was doing it. Trying to justify his own actions, that's all. She wondered if it could be that girl at Ralph's office, that Linda Sue Powers. Ralph very rarely mentioned her anymore, and when Karen had thrown the name out at breakfast that morning, Ralph had seemed to hesitate, as though maybe he felt guilty about something.

When Grace from down the hall came in for their usual midmorning coffee, Karen said to her, "Grace, sometimes a person needs a trusted friend, someone she can talk to."

"Oh, Karen, you know me," Grace said, looking bright and alert. "Silent as the tomb."

So Karen told her everything. Except about putting it in

the bed, of course; that was too personal and silly and hardly important anymore, anyway.

• • •

It was the first time Ralph had taken Linda Sue Powers to lunch. "I don't know why I should bother you with my troubles," he said. "We're hardly more than office acquaintances."

"Oh, I hope you think of me as more than *that*," she said. She had very nice blue eyes. "I hope you think of me as your friend," she said.

"I'd like to," Ralph said. And before he was done, he'd told her everything. Except about finding it in the bed, of course; that was unimportant by now and not the sort of thing to mention to a young lady.

• • •

The fight at the Culbertsons' party was just the climax to five weeks of border skirmishes and commando raids. The fight, which took place in front of 18 exceedingly interested spectators, lasted 20 minutes and culminated this way:

Karen: "And I suppose you haven't spent every night the past two weeks with that Powers woman?"

Ralph: "*Evening*, you filthy-minded bitch, *evening*, not night; we've been working at the *office*. And it's left you plenty of time to howl, hasn't it?"

Karen: "Ralph, I want a divorce I want a divorce I want a divorce!"

Ralph: "Divorce? The way you carry on, I could practically get an annulment!"

• • •

The lawyer said, "We always require at least this one meeting between the principals, to see if any sort of reconciliation is possible. You two are both intelligent people; maybe this marriage can still be saved. What caused the estrangement, can you tell me that? What started it?"

Karen said, "I suppose it all started with Linda Sue Powers."

Ralph said, "I believe the name my wife is looking for is Howie Youngblood."

The lawyer had to shout and pound on his desk before they'd quiet down.

• • •

After the divorce, they met one last time at the apartment to divide up their possessions, neither trusting the other to go in first and alone. Ralph arrived with Linda Sue Powers. Karen brought along a pipe-smoking chap she didn't introduce.

They moved through the apartment together, their escorts waiting in uncomfortable silence in the living room, the principals talking in monosyllables as they said, "That's yours," or, "I'll take that," or, "You can throw that out if you want." There were no arguments now, no squabbles, no rousing of passion. When they got to the night table, Karen opened the drawer. "So *that's* where you put it," she said, taking it out and unwrapping the Kleenex.

"A joke," he said. He sounded faintly bitter.

She nodded. "I know," she said. "I put it in the bed for a joke."

"You did?"

She frowned at the drawer. "And you—"

Then they looked at each other and they both understood; and for just a second, something very much like hope sprang up in their eyes. But then Karen shook her head and said, "No. There are things you said to me—"

Ralph said, "You accused me of some things—"

Karen said, "And there's that woman out there."

"Talking with that smokestack of yours."

They looked away from each other, their faces set. "Well," said Karen. She turned and threw it into the wastebasket.

Ralph said, "Aren't you going to take it with you?"

"I've got a new one," she said.





a swinger's guide to academe

WHAT EVERY red-blooded male wants to know is, "Where does my alma mater stand in the ranks of the sexual revolution? Is it in the vanguard or are there other schools that put fewer restrictions on life, liberty and the pursuit of heterosexual happiness?" To answer these questions, we conducted a two-year study of the morals and mores on 25 American campuses—specially selected to present a national cross section. We corresponded with faculties at these schools and then checked with knowledgeable students—to discover both the official policy and the unofficial reality. We studied the limitations and opportunities presented by each school's location (its proximity to the happy hunting grounds of other schools and of nearby metropolitan areas), the male-female ratio and whether the coeds are mostly swingers or are only interested in the capture of a degree—or a husband.

The results of this original research are shown on the accompanying chart. The 25 schools listed are numbered in descending order of permissiveness: the number-one school, the University of Wisconsin, being clearly for those who are hedonistically ebullient, while number 25, Bob Jones University, is for those who are less responsive to earthly matters.

Our representative cross section includes every type of school (Ivy League, state, megaversity, small college, sexually segregated and coed), as well as every major demographic area.

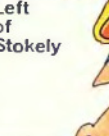
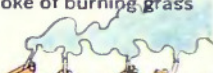
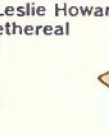
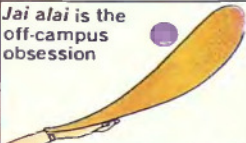
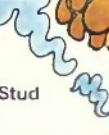
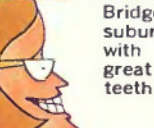
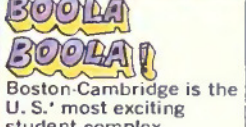
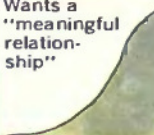
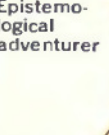
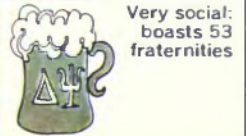
The chart's categories are intended as a descriptive primer and offer the undergrad, grad student or graduate an opportunity to determine which schools are populated by like-minded souls, whatever his personal predilections may be. The column headed "Official Attitude" rates the general posture of the administration (open-minded, cautious or strict) and its parietal rules. Because these characteristics are open to subjective evaluations—visiting hours are more often intended to placate parents than to coerce their kids—we chose to combine the two variables and present our over-all impression of each school's official position regarding a student's social and sociability rights. A letter grade was chosen in a spirit of turnabout being fair play.

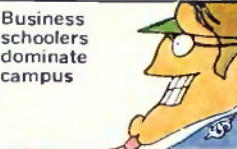
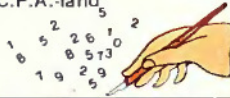
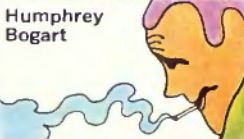
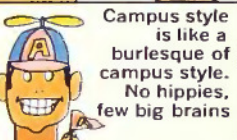
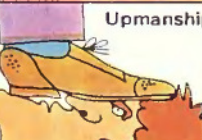
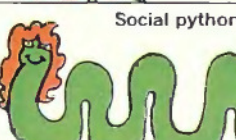
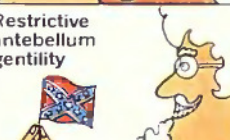
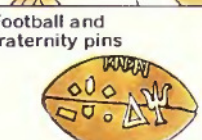
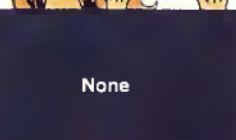
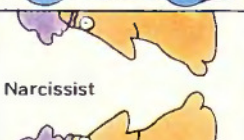
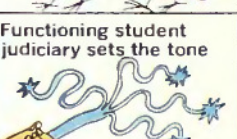
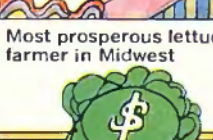
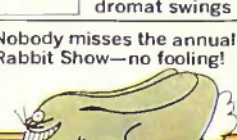
A thorough perusal of the chart will provide the campus characteristics that are never found in college guides or catalogs. Undergrads who can't fully utilize the information by transferring from one school to another might at least make one or two enlightened side trips during their academic careers. Knowledge, after all, is power.

Alumni may be grateful for or rueful about their collegiate pasts—or decide they were born too soon to make the non-academic most of their higher education. In which case, they may now become unofficial guidance counselors of the kind colleges somehow don't provide.

(chart overleaf)

campus action chart

SCHOOL	OFFICIAL ATTITUDE	AVAILABILITY OF WOMEN on-campus-off m/f ratio	CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS FEMALE	HOW TO COME ON	EXTRACURRICULUM
1. U of Wisconsin, Madison	B+	Good 5-4	Poor  The party school; beer is served in the Student Union	 Big-city fish/medium-sized pond	 Brewmaster	 Summer session/really swings
2. U of California at Berkeley	B+	Good 5-4	Good  Anarchy	 Unabashable	 Left of Stokely	 Traditional autumn bonfire has been replaced by the sweetly scented smoke of burning grass
3. Bennington College, Vt.	A+	Great 1-38	Awful  Soul culture	 Holly Golightly's alive and well in Vermont	 Leslie Howard ethereal	 Everything you've heard about Bennington girls is true, and more so
4. U of California at Los Angeles	B+	Good 1-1	Excellent  Beach club	 Bikinied earth mother	 Sunshine superman	 Bring wheels
5. U of Miami, Florida	B+	Fair 9-4	Good  Water-skiing 101	 Spirited sorority sister	 Conspicuous consumer	 Jai alai is the off-campus obsession
6. Southern Methodist U, Dallas	B	Good 6-5	Very Good  Texas flashy	 Wealthy and wild	 Stud	 The action is in Dallas
7. Reed College, Portland, Ore.	B+	Fair 3-2	Fair  Old-fashioned, anti-big business leftism	 Pig-tailed activist	 Glib folkie	 Administration advises frosh girls about the pill
8. Miami U, Oxford, Ohio	B-	Good 5-4	Good  Largest per-capita outlet for 3.2 beer in U.S.	 Bridge-playing suburbanite with great teeth	 Male model	 Blanket dates on Western College's campus
9. Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio	A+	Good 6-5	Poor  Che lives!	 Neofeminist militant	 Poetic revolutionary	 Pot grows wild on campus
10. Harvard U/ Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.	B+	Poor 4-1	Very Good  Establish-mentarian	 Merit scholar who's good in bed	 Renaissance man	 BOOLA BOOLA! Boston-Cambridge is the U.S.' most exciting student complex
11. U of Chicago, Illinois	A	Fair 3-2	Excellent  Culture and avant-garde politics	 Wants a "meaningful relationship"	 Epistemo-logical adventurer	 The least frivolous coed campus in the country
12. Cornell U, Ithaca, N.Y.	B+	Fair 5-2	Fair  Ivy League's prime party school	 Sloppy and aggressively brainy	 Hale fellow	 Very social: boasts 53 fraternities

SCHOOL	OFFICIAL ATTI- TUDE	AVAILABILITY OF WOMEN on-campus-off m/f ratio		CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS FEMALE	HOW TO COME ON	EXTRACURRICULUM
13. U of Pennsyl- ania, Philadelphia	A	Fair 5-2	Good	Greek-letter social life 	Owens a Mustang 	Super Ivy man 	Business schoolers dominate campus 
14. New York U, New York, N.Y.	A	Good 7-5	Excellent	Downtown campus is C.P.A.-land 	Village plumage but a middle- class heart 	Slightly non- conformist 	Main campus in Greenwich Village 
15. Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio	C-	Good 6-5	Poor	Books, Bartók and Beatles 	Painfully sincere 	Aged Holden Caulfield 	Cycle city 
16. Boston U, Massachusetts	C	Good 5-7	Good	Vague seeking for a bag to be in 	Looking for a creative husband 	Humphrey Bogart 	Date girls from the School of Fine Arts 
17. U of Arizona, Tucson	C	Fair 3-2	Good	200 pinnings a week in the spring 	Desert flower 	The wild one 	Campus style is like a burlesque of campus style. No hippies, few big brains 
18. Syracuse U, Syracuse, N.Y.	C	Fair 3-2	Fair	Upmanship 	Social python 	Country- club muscleman 	The water tower in Thornden Park 
19. Louisiana State U, Baton Rouge	C	Fair 3-2	Fair	Restrictive antebellum gentility 	Dixie cupcake 	Hedonist 	School is dismissed for Mardi Gras 
20. Ohio State U, Columbus	C+	Fair 3-2	Poor	Football and fraternity pins 	Corn-fed home- coming queen 	4 on the floor 	Bed races around The Oval 
21. Princeton U, Princeton, N.J.	B	None	Good	Very clubby—traditional eating clubs and F. Scott's ghost 	None 	Narcissist 	A favorite weekend roosting place for New York and Philly birds 
22. Duke U, Durham, N.C.	C	Fair 3-2	Fair	The somewhat New South 	Scarlett O'Hara in a miniskirt 	Intra- mural vol- ley- ball star 	Functioning student judiciary sets the tone 
23. U of Missouri, Columbia	C-	Fair 3-2	Fair	Jonah Jones and old Kingston Trio records 	Teresa Brewer 	Hepcat 	Coed dorm is the most sexually segregated area in the U. S. —but the laun- dromat swings 
24. Michigan State U, East Lansing	C	Fair 4-3	Poor	Live- stock and their devoted keepers 	Milkmaid 	Most prosperous lettuce farmer in Midwest 	Nobody misses the annual Rabbit Show—no fooling! 
25. Bob Jones U, Greenville, S.C.	F	Good 1-1	Poor	Piety 	Little Women 	Little Men 	The best view of BJU is from a plane on your way to Wisconsin 

DISSENT

(continued from page 155)

October, Rovere wrote in that magazine: "No government that is not totalitarian can go on indefinitely fighting a hard war that its people hate. Something has to give." There will be a test, he added, of how free we really are. "I cannot figure the odds on the outcome," Rovere continued, reminding us that "repression is the safest, surest, cheapest course for any government to take."

What are the odds? What do the auguries of the present tell us about next year and perhaps five years from now—even if the war ends? It seems relevant here for me to tell you that I am on the board of directors of the New York Civil Liberties Union and that indicates, I trust, my conviction that everyone's right to dissent, regardless of ideology, is due the full protection of the Constitution, specifically including the Bill of Rights. Furthermore, in examining the evidence and the auguries, I have kept in mind what I. F. Stone, editor and publisher of his own newsweekly, said recently. A doughtily independent journalist who was not in the least intimidated by Joseph McCarthy, Stone acknowledged that there is real danger of increasing repression in this country. "But," he emphasized, "our duty as believers in and practitioners of dissent is not to scare ourselves to death unnecessarily. I don't feel very optimistic in terms of the immediate future, but I don't feel hopeless."

Among those I talked to in the months of research for this article was a prominent theologian who has been in active opposition to the war. We spoke after Dr. Benjamin Spock, Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin (subject of last month's *Playboy Interview*) and three others had been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in Boston on January fifth for "conspiring" to counsel young men to violate the draft laws. One of the "overt acts" charged against Spock and Coffin in particular was the distribution of *A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority*. [Spock, Coffin and two others of the five have since been convicted and their cases are on appeal.—Ed.]

"I still speak and write against the war, but I'm more careful now," the theologian said; and he then told me of what had happened to George Huntston Williams, Hollis Professor of Divinity at the Harvard Divinity School. A scholar and not an activist, Professor Williams gave a talk in favor of selective conscientious objection to war during a meeting last October 16 at Boston's Arlington Street Church. Six weeks later, members of the FBI visited the professor at his office and said that since they were questioning him concerning a possible indictment, they had to warn him of his rights.

"Williams," said the theologian, "was

very disturbed by the incident. One of his specialties is the history of the German church in the 1930s. He told me he never thought he'd hear the knock on the door in this country, but now he's not so sure. He hasn't done much since then against the war. I expect that's one of the reasons the FBI went to see him."

Across the country, in Oakland, California, another stratagem in the war on dissent is being used to intimidate organizers of and participants in antidraft demonstrations. After a large turnout of antiwar protesters last October during Stop the Draft Week, seven young men were indicted on "conspiracy" charges that could lead to a prison sentence of up to three years and a \$5000 fine. Among the counts against the dissenters are such acts as the printing and distribution of leaflets, the mere physical marching to an induction center and the opening of a checking account for Stop the Draft Week. Subsequent antidraft demonstrations in the Oakland area have been less well attended and much less effective.

The war on dissent is by no means limited to opponents of the war in Vietnam. Even if that war does end soon, attempts to repress free speech and the right of assembly, among other legitimate democratic processes, will continue. Still vulnerable are the nation's black militants and some not so militant who just happen to be black. "Much of the troublemaking in the months and years ahead," Richard Rovere wrote in the same *New Yorker* article, "will be the work of Negroes, and I can even imagine the imposition of a kind of American apartheid—at least in the North, where Negroes live in ghettos that are easily sealed off."

Fanciful? Consider this memorandum about Chicago from Jay A. Miller of the American Civil Liberties Union there: "During the summer of 1967, we saw the machine attempt to use every possible and often lawless measure to 'keep a cool summer.' Using a mob-action statute, indiscriminate arrests and excessively high bail (\$10,000-\$50,000), they swept the streets of, and imprisoned without hearing, some 250-300 black citizens for a minimum of a week."

Several of those "lawless" measures were declared unconstitutional by a United States District Court judge in Chicago this past March. The city council, however, immediately enacted new ordinances that Jay Miller characterizes as being "worse than the old ones." Among them, for instance, is a stipulation that anyone continuing an activity deemed likely to lead to breach of the peace after the police have ordered him to stop can be charged with disorderly conduct. "Deemed likely" is so loose a term that it can encompass anyone the police want to seize.

Similarly, there is another stipulation that anyone knowingly entering property open to the public and remaining there with "malicious or mischievous intent" give the police free reign to stop any demonstration they choose.

New York City, meanwhile, has passed emergency measures for "riots and other disorders" that are shocking in view of the fact that Mayor John V. Lindsay has long been considered one of the country's most committed civil libertarians. The new measures, enacted last spring, severely restrict civil liberties by the imposition of curfews and the closing off of "disturbed" areas with accompanying harsh penalties for infractions of these emergency laws. The mayor is permitted to impose these restrictions on the free movement and free assembly of New Yorkers whenever he has "reason to believe that there exists a clear and present danger of a riot or other public disorder." As the New York Civil Liberties Union pointed out in a futile protest, "This condition does not pretend to be objective. It does not even require that a clear and present danger actually exist; it merely requires that the mayor believe it exists. He doesn't have to be right; he only has to be sincere. Such a provision truly substitutes the rule of men for the rule of law."

Just as startling is the power the mayor of New York now has to use his emergency measures if "an act of violence" has taken place. As the N.Y.C.L.U. also charged, "This condition is so vague as to be meaningless. Hardly a day passes without 'an act of violence.' The bill does not even bother to state whether or not the act of violence has to occur in New York City. It would appear that this bill permits the mayor to declare a state of emergency in New York simply because there was a riot in Detroit, without any requirement to show the existence of a similar threat here. Had this bill been passed prior to the assassination of Martin Luther King, it would have permitted the mayor to restrict civil liberties in New York because of the possible effects of 'an act of violence' in Memphis."

And New York City is generally considered to be the most "liberal" in the country.

Philadelphia officials have also become expert in keeping their city "cool," whether or not a clear and present danger to the peace exists. A proclamation last summer prohibited "all persons . . . from gathering on the public streets or sidewalks in groups of 12 or more . . . except for recreational purposes in parks or other recreation areas." A similar proclamation was issued and enforced immediately after the murder of Martin Luther King. Precedents for immediate, arbitrary use of "emergency" powers are

(continued on page 228)

UPTIGHT



article By MERLE MILLER

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, a man of notable calm and one I have for years been trying to emulate, never with much success, once observed in his journal that his neighbors in Concord "sometimes appear to work themselves into a state of excitement over remarkably little."

As nearly as I can make out, in 1845, when Thoreau had his pad at Walden Pond, the people of Concord lost their cool only over an outbreak of scarlatina or canker rash—and then never for long. What's more, the excitement seems to have been harmless enough. The witches had all been hygienically disposed of 150 years before—and, besides, that was in *Salem*, Massachusetts. During the recent unpleasantness in Washington in the 1950s—a period most of us seem as forgetful of as the Germans are of Nazism—I was having a lively little discussion about Senator Joe McCarthy with a lady from Wisconsin. "I really don't know much about him," the lady said. "We're from the *northern* part of the state, you know."

But back to Comrade Thoreau. It is true that he was once thrown in the pokey in Concord for nonpayment of taxes; but it was only overnight, and he got back to Walden Pond in plenty of time to pick himself a pail of huckleberries for supper. I have never spent the night in jail—for nonpayment of taxes, anyway—but the sessions I've had with the friendly folks from Internal Revenue have always left me in such a state that I couldn't possibly keep anything on my stomach except a fifth or so of Irish whisky.

Now, the village near which I eke out an uncertain existence has more or less

cleared up scarlatina, and there hasn't been an epidemic of canker rash in years. We're suffering from something much worse—a wave of universal mild hysteria over nothing very much, that not only is contagious but may be fatal.

Upzoning, for instance; it's one house for every four acres around here; and if you're against that, as I am, you're likely to be greeted in the village by the president of the local garden club, asking, "What do you hear from your Commie friends in Peking these days?"

We have also come out for democratic tooth decay; and now that fluoridation has been defeated, people without cavities are looked upon with almost as much suspicion as Timothy Leary and his cohorts when they were carrying on in an estate up the road from here.

Now that Leary has moved to San Francisco, the estate has been turned over, for the summer anyway, to the Boy Scouts, which is just about as American as you can get. The move to get rid of Leary was led by the Reverend James Dandy, an Episcopalian who is always preaching sermons on "God Is Love," although recently there was one called "Nobody Had to Turn On Jesus." I didn't hear the latter, but if called upon, I could deliver verbatim a treatise I heard in my youth in Marshalltown, Iowa, called "Would Jesus Drive a Chevrolet?" The question is one that haunts me still.

. . . .

We are very large in God people around here. The last time I went to the city—as you'll see, it may be the last time ever—there were only two other individuals in my car. One was the preach who carries on a few miles to the leeward of Dandy. Preach is responsible for a

number of books that a great many people, none of them close friends of mine, have apparently bought and in some cases even read. Preach is famous for other things as well, among them the fact that in 1960, he was one of the leaders of the crusade to keep the Pope out of the White House.

Anyway, Preach and this other fellow, who also wore a funny collar, were in my car as the train started the hazardous journey to Babylon. Both of them had a mint-fresh copy of the morning *Times* and they started reading, sometimes hardly moving their lips at all. (I should note that this was the morning after one of the armistices in the Middle East.) Just before the train got to Valhalla, Preach looked up from his paper and said in a loud, clear voice, one suitable for delivering a few words about the Sermon on the Mount, "I can't for the life of me see why they stopped fighting." Look, next time, I may get off at Valhalla and stay.

There wasn't much else in the *Times*, although I did note, with alarm, that the national marble championship was about to come up again. Myself, I'm still not quite recovered from what happened last year in that odd event. The winner then was a boy of 13 from York, Pennsylvania, named Barry Blum. I have never been much interested in marbles, but as you will see, I am something of an expert on mothers; and I observed that Barry's mom, a Mrs. Augusta Blum, also of York, Pennsylvania, was quoted as having told Barry, "I don't care if you ruin four pairs of pants. *Just win the national.*" (The italics are mine; at least I think they are.)

Barry did wear out the knees of one pair of trousers, and at the time the crown—I'm quoting the *Times* here—was placed on his head, his right hand was caloused and bruised. He had participated

don't look now, but aren't we coming down with a case of hysteria?

All Scotches are good.

One Scotch is so good it's the world's best seller.



Johnnie Walker Red

(THE SMOOTH SCOTCH)

in 95 games in five days. My *Webster's Unabridged* defines "game" as "sport of any kind; play, frolic, or fun."

But back to Barry and mom. By the way, in case you hadn't guessed, there isn't a Mr. Blum, not in York, Pennsylvania. According to the *Times*, Mrs. Blum said that Barry's hand would heal, which is no doubt true; but there is no mention of possible harm done to Barry's interior, an area that in my painful experience is far more vulnerable and takes forever to scab over. Not only that; the doctoring lasts longer and is a good deal more expensive.

Anyway, two months before the contest and one month before Mrs. Blum commented on how Barry should play the game, all of the furniture was moved out of the boy's bedroom. It was replaced with a marble shooting ring ten feet in diameter. And from that day on, Barry slept on a couch. He told the *Times* reporter, "I'll be glad to get back to my soft bed." Then he added, with, I should guess, some rue and regret, that very few of his friends play marbles. They seemed to have what they considered more important things to do, "like going out with girls. . . . I'd say, put marbles first, rather than spending money on going to a movie with a girl." Everybody got his values straight? Crowns all in place?

The director of the marble brouhaha, a man by the name of Oka Hester, said that the pressure on the boys taking part was a lot like that in the world series. "It would get some kids down," he said, "but not Barry." Hester, who is 54, said that the marble championship is open only to boys under 14. After that, they're past their prime.

The *Times* reporter didn't describe the crown that was placed on Barry's head. Was it papier-mâché or studded with rubies and diamonds? Was Barry allowed to keep it? Or did he have to give it back to another boy not yet 14 who has put aside childish things like taking girls to a flick? But among the gewgaws given Barry was a plaster bust of John F. Kennedy. And Barry's photograph will be hung in something called the Youth Hall of Fame in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Allentown isn't far from York, which is nice.

After the *Times*, I was able, trembling only a little, to pick up the paper that is published in my very own village. Politically, this sheet is perfectly willing to let Barry Goldwater prove that he isn't a Communist. As usual—you'll see why in a minute—I turned first to the inside pages and looked at a story the editors didn't think was very newsy. Twenty-two local children—I refuse to call them teenagers—had been picked up by our local defenders of the faith for throwing rocks at the

windows of a commuter train. None of the commuters was hurt much—externally, anyway—but the engineer had to be carted off to the hospital to be treated for minor cuts and bruises.

When asked why they had done it, one of the 22, a lad of 17 or thereabouts and, no doubt, an eagle scout, complained that there weren't enough recreational facilities around town. "It's strictly from Squaresville around here," he said, "and what's to do at night?" What about the town issuing a rifle and a few rounds of live ammunition to our leaders of tomorrow? I mean, you have to have some fun, don't you?

Another possible Presidential candidate involved with the rock-throwing said (I felt with some lack of logic) that final exams were coming up in the high school the following week. "The kids get nervous," he added. And one of our local subdebs, apparently the product of at least a few sessions with a shrink, said, "It seemed like a good way to get rid of

at least some of our hostilities." Shall we leave it there?

. . .

In addition to the usual ill-tempered bilge about upzoning, the letters page of the paper had a communiqué from one of the founding fathers of our local John Birch Society. He reported that a teacher in our frilly local high school had corrupted the youth by playing a Tom Lehrer record in a music course concerned with the American folk song.

Had the teacher defended her action? Had the school board raced to her rescue? Don't be silly. The teacher apologized for her heresy and said that she wouldn't play that record "or any other of the kind" ever again; and the president of the school board, one of our town's leading hardware clerks, said that the teacher would continue to be under observation. In other words, if a thing like that happens again, it's either the electric chair or a dram of hemlock for the offender.

I always save the front-page headline



"Well, so much for a fate worse than death!"

of any newspaper until last, because, whatever the news is, it's always bad. The morning I'm discussing was no exception. In a type slightly larger than that used by *The New York Times* to announce the end of World War Two, our paper reported that drug cases in the county "HAD INCREASED 300 PERCENT."

I then read the story below the headline. As Harry Truman once said, "Reading a newspaper is like reading a contract. What you have to watch out for is the small type." Sure enough. It appeared that last year in this populous county, *four* (not 40, not 400, *four*) indictments had been handed down by the grand jury for the use or possession of drugs. And in the first half of this year, *11* people had been *charged*—not indicted, *charged*—with use or possession of same. "300 PERCENT." *Eleven* cases.

As the reporter responsible for the headline wrote, "The statistics are still small, and one *mass* arrest, such as the *capture* of *four* addicts . . . may give an *exaggerated* picture to the total." (*All* of the italics are mine.) *Mass* arrests of four. Junkies mingling with the Herfords, switchblades abrandish. Hysterical, everybody? All you kids up tight by now?

As I put aside the paper that morning, I thought, not for long, about my mom, who was (and still is) the most up-tight person I've ever come across. (Readers who are confused about the meaning of the term *up tight* should consult a person under 30, if they can find one they can trust.) I haven't met your mother, of course, but mine! When I used to do something utterly selfish, such as go to school, my mother would sigh volubly and say, "Don't worry about *me*, Merle; don't give *me* another thought. Of course, the fact that *I* probably have a brain tumor and, in order to dull the excruciating pain, have had to take *ten* entire grains of aspirin. . . ."

It wasn't until I was well into puberty—35 or so—that I discovered ten entire grains of aspirin is two tablets. But you can see what a wonderful reporter Mom would have been, mass arrests, no matter where you turn. Have you *captured* your addict today?

. . .

When I got to the city on the morning of the day I'm writing about, I walked from Grand Central to the New York Public Library on 42nd Street, a building in which I have spent a good many relaxed and happy hours. My mother has observed with some regularity that nobody ever got rich by reading a book, which in my case cannot be denied; but, as I said, there have in the past been some compensations. In the future? As you'll see, I just don't know.

When I got to the library, I went immediately to the photostating room. I had ordered reproductions of some magazine material to be used in a book I'm

writing. There was some delay. The doe-eyed young man in charge was discussing with a friend the number of angels that can dance on the head of a pin; and since I hoped the two of them would come up with a definitive answer to a question that has always puzzled me, I didn't interrupt. Eventually, however, the colloquy ended, the issue still in doubt, and the first young man accepted my receipt for the \$20 check I had left for the photostats. Happily—I thought—they were exactly where they should have been.

Nevertheless, when the young man came back, he was close to tears. "The bill only came to fourteen-fifty," he said, "and at this time of day, we don't have any change." It was then 10:30 A.M. At that point, I had the kind of inspiration that almost never occurs to me when I'm at the typewriter. For weeks, the library had been broadcasting an appeal for funds; so I said to the young priest, "Look, why don't you keep the change as my contribution to the library."

He looked at me as if I'd just announced that I was the brains behind all those Brink's robberies. "I couldn't possibly do that," he said. "I'm simply not equipped."

The latter statement was one I was eager to delve into; but by that time, the youthful theologian was backing away, toward a table at which sat two elderly wardens whom I believe I remember from some of the Warner Bros.' prison films of the Thirties. The boy—could he have been Ronald Reagan?—and the wardens talked at some length, jingling their key chains and fingering their rifles. As they talked, they would first look at me, then nervously thumb through a book that, I assume, contained the names, criminal records and photographs of those most wanted by the FBI.

Finally, the elder of the two wardens—possibly Pat O'Brien—rose and, his rifle at the ready, walked the last mile to the place I was standing. Then, in a tone usually reserved for the very old, the mentally retarded or those condemned prisoners about to partake of their last supper, he said, "Now, suppose you tell me what this is all about."

Smiling beatifically, as is my wont, I said, "It's very simple. The library owes me five dollars and fifty cents, and you don't have the change, and so I want to contribute it—"

"Who *said* we didn't have the change?" he demanded. He reached into the hip pocket of his pants, the one on the right, took out five singles and two quarters and slapped them on the desk that, among other things, separated us. After I managed to pick up the money, O'Brien snarled, "If you *really* want to make a contribution, there's a place downstairs, and that's the only place."

Anxious not to add to my already lengthy list of felonies, I said thanks

and dashed for the elevator. And, sure enough, on the first floor of the library, behind some theatrical posters, one of which advertised David Merrick's production of a play called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, I did come across a dusty strongbox on the front of which was a cobwebby sign that said, PUT THE ENVELOPE WITH YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE LIBRARY FUND IN THIS SLOT. I didn't have an envelope. Naturally. So I tiptoed over to the guard who stands just inside the front door, the one who, when he inspects my dispatch case, always seems to be certain that the Gutenberg Bible I've snatched is inside.

"I don't have an envelope," I confessed in a whisper, pointing to the sign. "Do you suppose I could put my contribution in anyway?"

"If it says envelope, it means envelope," snapped the guard, thus closing the matter for all time.

After my escape from the library—and I kept listening for the sirens—I stopped in a nearby bar and had two double vodka tonics in quick succession. I left the change from the \$5.50 on top of the bar. The bartender didn't seem to know that it was hot.

I don't think we ought to spend too much time with my friend from Chase Manhattan Bank; but we're discussing up-tightness here, and it's my theory that the epidemic is a lot more widespread than the flu trouble we had in my father's War. I dropped into the Chase branch on 42nd between Madison and Park to close my account, for reasons of no consequence here. When the teller pushed the check representing the final balance across the counter toward me, I said, "I'd like to cash this."

"We can't do that," said my friend from, etc. And he closed the mouth that looked like a drawstring purse.

"I wonder if you'd mind telling me why," I asked, wondering if the problem was, like the boy's at the library, inadequate funds.

"Because you're no longer a depositor here," said the drawstring purse. Any other questions?

Look, I don't really blame my buddy at Chase Manhattan. There are certain professions in which a kind of fraudulent solemnity seems to be absolutely necessary. Banking is one; but anybody handling money that isn't his own is likely to have *that* mouth and *that* attitude. Paymasters, for instance; C. P. A.'s; persons who turn down the scrupulously honest expense accounts I always turn in; hatcheck girls, especially if they're French; and anybody, even a janitor, who is on the payroll of Internal Revenue.

The list of up-tight professions is, of course, endless, and we don't have time to go into them in any detail here. Embalming, for instance. It's just as well that those people don't start giggling

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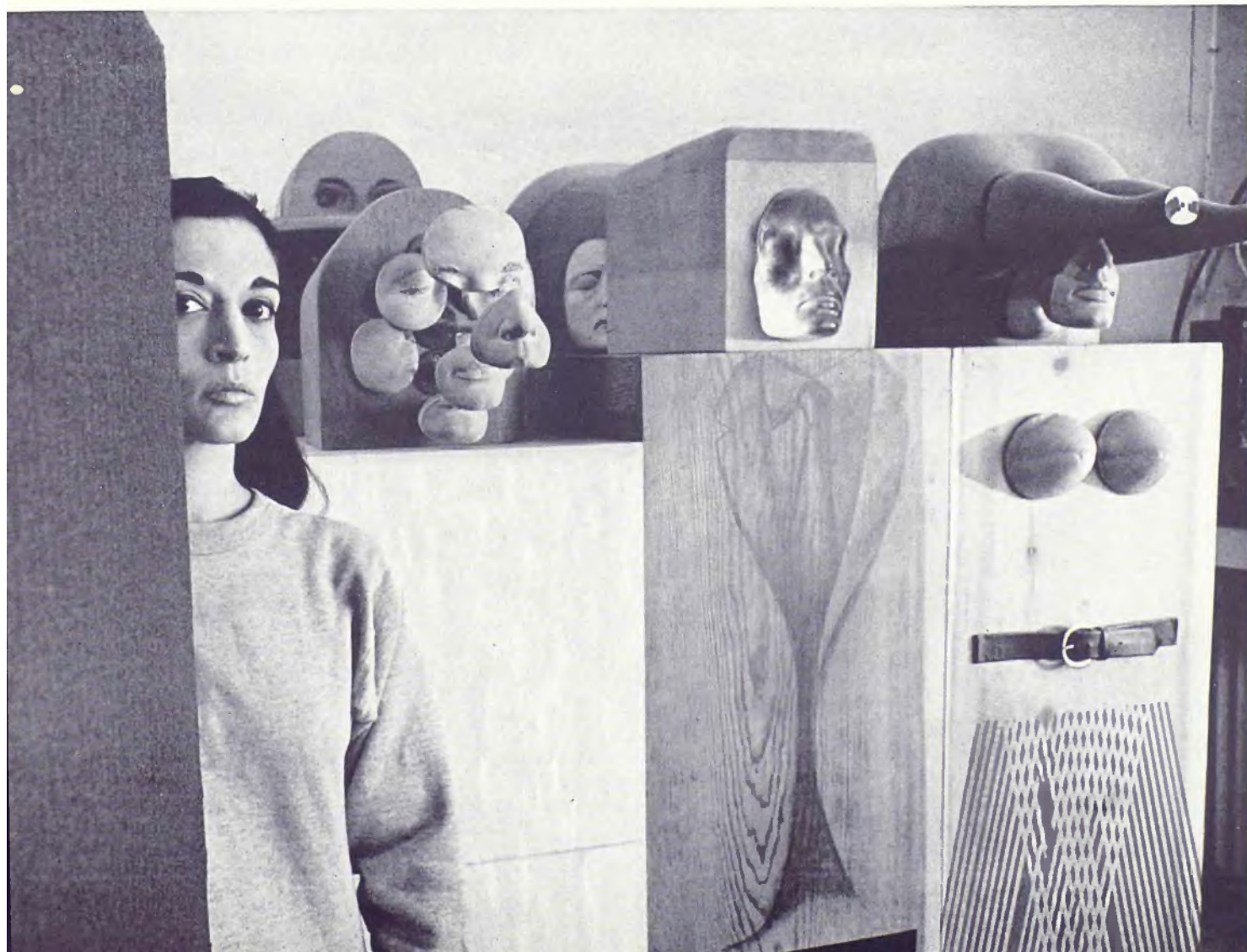


DAVE

ON THE SCENE

MARISOL *artful assembler*

A SENSUAL SEÑORITA named Marisol carved out a place for herself in the pantheon of contemporary art when she created, three years ago, *The Party*—an assemblage depicting 15 life-size guests at a cocktail party. Since then, Marisol's work has attracted considerable international attention—and many big-league commissions. Soon after her sculpture of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner graced the cover of *Time* magazine in March of 1967, her three-dimensional renderings of heads of state—characterizing, among others, L. B. J. as a harried businessman and Charles de Gaulle as a nine-foot bulfoon—provoked controversy throughout America and Europe. Marisol (whose name means "sea and sun" in Spanish) is no stranger to the Continent: Born Marisol Escobar in Paris of wealthy, globe-trotting Venezuelan parents, she studied art in Italy and France, then the U. S., before her first one-woman show—of small bronzes—was held in New York in 1957. Five years later, Marisol had become expert at, and famous for, creating highly stylized and often satiric assemblages—a craft calling for such mixed-media skills as painting, sculpting, wood carving, carpentry and plaster casting. One such figure bears—and bares—a lifelike derrière for which Marisol has received a number of compliments. "I'm usually the only one around," she says, "when I need a model." A model of discipline as well, Marisol works daily in her Broadway studio from late morning until midnight, interrupting her regimen only for parties and gallery openings—to which she is usually escorted by such friends as film maker Andy Warhol (in two of whose flicks Marisol has guest-starred). Now a full-fledged celebrity, she admits, "Success once scared me, but I now realize it's nothing more—or less—than having an artist you respect praise your work." It also doesn't hurt to know that hundreds of museums, galleries and collectors are clamoring for you to doll them up.



JIM WEBB *folk-rockefeller*

TWO YEARS AGO, songwriter Jim Webb, then barely 20, was just another struggling kid trying to make it in Los Angeles. A \$50-a-week button pusher at a tiny Los Angeles recording studio, Oklahoma-born Webb had dropped out of California's San Bernardino Valley College and was living in a cheap apartment where he slept curled up in a blanket on the floor. Then, in quick succession, he turned the end of an affair with a longtime girlfriend into the bittersweet ballad *By the Time I Get to Phoenix* and—inspired by a nonpsychedelic trip in a balloon—wrote the superhit *Up, Up and Away*. The two songs, as recorded by Glen Campbell and The 5th Dimension, respectively, garnered a total of eight Grammy Awards—and Webb now heads a burgeoning \$350,000-a-year corporate complex ranging from music production and publishing to talent management for a stable of young songwriters who he hopes will duplicate his success. "I'm doing the same thing now I was two years ago—writing songs," Webb told us; but since 1966 he's moved into a 22-room Hollywood pad equipped with gym, recording studios and the business meeting rooms in which he now has to spend much of his time. "At first, I didn't see the poetry in business—my mind isn't mathematical—but there's a delicacy, an art, to it," he says. And the haunting imagery of last summer's *MacArthur Park*, written for actor Richard Harris, proves that Webb's busy executive schedule hasn't impaired his musical sensibilities. A near-compulsive worker, he has literally dozens of projects in the works—including several songs for Barbra Streisand, music and lyrics for an upcoming movie version of *Peter Pan*, an avant-garde musical film and a TV special starring the composer singing his own songs. "It's taken a long time to work up the guts to sing," says Webb, for whom a long time is a matter of months and confidence an attribute to which he's earned full right.



JOSEPH STRICK *inner-directed*

"WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW is no more junk," says Joseph Strick, the intransigently independent producer-director of *Ulysses*. As long ago as *The Savage Eye* (his award-winning 1959 film essay on Los Angeles), Strick dreamed of transforming James Joyce's classic into a motion picture. Others, including Joyce himself, had thought about it; but the potential wrath of the censors over its outspoken eroticism made the task too hot to handle. When the puritanical Production Code was scrapped in 1966, however, Strick was finally able to bring his dream into sharp focus on the screen—with virtually all of the original four-letter dialog intact. Strick's interest in cinema began during World War Two, when he spent over three years in B-17s tracking enemy submarines with a movie camera; by War's end, he was hooked on film making. Financially unable to produce the pictures he felt compelled to film, he commercialized his scientific knowledge by promoting companies that developed high-precision instruments, and sold out when he had amassed enough money for his movies. He plunged headlong into feature films and made *The Savage Eye*, *The Balcony* and then *Ulysses*. Invited to show the Joyce epic at the 1967 Cannes Film Festival (see *Ulysses at Cannes*, *PLAYBOY*, May 1968), Strick angrily withdrew the film when the festival director sanitized about 20 of its subtitles. (He shrewdly avoided U. S. censorship problems by the unique expedient of releasing *Ulysses* nationwide for a three-day run, then decamped before the bluenoses got organized.) Currently, Strick is hard at work on writing the screenplay for Emile Zola's classic *La Terre* and directing *Justine*, from Lawrence Durrell's magnum opus, *The Alexandria Quartet*. He feels that "an artist works for himself; the film maker should be in touch with his conscience and not with the public." He's clearly in touch with both.



UPTIGHT

(continued from page 174)

while they're at work. And that last is one of the many reasons I have always thought Richard M. Nixon would make a dandy undertaker's assistant. Not head of the whole shebang, you understand, because he is a very competitive fellow, and I don't like to think what lengths he might resort to just to drum up a little business.

Cops are always up tight. Ever met one with a sense of humor? Judges. Not too long ago in the big city, a criminal-court judge by the name of Shalleck wrote a 29-page opinion of a young woman who had played the cello in a little theater off Times Square without having a stitch on above the waist. Judge Shalleck did not give us his comments on the lady's virtuosity on the cello, but we were favored with his thoughts—if that's the word—on an extraordinary number of other subjects.

There were, for instance, quite a few debatable sentences about "the pristine beauty of human female breasts," about Rudi Gernreich and even Yves St. Laurent.

The judge, who appears to be his generation's answer to the Renaissance all-round man, said of Pablo Casals that he would not have become great "if he had performed nude from the waist down." The remarks of the judge cause me to wonder if he has ever heard the sound of a human voice, save his own, let alone heard the music of Pablo Casals. I have listened to Casals many times in Puerto Rico, in this country and in France. For all I know, he *could* have been nude from the waist down. I wouldn't have noticed. I believe that's what it's all about—music, I mean.

According to the *Times*, Judge Shalleck is "known among his colleagues as

a man with a 'delightful sense of humor.'" What's more, at one time, the judge wanted to be a playwright. And you think the theater's in trouble now?

Generals are almost always up tight—American generals, anyway—and I doubt if either De Gaulle or Chiang Kai-shek is a lot of laughs. On the other hand, during Brazil's most recent bloodless revolution—they always are—two opposing generals are said to have met in a bar in no man's land.

General A said to General B, "How many troops have you got?"

"Twelve thousand," said B. "How many have you got?"

"Fourteen thousand," said A.

"OK. You win," B replied. "Let's have another drink."

Would it surprise you if I say that, failing to get into Valhalla (and there's a long waiting list), the next time I make it to Brazil, I intend staying?

• • •

But to finish off my day in the city. I had lunch with my oldest friend, a fellow who after Our War went into book publishing because he loved books, good books. He had majored in literature at Princeton, had read in that field during a year at Magdalene College, and his master's thesis—he got it at Yale in 1949—was concerned with that witty and subversive man, the Reverend Laurence Sterne.

"All I want out of life," my friend said at the time, "is enough money to live comfortably on and a job I respect. I don't want to wake up at forty with more money than I know what to do with and an ulcer." Now he is, like me, more than somewhat over 40, and he, unlike me, has his ulcer, much more money than he knows what to do with and a third wife.

The lunch dealt mainly with the faults of number three; and, I must admit, the list was formidable; but I couldn't help thinking of a question my friend once asked, oh, a long time ago, under somewhat similar circumstances. The question was, "Whatever happened to old-fashioned reticence?"

After his fourth martini, two glasses of wine and a giant, economy-size snifter of brandy, my friend said he had to hurry off to see his shrink. His latest shrink; he's had five or six of those but, as I said, only three wives—so far, anyway. "I'll be seeing you," said my friend. "If, that is, I don't murder the little woman. And I'll tell you one thing; if ever murder was justified. . . . Well, so long, old buddy."

Old buddy said, "Goodbye," and he added, in a voice audible only to his own inner ear, "Trust that man in nothing who has not a Conscience in everything." The latter isn't original; it comes



"I'm in the advertising game, too! You fellows looking for a couple of nice girls?"

from Sterne; but I doubt if my friend would care to remember.

I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering through the streets of the city, looking at the up-tight faces of people hurrying nowhere in particular—those about to become totally paranoid and the far more numerous ones who already were. The day ended, appropriately enough, at a cocktail party. Why and how I got there is nobody's business; besides, I don't remember. I had stopped several times along the way to have a glass or two of life-giving, vitamin-filled vodka. I don't remember the purpose of the get-together, either, and I never met the host or hostess. But, judging by the guests they had assembled, they may have been casting a revival of Murder, Inc. A single example will do. There are others.

At one point, I got caught in the cross fire between warring *aficionados* of the film. *Aficionados* of any kind are apt to be up-tight, unpleasant people; but those who fancy themselves experts on the *kinema* are the worst of the lot. These two groups were doing battle over whether *The Graduate* was or was not a better flick than *Bonnie and Clyde*. I felt it incumbent on me to mention that I like Ma and Pa Kettle and that they don't make movies like that anymore. I added, *sotto voce*, that I had seen Errol Flynn in *Robin Hood* 19 times, but nobody appeared to be listening.

On the way out, I managed to avoid any involvement with the group that was telling one another what each had said to his shrink and what the shrink had said back. Are shrinks talking more these days? In my brief encounter with one of them, he just sat there and took notes that I knew perfectly well he passed directly on to the hangman.

On the train back to the village just on the other side of Valhalla, there were four transistor radios on, each tuned to a different station; but I asked myself that question again. "Whatever happened to old-fashioned reticence?" And I remembered—I think you'll see why—a trip I took to Pittsburgh not too long after My War. My companion was Eleanor Roosevelt. She was going to make a speech at an A. D. A. meeting, and so, for reasons I cannot imagine, was I.

It was a rough flight. There were thundershowers the whole way and the prop plane was held together with paper clips and Scotch tape. Mrs. Roosevelt read a little; she signed autographs; she asked about and, with apparent interest, listened to the unabridged autobiographies of two stewardesses, a middle-aged salesman from Gary, Indiana, a 14-year-old boy from Bogotá and, I'm afraid, my own.

After our plane made one particularly



hazardous drop of several hundred feet, during which Mrs. Roosevelt read. I asked her if she ever got frightened when she was flying. "Oh, no," she said. "I don't allow myself to. I try to concern myself only with those things I can do something about."

Outwardly, Eleanor Roosevelt was the most cheerful and the least up-tight person I have ever known. Even toward the end of her extraordinary life, often when she was in great pain, when asked how she was, she smiled—and she felt fine, thank you very much, indeed. And you?

I believe it was during the flight to Pittsburgh that I asked her how she managed her good cheer. It was really quite simple, she said: she had been brought up by her Grandmother Hall, a woman who was, I gather, even more austere than her mother-in-law, Sara Delano Roosevelt. Grandmother Hall had taught Eleanor that when she felt ill or tired, she was never to say so. That made you unpleasant. "In company," Mrs. Roosevelt said, "one was expected to smile, and if that wasn't possible, you excused yourself."

Once while she was First Lady, she said, she found her young grandson, Buzzie Dall, crying in the second-floor hallway of the White House. "I said to him, 'Oh, Buzzie, we don't cry where people are. We cry by ourselves. Now, you go find a bathtub and cry into it.'"

Maybe that's the trouble. Not enough Grandmother Halls these days, not enough bathtubs. Not enough reticence. One thing is certain: There isn't an Eleanor Roosevelt anywhere around.

There was one other pleasant moment the night I returned from my most recent

and, as I've said, maybe last venture into the city. It happened shortly after I got into bed in the glass house, alone except for a hooker of Scotch and the dog. Everybody I'd met at the cocktail slaughter was just about to take off for Europe and they all seemed to think they'd find peace of mind once they got there. A bluebird, anyway.

I thought then of the couple I'd seen the previous spring in a line waiting to get into the Sistine Chapel. They were from Missoula, Montana, and each wore a sign saying not only that but that each was a member of something called the People-to-People Program. The line outside the chapel was long and consisted mostly of Americans and Germans. All of Germany was in Rome last spring, which caused one to wonder who was back home planning the wars.

The line moved slowly, largely because all of the tickets were being sold by an old man with a face that had never lost its innocence. Mrs. People-to-People turned to Mr. P.-to-P. and, in the voice that is issued along with the passport, said, "If I'd have two lines for a thing like this."

"I know," said her husband. "That's why we're ahead of 'em."

Remembering that precious moment, I started laughing, and I went to sleep, still smiling. I didn't even finish the Scotch. The way I look at it is this: A man who has seen Missoula, Montana, as well as the Sistine Chapel, has been about everywhere he needs to go. Particularly if he has also flown to Pittsburgh with a reticent woman.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 158)

true, I'm afraid we may learn more about man through dolphins than the other way around. The Russians, paradoxically, seem to be one step ahead of us in this area; they recently banned all catching of dolphins in Russian waters on the grounds that "Comrade Dolphin" is a fellow sentient being and killing him would be morally equivalent to murder. **PLAYBOY:** Although flying saucers are frequently an object of public derision, there has been a good deal of serious discussion in the scientific community about the possibility that UFOs could be alien spacecraft. What's your opinion?

KUBRICK: The most significant analysis of UFOs I've seen recently was written by L. M. Chassin, a French air force general who had been a high-ranking NATO officer. He argues that by any legal rules of evidence, there is now sufficient sighting data amassed from reputable sources—astronomers, pilots, radar operators and the like—to initiate a serious and thorough world-wide investigation of UFO phenomena. Actually, if you examine even a fraction of the extant testimony you will find that people have been sent to the gas chamber on far less substantial evidence. Of course, it's possible that all the governments in the world really *do* take UFOs seriously and perhaps are already engaging in secret study projects to determine their origin, nature and intentions. If so, they may not be disclosing their findings for fear that the public would be alarmed—the danger of cultural shock deriving from confrontation with the unknown which we discussed

earlier, and which is an element of 2001, when news of the monolith's discovery on the moon is suppressed. But I think even the two percent of sightings that the Air Force's Project Blue Book admits is unexplainable by conventional means should dictate a serious, searching probe. From all indications, the current Government-authorized investigation at the University of Colorado is neither serious nor searching.

One hopeful sign that this subject may at last be accorded the serious discussion it deserves, however, is the belated but exemplary conversion of Dr. J. Allen Hynek, since 1948 the Air Force's consultant on UFOs and currently chairman of the astronomy department at Northwestern University. Hynek, who in his official capacity pooch-pooched UFO sightings, now believes that UFOs deserve top-priority attention—as he wrote in *PLAYBOY* [December 1967]—and even concedes that the existing evidence may indicate a possible connection with extraterrestrial life. He predicts: "I will be surprised if an intensive study yields nothing. To the contrary, I think that mankind may be in for the greatest adventure since dawning human intelligence turned outward to contemplate the universe." I agree with him.

PLAYBOY: If flying saucers are real, who or what do you think they might be?

KUBRICK: I don't know. The evidence proves they're up there, but it gives us very little clue as to what they are. Some science-fiction writers theorize half-seriously that they could be time shuttles flicking back and forth between eons to a

future age when man has mastered temporal travel; and I understand that biologist Ivan Sanderson has even advanced a theory that they may be some kind of living space animal inhabiting the upper stratosphere—though I can't give much credence to that suggestion. It's also possible that they are perfectly natural phenomena, perhaps chain lightning, as one American science writer has suggested; although this, again, does not explain some of the photographs taken by reputable sources, such as the Argentine navy, which clearly show spherical metallic objects hovering in the sky. As you've probably deduced, I'm really fascinated by UFOs and I only regret that this field of investigation has to a considerable extent been pre-empted by a crackpot fringe that claims to have soared to Mars on flying saucers piloted by three-foot-tall green humanoids with pointy heads. That kind of kook approach makes it very easy to dismiss the whole phenomenon which we do at our own risk.

I think another problem here—and one of the reasons that, despite the overwhelming evidence, there has been remarkably little public interest—is that most people don't really *want* to think about extraterrestrial beings patrolling our skies and perhaps observing us like bugs on a slide. The thought is too disturbing; it upsets our tidy, soothing, sanitized suburban *Weltanschauung*; the cosmos is more than light-years away from Scarsdale. This could be a survival mechanism, but it could also blind us to what may be the most dramatic and important moment in man's history—contact with another civilization.

PLAYBOY: Among the reasons adduced by those who doubt the interstellar origin of UFOs is Einstein's special theory of relativity, which states that the speed of light is absolute and that nothing can exceed it. A journey from even the nearest star to earth would consequently take thousands of years. They claim this virtually rules out interstellar travel—at least for sentient beings with life spans as short as the longest known to man. Do you find this argument valid?

KUBRICK: I find it difficult to believe that we have penetrated to the ultimate depths of knowledge about the physical laws of the universe. It seems rather presumptuous to believe that in the space of a few hundred years, we've figured out most of what there is to know. So I don't think it's right to declaim with unshakable certitude that light is the absolute speed limit of the universe. I'm suspicious of dogmatic scientific rules; they tend to have a rather short life span. The most eminent European scientists of the early 19th Century scoffed at meteorites, on the grounds that "stones can't fall from the sky"; and just a year before Sputnik, one of the world's leading astrophysicists stated flatly that "space flight is bunk." Actually, there are already some extremely



"One thing about these film-obscenity cases—you get to see a lot of great movies!"

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"I got news for you—her voice ain't the only thing about her that's 'technically augmented.'"

interesting theoretical studies under way—one by Dr. Gerald Feinberg at Columbia University—which indicate that short cuts could be found that would enable some things under certain conditions to exceed the speed of light.

In addition, there's always the possibility that the speed-of-light limitation, even if it's rigid, could be circumvented via a space-time warp, as Arthur Clarke has proposed. But let's take another, slightly more conservative, means of evading the speed of light's restrictions: If radio contact is developed between ourselves and another civilization, within 200 years we will have reached a stage in genetic engineering where the other race could transmit its genetic code to us by radio and we could then re-create their DNA pattern and artificially duplicate one of their species in our laboratories—and vice versa. This sounds fantastic only to those who haven't followed the tremendous breakthroughs being made in genetic engineering.

But actual interstellar travel wouldn't be impossible even if light speed *can't* be achieved. Whenever we dismiss space flight beyond our solar system on the grounds that it would take thousands of years, we are thinking of beings with life spans similar to ours. Fruit flies, I understand, live out their entire existence—birth, repro-

duction and death—within 24 hours; well, man may be to other creatures in the universe as the fruit fly is to man. There may be countless races in the universe with life spans of hundreds of thousands or even millions of years, to whom a 10,000-year journey to earth would be about as intimidating as an afternoon outing in the park. But even in terms of our own time scale, within a few years it should be possible to freeze astronauts or induce a hibernatory suspension of life functions for the duration of an interstellar journey. They could spend 300 or 1000 years in space and be awakened automatically, feeling no different than if they had had a hearty eight hours' sleep.

The speed-of-light theory, too, could work in favor of long journeys; the peculiar "time dilation" factor in Einstein's relativity theory means that as an object accelerates toward the speed of light, time slows down. Everything would appear normal to those on board; but if they had been away from earth for, say, 56 years, upon their return they would be merely 20 years older than when they departed. So, taking all these factors into consideration, I'm not unduly impressed by the claims of some scientists that the speed-of-light limitation renders interstellar travel impossible.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned freezing astronauts for lengthy space journeys, as in the "hibernacula" of 2001. As you know, physicist Robert Ettinger and others have proposed freezing *dead* bodies in liquid nitrogen until a future time when they can be revived. What do you think of this proposal?

KUBRICK: I've been interested in it for many years, and I consider it eminently feasible. Within ten years, in fact, I believe that freezing of the dead will be a major industry in the United States and throughout the world; I would recommend it as a field of investment for imaginative speculators. Dr. Ettinger's thesis is quite simple: If a body is frozen cryogenically in liquid nitrogen at a temperature near absolute zero—minus 459.6 degrees Fahrenheit—and stored in adequate facilities, it may very well be possible at some as-yet-indeterminate date in the future to thaw and revive the corpse and then cure the disease or repair the physical damage that was the original cause of death. This would, of course, entail a considerable gamble; we have no way of knowing that future science will be sufficiently advanced to cure, say, terminal cancer, or even successfully revive a frozen body. In addition, the dead body undergoes damage in the course of the freezing process itself: ice crystallizes within the blood stream. And unless a body is frozen at the precise moment of death, progressive brain-cell deterioration also occurs. But what do we have to lose? Nothing—and we have immortality to gain. Let me read you what Dr. Ettinger has written: "It used to be thought that the distinction between life and death was simple and obvious. A living man breathes, sweats and makes stupid remarks; a dead one just lies there, pays no attention, and after a while gets putrid. But nowadays nothing is that simple."

Actually, when you really examine the concept of freezing the dead, it's nowhere nearly as fantastic—though every bit as revolutionary—as it appears at first. After all, countless thousands of patients "die" on the operating table and are revived by artificial stimulation of the heart after a few seconds or even a few minutes—and there is really little substantive difference between bringing a patient back to life after three minutes of clinical death or after an "intermezzo" stage of 300 years. Fortunately, the freezing concept is now gaining an increasing amount of attention within the scientific community. France's Dr. Jean Rostand, an internationally respected biologist, has proposed that every nation begin a freezer program immediately, funded by government money and utilizing the top scientific minds in each country. "For every day that we delay," he says, "untold thousands are going to an unnecessary grave."

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in being frozen yourself?

KUBRICK: I would be if there were adequate facilities available at the present time—which, unfortunately, there are not. A number of organizations are attempting to disseminate information and raise funds to implement an effective freezing program—the Life Extension Society of Washington, the Cryonics Society of New York, etc.—but we are still in the infancy of cryobiology. Right now, all existing freezer facilities—and there are only a handful—aren't sufficiently sophisticated to offer any realistic hope. But that could and probably will change far more rapidly than we imagine.

A key point to remember, particularly by those ready to dismiss this whole concept as preposterous, is that science has made fantastic strides in just the past 40 years; within this brief period of time, a wide range of killer diseases that once were the scourge of mankind, from smallpox to diphtheria, have been virtually eliminated through vaccines and antibiotics; while others, such as diabetes, have been brought under control—though not yet completely eliminated—by drugs such as insulin. Already, heart transplants are almost a viable proposition, and organ banks are being prepared to stock supplies of spleens, kidneys, lungs and hearts for future transplant surgery.

Dr. Ettinger predicts that a "freezee" who died after a severe accident or massive internal damage would emerge resuscitated from a hospital of the future a "crazy quilt of patchwork." His internal organs—heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, stomach and the rest—may be grafts, implanted after being grown in the laboratory from someone's donor cells. His arms and legs may be "bloodless artifacts of fabric, metal and plastic, directed by tiny motors." His brain cells, writes Ettinger, "may be mostly new, regenerated from the few which would be saved, and some of his memories and personality traits may have had to be imprinted onto the new cells by micro-techniques of chemistry and physics." The main challenge to the scientist of the future will not be revival but eliminating the original cause of death; and in this area, we have every reason for optimism as a result of recent experience. So before anyone dismisses the idea of freezing, he should take a searching look at what we have accomplished in a few decades—and ponder what we're capable of accomplishing over the next few centuries.

PLAYBOY: If such a program does succeed, the person who is frozen will have no way of knowing, of course, if he will ever be successfully revived. Do you think future scientists will be willing, even if they're able, to bring their ancestors back to life?

KUBRICK: Well, 20th Century man may not be quite the cup of tea for a more advanced civilization of even 100 years in the future; but unless the future culture

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has achieved immortality—which is scientifically quite possible—they themselves would be frozen at death, and every generation would have a vested interest in the preservation of the preceding frozen generation in order to be, in turn, preserved by its own descendants. Of course, it would be something of a letdown if, 300 years from now, somebody just pulled the plug on us all, wouldn't it?

Another problem here, quite obviously, is the population explosion; what will be the demographic effect on the earth of billions of frozen bodies suddenly revived and taking their places in society? But by the time future scientists have mastered the techniques to revive their frozen ancestors, space flight will doubtless be a reality and other planets will be open for colonization. In addition, vast freezer facilities could possibly be constructed on the dark side of the moon to store millions of bodies. The problems are legion, of course, but so are the potentialities.

PLAYBOY: Opponents of cryogenic freezing argue that death is the natural and inevitable culmination of life and that we shouldn't tamper with it—even if we're able to do so. How would you answer them?

KUBRICK: Death is no more natural or inevitable than smallpox or diphtheria. Death is a disease and as susceptible to

cure as any other disease. Over the eons, man's powerlessness to prevent death has led him to force it from the forefront of his mind, for his own psychological health, and to accept it unquestioningly as the unavoidable termination. But with the advance of science, this is no longer necessary—or desirable. Freezing is only one possible means of conquering death, and it certainly would not be binding on everyone; those who desire a "natural" death can go ahead and die, just as those in the 19th Century who desired "God-ordained" suffering resisted anesthesia. As Dr. Ettinger has written, "To each his own, and to those who choose not to be frozen, all I can say is—rot in good health."

PLAYBOY: Freezing and resuscitation of the dead is just one revolutionary scientific technique that could transform our society. Looking ahead to the year of your film, 2001, what major social and scientific changes do you foresee?

KUBRICK: Perhaps the greatest breakthrough we may have made by 2001 is the possibility that man may be able to eliminate old age. We've just discussed the steady scientific conquest of disease; even when this is accomplished, however, the scourge of old age will remain. But too many people view senile decay, like death itself, as inevitable. It's nothing

of the sort. The highly respected Russian scientist V. F. Kuprevich has written, "I am sure we can find means for switching off the mechanisms which make cells age." Dr. Bernard Strehler, an eminent gerontology expert, contends that there is no inherent contradiction, no inherent property of cells or of Metazoa that precludes their organization into perpetually functioning and self-replenishing individuals.

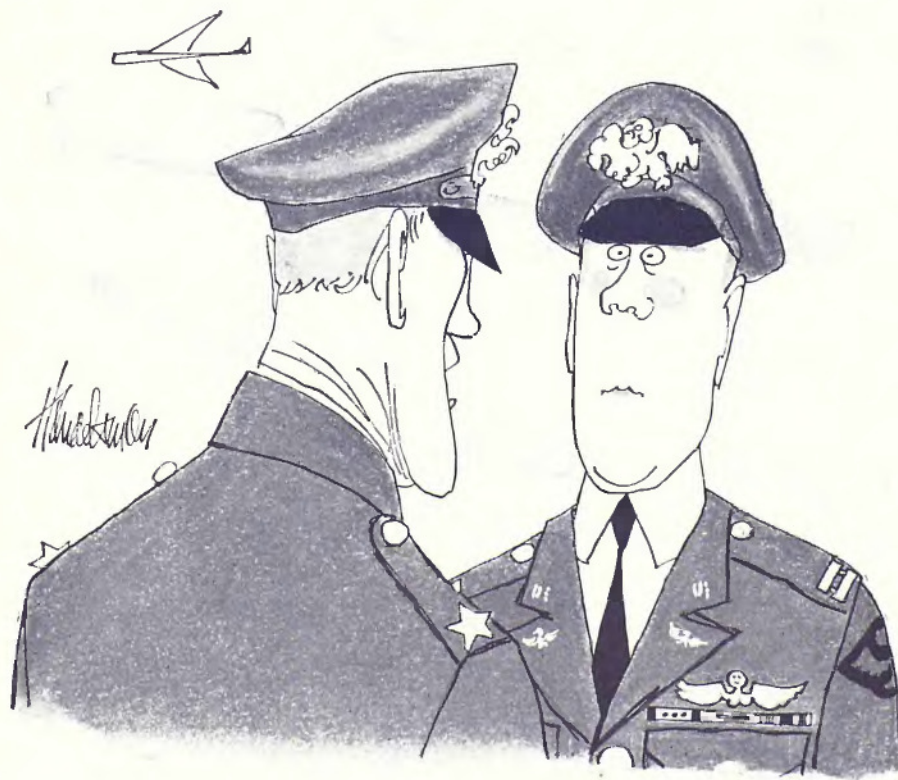
One encouraging indication that we may already be on this road is the work of Dr. Hans Selye, who in his book *Calciophylaxis* presents an intriguing and well-buttressed argument that old age is caused by the transfer of calcium within the body—a transfer that can be arrested by circulating throughout the system specific iron compounds that flush out the calcium, absorb it and prevent it from permeating the tissue. Dr. Selye predicts that we may soon be able to prevent the man of 60 from progressing to the condition of the man of 90. This is something of an understatement; Selye could have added that the man of 60 could stay 60 for hundreds or even thousands of years if all other diseases have been eradicated. Even accidents would not necessarily impair his relative immortality; even if a man is run over by a steam-roller, his mind and body will be completely re-creatable from the tiniest fragment of his tissue, if genetic engineering continues its rapid progress.

PLAYBOY: What impact do you think such dramatic scientific breakthroughs will have on the life style of society at the turn of the century?

KUBRICK: That's almost impossible to say. Who could have predicted in 1900 what life in 1968 would be like? Technology is, in many ways, more predictable than human behavior. Politics and world affairs change so quickly that it's difficult to predict the future of social institutions for even ten years with a modicum of accuracy. By 2001, we could be living in a Gandhiesque paradise where all men are brothers, or in a neofascist dictatorship, or just be muddling along about the way we are today. As technology evolves, however, there's little doubt that the whole concept of leisure will be both quantitatively and qualitatively improved.

PLAYBOY: What about the field of entertainment?

KUBRICK: I'm sure we'll have sophisticated 3-D holographic television and films, and it's possible that completely new forms of entertainment and education will be devised. You might have a machine that taps the brain and ushers you into a vivid dream experience in which you are the protagonist in a romance or an adventure. On a more serious level, a similar machine could directly program you with knowledge; in this way, you might, for example, easily be able to learn fluent German in 20 minutes. Currently, the



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"That'll be all for now, Miss Dunn. I have to get ready for my appointment with my psychiatrist."

learning processes are so laborious and time-consuming that a breakthrough is really needed.

On the other hand, there are some risks in this kind of thing; I understand that at Yale they've been engaging in experiments in which the pleasure center of a mouse's brain has been localized and stimulated by electrodes; the result is that the mouse undergoes an eight-hour orgasm. If pleasure that intense were readily available to all of us, we might well become a race of sensually stultified zombies plugged into pleasure stimulators while machines do our work and our bodies and minds atrophy. We could also have this same problem with psychedelic drugs; they offer great promise of unleashing perceptions, but they also hold commensurate dangers of causing withdrawal and disengagement from life into a totally inner-directed kind of Soma world. At the present time, there are no ideal drugs; but I believe by 2001 we will have devised chemicals with no adverse physical, mental or genetic results that can give wings to

the mind and enlarge perception beyond its present evolutionary capacities.

Actually, up to now, perception on the deepest level has really, from an evolutionary point of view, been detrimental to survival; if primitive man had been content to sit on a ledge by his cave absorbed in a beautiful sunset or a complex cloud configuration, he might never have exterminated his rival species—but neither would he have achieved mastery of the planet. Now, however, man is faced with the unprecedented situation of potentially unlimited material and technological resources at his disposal and a tremendous amount of leisure time. At last, he has the opportunity to look both within and beyond himself with a new perspective—without endangering or impeding the progress of the species. Drugs, intelligently used, can be a valuable guide to this new expansion of our consciousness. But if employed just for kicks, or to dull rather than to expand perception, they can be a highly negative influence. There should be fascinating drugs available by 2001; what use we make of them will be the crucial question.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used LSD or other so-called consciousness-expanding drugs?

KUBRICK: No. I believe that drugs are basically of more use to the audience than to the artist. I think that the illusion of oneness with the universe, and absorption with the significance of every object in your environment, and the pervasive aura of peace and contentment is not the ideal state for an artist. It tranquilizes the creative personality, which thrives on conflict and on the clash and ferment of ideas. The artist's transcendence must be within his own work; he should not impose any artificial barriers between himself and the mainspring of his subconscious. One of the things that's turned me against LSD is that all the people I know who use it have a peculiar inability to distinguish between things that are really interesting and stimulating and things that *appear* so in the state of universal bliss the drug induces on a "good" trip. They seem to completely lose their critical faculties and disengage themselves from some of the most stimulating areas of life. Perhaps when *everything* is beautiful, nothing is beautiful.

PLAYBOY: What stage do you believe today's sexual revolution will have reached by 2001?

KUBRICK: Here again, it's pure speculation. Perhaps there will have been a reaction against present trends, and the pendulum will swing back to a kind of neo-puritanism. But it's more likely that the so-called sexual revolution, midwifed by the pill, will be extended. Through drugs, or perhaps via the sharpening or even mechanical amplification of latent ESP functions, it may be possible for each partner to simultaneously experience the sensations of the other; or we may eventually emerge into polymorphous sexual beings, with the male and female components blurring, merging and interchanging. The potentialities for exploring new areas of sexual experience are virtually boundless.

PLAYBOY: In view of these trends, do you think romantic love may have become unfashionable by 2001?

KUBRICK: Obviously, people are finding it increasingly easy to have intimate and fulfilling relationships outside the concept of romantic love—which, in its present form, is a relatively recent acquisition, developed at the court of Eleanor of Aquitaine in the 12th Century—but the basic love relationship, even at its most obsessional, is too deeply ingrained in man's psyche not to endure in one form or another. It's not going to be easy to circumvent our primitive emotional programming. Man still has essentially the same set of pair-bonding instincts—love, jealousy, possessiveness—imprinted for individual and tribal survival millions of years ago, and these still lie quite close to the

(continued on page 190)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 186)

surface, even in these allegedly enlightened and liberated times.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that by 2001 the institution of the family, which some social scientists have characterized as moribund, may have evolved into something quite different from what it is today?

KUBRICK: One can offer all kinds of impressive intellectual arguments against the family as an institution—its inherent authoritarianism, etc.; but when you get right down to it, the family is the most primitive and visceral and vital unit in society. You may stand outside your wife's hospital room during childbirth muttering, "My God, what a responsibility! Is it right to take on this terrible obligation? What am I really doing here?"; and then you go in and look down at the face of your child and—zap!—that ancient programing takes over and your response is one of wonder and joy and pride. It's a classic case of genetically imprinted social patterns. There are very few things in this world that have an unquestionable importance in and of themselves and are not susceptible to debate or rational argument, but the family is one of them. Perhaps man has been too "liberated" by science and evolutionary social trends. He has been turned loose from religion and has hailed the death of his gods; the imperative loyalties of the old nation-state are dissolving and all the old social and ethical values, however reactionary and narrow they often were,

are disappearing. Man in the 20th Century has been cut adrift in a rudderless boat on an uncharted sea; if he is going to stay sane throughout the voyage, he must have someone to care about, something that is more important than himself.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have detected not only a deep pessimism but also a kind of misanthropy in much of your work. In *Dr. Strangelove*, for example, one reviewer commented that your directorial attitude, despite the film's antiwar message, seemed curiously aloof and detached and unmoved by the annihilation of mankind, almost as if the earth were being cleansed of an infection. Is there any truth to that?

KUBRICK: Good God, no. You don't stop being concerned with man because you recognize his essential absurdities and frailties and pretensions. To me, the only real immorality is that which endangers the species; and the only absolute evil, that which threatens its annihilation. In the deepest sense, I believe in man's potential and in his capacity for progress. In *Strangelove*, I was dealing with the inherent irrationality in man that threatens to destroy him; that irrationality is with us as strongly today, and must be conquered. But a recognition of insanity doesn't imply a celebration of it—nor a sense of despair and futility about the possibility of curing it.

PLAYBOY: In the five years since *Dr. Strangelove* was released, the two major nuclear powers, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.,

have reached substantial accommodation with each other. Do you think this has reduced the danger of nuclear war?

KUBRICK: No. If anything, the overconfident Soviet-American *détente* increases the threat of accidental war through carelessness; this has always been the greatest menace and the one most difficult to cope with. The danger that nuclear weapons may be used—perhaps by a secondary power—is as great if not greater than it has ever been, and it is really quite amazing that the world has been able to adjust to it psychologically with so little apparent dislocation.

Particularly acute is the possibility of war breaking out as the result of a sudden unanticipated flare-up in some part of the world, triggering a panic reaction and catapulting confused and frightened men into decisions they are incapable of making rationally. In addition, the serious threat remains that a psychotic figure somewhere in the modern command structure could start a war, or at the very least a limited exchange of nuclear weapons that could devastate wide areas and cause innumerable casualties. This, of course, was the theme of *Dr. Strangelove*; and I'm not entirely assured that somewhere in the Pentagon or the Red army upper echelons there does not exist the real-life prototype of General Jack D. Ripper.

PLAYBOY: Fail-safe strategists have suggested that one way to obviate the danger that a screwball might spark a war would be to administer psychological-fitness tests to all key personnel in the nuclear command structure. Would that be an effective safeguard?

KUBRICK: No, because any seriously disturbed individual who rose high within the system would have to possess considerable self-discipline and be able to effectively mask his fixations. Such tests already do exist to a limited degree, but you'd really have to be pretty far gone to betray yourself in them, and the type of individual we're discussing would have to be a highly controlled psychopathic personality not to have given himself away long ago. But beyond those tests, how are you going to objectively assess the sanity of the President, in whom, as Commander-in-Chief, the ultimate responsibility for the use of nuclear weapons resides? It's improbable but not impossible that we could someday have a psychopathic President, or a President who suffers a nervous breakdown, or an alcoholic President who, in the course of some stupefying binge, starts a war. You could say that such a man would be detected and restrained by his aides—but with the powers of the Presidency what they are today, who really knows? Less farfetched and even more terrifying is the possibility that a psychopathic individual could work his way into the lower echelons of the White House staff. Can you imagine what might have happened



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"Today you're going to march in there and ask for an increase in knowledge."

at the height of the Cuban Missile Crisis if some deranged waiter had slipped LSD into Kennedy's coffee—or, on the other side of the fence, into Khrushchev's vodka? The possibilities are chilling.

PLAYBOY: Do you share the belief of some psychiatrists that our continued reliance on the balance of nuclear power, with all its attendant risks of global catastrophe, could reflect a kind of collective death wish?

KUBRICK: No, but I think the *fear* of death helps explain why people accept this Damoclean sword over their heads with such bland equanimity. Man is the only creature aware of his own mortality and is at the same time generally incapable of coming to grips with this awareness and all its implications. Millions of people thus, to a greater or lesser degree, experience emotional anxieties, tensions and unresolved conflicts that frequently express themselves in the form of neuroses and a general joylessness that permeates their lives with frustration and

bitterness and increases as they grow older and see the grave yawning before them. As fewer and fewer people find solace in religion as a buffer between themselves and the terminal moment, I actually believe that they unconsciously derive a kind of perverse solace from the idea that in the event of nuclear war, the world dies with them. God is dead, but the bomb endures; thus, they are no longer alone in the terrible vulnerability of their mortality. Sartre once wrote that if there was one thing you could tell a man about to be executed that would make him happy, it was that a comet would strike the earth the next day and destroy every living human being. This is not so much a collective death wish or self-destructive urge as a reflection of the awesome and agonizing loneliness of death. This is extremely pernicious, of course, because it aborts the kind of fury and indignation that should galvanize the world into defusing a situation where a few political leaders on both sides are

seriously prepared to incinerate millions of people out of some misguided sense of national interest.

PLAYBOY: Are you a pacifist?

KUBRICK: I'm not sure what pacifism really means. Would it have been an act of superior morality to have submitted to Hitler in order to avoid war? I don't think so. But there have also been tragically senseless wars such as World War One and the current mess in Vietnam and the plethora of religious wars that pockmark history. What makes today's situation so radically different from anything that has gone before, however, is that, for the first time in history, man has the means to destroy the entire species—and possibly the planet as well. The problem of dramatizing this to the public is that it all seems so abstract and unreal; it's rather like saying, "The sun is going to die in a billion years." What is required as a minimal first corrective step is a concrete alternative to the present balance of terror—one that people can understand and support.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that some form of all-powerful world government, or some radically new social, political and economic system, could deal intelligently and farsightedly with such problems as nuclear war?

KUBRICK: Well, none of the present systems has worked very well, but I don't know what we'd replace them with. The idea of a group of philosopher kings running everything with benign and omniscient paternalism is always attractive, but where do we find the philosopher kings? And if we do find them, how do we provide for their successors? No, it has to be conceded that democratic society, with all its inherent strains and contradictions, is unquestionably the best system anyone ever worked out. I believe it was Churchill who once remarked that democracy is the worst social system in the world, except for all the others.

PLAYBOY: You've been accused of revealing, in your films, a strong hostility to the modern industrialized society of the democratic West, and a particular antagonism—ambivalently laced with a kind of morbid fascination—toward automation. Your critics claim this was especially evident in *2001*, where the archvillain of the film, the computer Hal 9000, was in a sense the only human being. Do you believe that machines are becoming more like men and men more like machines—and do you detect an eventual struggle for dominance between the two?

KUBRICK: First of all, I'm not hostile toward machines at all; just the opposite, in fact. There's no doubt that we're entering a mechanarchy, however, and that our already complex relationship with our machinery will become even more complex as the machines become more and more intelligent. Eventually, we will have to share this planet with machines whose intelligence and



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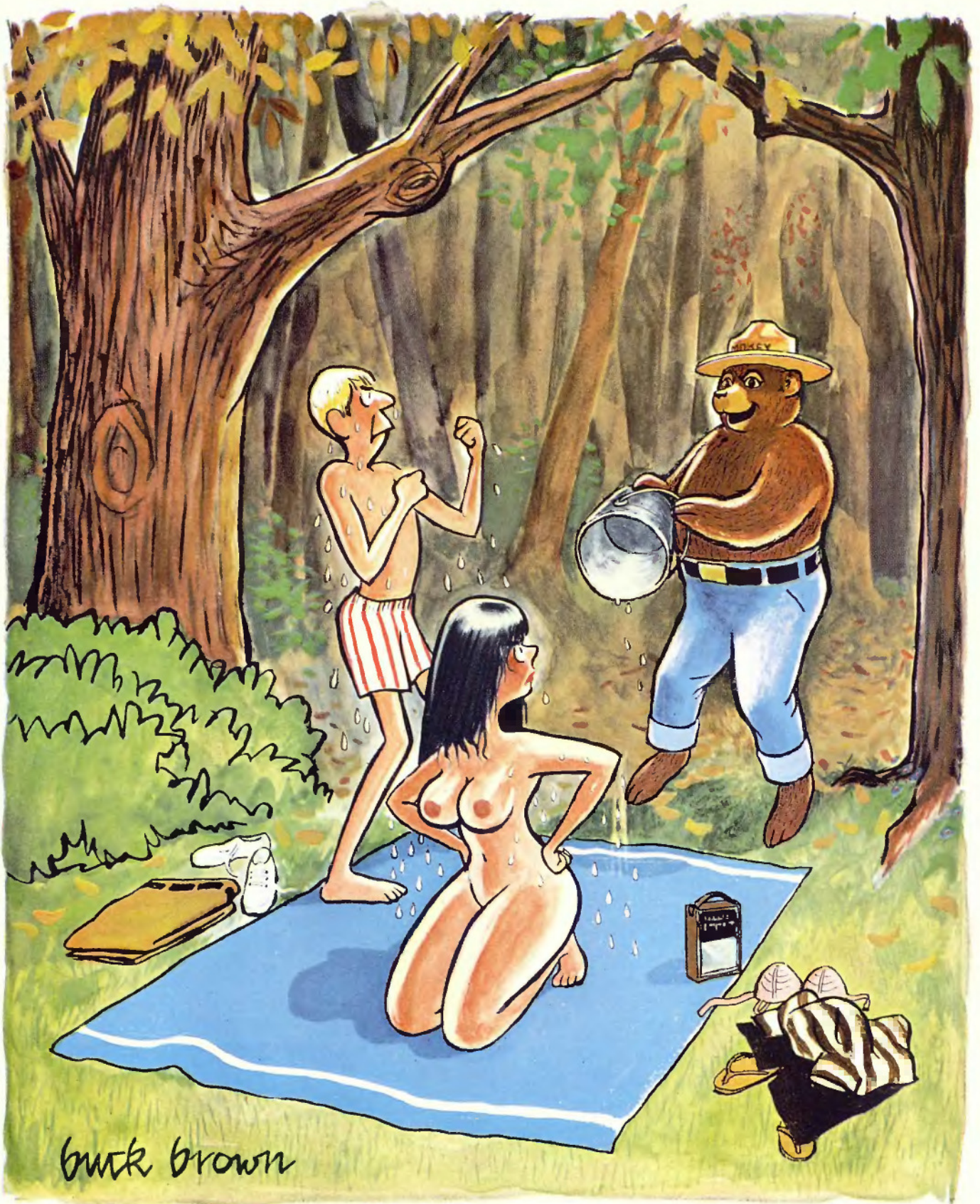
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abilities far surpass our own. But the interrelationship—if intelligently managed by man—could have an immeasurably enriching effect on society.

Looking into the distant future, I suppose it's not inconceivable that a semisentient robot-computer subculture could evolve that might one day decide it no longer needed man. You've probably heard the story about the ultimate computer of the future: For months scientists think of the first question to pose to it, and finally they hit on the right one: "Is there a God?" After a moment of whirring and flashing lights, a card comes out, punched with the words: THERE IS NOW. But this problem is a distant one and I'm not staying up nights worrying about it; I'm convinced that our toasters and TVs are fully domesticated, though I'm not so sure about integrated telephone circuits, which sometimes strike me as possessing a malevolent life all their own.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of futuristic electronics and mechanics, *2001's* incredibly elaborate gadgetry and scenes of space flight have been hailed—even by hostile critics—as a major cinematic breakthrough. How were you able to achieve such remarkable special effects?

KUBRICK: I can't answer that question technically in the time we have available, but I can say that it was necessary to conceive, design and engineer completely new techniques in order to produce the special effects. This took 18 months and \$6,500,000 out of a \$10,500,000 budget. I think an extraordinary amount of credit must go to Robert H. O'Brien, the president of MGM, who had sufficient faith to allow me to persevere at what must have at times appeared to be a task without end. But I felt it was necessary to make this film in such a way that every special-effects shot in it would be completely convincing—something that had never before been accomplished in a motion picture.

PLAYBOY: Thanks to those special effects, *2001* is undoubtedly the most graphic depiction of space flight in the history of films—and yet you have admitted that you yourself refuse to fly, even in a commercial jet liner. Why?

KUBRICK: I suppose it comes down to a rather awesome awareness of mortality. Our ability, unlike the other animals, to conceptualize our own end creates tremendous psychic strains within us; whether we like to admit it or not, in each man's chest a tiny ferret of fear at this ultimate knowledge gnaws away at his ego and his sense of purpose. We're fortunate, in a way, that our body, and the fulfillment of its needs and functions, plays such an imperative role in our lives; this physical shell creates a buffer between us and the mind-paralyzing realization that only a few years of existence separate birth from death. If man really sat back and thought about his impending termination, and his terrifying insignificance and aloneness in the cosmos,

he would surely go mad, or succumb to a numbing sense of futility. Why, he might ask himself, should he bother to write a great symphony, or strive to make a living, or even to love another, when he is no more than a momentary microbe on a dust mote whirling through the unimaginable immensity of space?

Those of us who are forced by their own sensibilities to view their lives in this perspective—who recognize that there is no purpose they can comprehend and that amidst a countless myriad of stars their existence goes unknown and unchronicled—can fall prey all too easily to the ultimate *anomie*. I can well understand how life became for Matthew Arnold "a darkling plain . . . where ignorant armies clash by night . . . and there is neither love nor hope nor certitude nor faith nor surcease from pain." But even for those who lack the sensitivity to more than vaguely comprehend their transience and their triviality, this inchoate awareness robs life of meaning and purpose; it's why "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," why so many of us find our lives as absent of meaning as our deaths.

The world's religions, for all their parochialism, did supply a kind of consolation for this great ache; but as clergymen now pronounce the death of God and, to quote Arnold again, "the sea of faith" recedes around the world with a "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar," man has no crutch left on which to lean—and no hope, however irrational, to give purpose to his existence. This shattering recognition of our mortality is at the root of far more mental illness than I suspect even psychiatrists are aware.

PLAYBOY: If life is so purposeless, do you feel that it's worth living?

KUBRICK: Yes, for those of us who manage somehow to cope with our mortality. The very meaninglessness of life forces man to create his own meaning. Children, of course, begin life with an untarnished sense of wonder, a capacity to experience total joy at something as simple as the greenness of a leaf; but as they grow older, the awareness of death and decay begins to impinge on their consciousness and subtly erode their *joie de vivre*, their idealism—and their assumption of immortality. As a child matures, he sees death and pain everywhere about him, and begins to lose faith in faith and in the ultimate goodness of man. But if he's reasonably strong—and lucky—he can emerge from this twilight of the soul into a rebirth of life's *élan*. Both because of and in spite of his awareness of the meaninglessness of life, he can forge a fresh sense of purpose and affirmation. He may not recapture the same pure sense of wonder he was born with, but he can shape something far more enduring and sustaining. The most terrifying fact about the universe is not that it is hostile but that it is indifferent; but if we can come to

terms with this indifference and accept the challenges of life within the boundaries of death—however mutable man may be able to make them—our existence as a species can have genuine meaning and fulfillment. However vast the darkness, we must supply our own light.

PLAYBOY: Will we be able to find any deep meaning or fulfillment, either as individuals or as a species, as long as we continue to live with the knowledge that all human life could be snuffed out at any moment in a nuclear catastrophe?

KUBRICK: We *must*, for in the final analysis, there may be no sound way to eliminate the threat of self-extinction without changing human nature; even if you managed to get every country disarmed down to the bow and arrow, you would still be unable to lobotomize either the knowledge of how to build nuclear warheads or the perversity that allows us to rationalize their use. Given these two categorical imperatives in a disarmed world, the first country to amass even a few weapons would have a great incentive to use them quickly. So an argument might be made that there is a greater chance for *some* use of nuclear weapons in a totally disarmed world, though less chance of global extinction; while in a world armed to the teeth, you have less chance for *some* use—but a great chance of extinction if they're used.

If you try to remove yourself from an earthly perspective and look at this tragic paradox with the detachment of an extraterrestrial, the whole thing is totally irrational. Man now has the power in one mad, incandescent moment, as you point out, to exterminate the entire species; our own generation could be the last on earth. One miscalculation and all the achievements of history could vanish in a mushroom cloud; one misstep and all of man's aspirations and strivings over the millennia could be terminated. One short circuit in a computer, one lunatic in a command structure and we could negate the heritage of the billions who have died since the dawn of man and abort the promise of the billions yet unborn—the ultimate genocide. What an irony that the discovery of nuclear power, with its potential for annihilation, also constitutes the first tottering step into the universe that must be taken by all intelligent worlds. Unhappily, the infant-mortality rate among emerging civilizations in the cosmos may be very high. Not that it will matter except to us; the destruction of this planet would have no significance on a cosmic scale; to an observer in the Andromeda nebulae, the sign of our extinction would be no more than a match flaring for a second in the heavens; and if that match does blaze in the darkness, there will be none to mourn a race that used a power that could have lit a beacon in the stars to light its funeral pyre. The choice is ours.



PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 122)

of new runners Jack Paget and Paul Harrington.

Midwestern sportswriters sometimes grumble about Notre Dame's persistent policy of not accepting Bowl bids. But every game is the battle of Armageddon—a victory over the Irish could even make a success of an otherwise winless season. This situation is further complicated by the fact that many Irish fans look upon even an occasional defeat as an affront to their dignity and a violation of their rights. In the South Bend scale of values, therefore, this may be a dismal season—the White Knights of the Greensward will probably lose a couple of games.

But it should certainly be an exciting fall. In fact, season records for scoring—for and against the Irish—will probably be set. In short, the offense will be brilliant but the defenders will be considerably less ferocious than last year. Backing up PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Terry Hanratty are four other slingers who could be first-stringers if given the slightest opportunity. There is also a surplus of good receivers and big, fast running backs. To top it all off, the front line, led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle George Kunz, is beefy and experienced. The fate of the Irish defensive corps, however, depends on how well some promising sophs come through, especially in the secondary. Tackle Tony Capers and defensive back

Ernie Jackson are the most welcome newcomers. Though it will probably be easier to score on Notre Dame this year,

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Purdue	9-1	Iowa	4-6
Ohio State	8-1	Illinois	4-6
Minnesota	8-2	Wisconsin	4-6
Indiana	7-3	Northwestern	3-7
Michigan State	6-4	Michigan	3-7

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Ohio University	8-2	Western	
Toledo	8-2	Michigan	6-3
Miami	7-3	Kent State	3-7
Bowling Green	7-3	Marshall	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8-2	Xavier	4-6
Dayton	5-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Keyes, Williams, Kyle, Phipps (Purdue); Foley, Mayes (Ohio St.); Stein, Jones, Carter (Minn.); Gonso, Isenbarger, Sniadecki, Snowden (Indiana); Brenner, Bailey, Saul (Mich. St.); Podolak, Bream (Iowa); Pleviak, Naponic (Ill.); Criter, Schoessow (Wisconsin); Johnson, Stincic (Michigan); Rudnay, Kurzawski, Cornell (Northwestern); Hanratty, Kunz, Seymour, Olson, McCoy (Notre Dame); Green, Zolciak (Bowling Green); Hamlin (Western Mich.); Babich, Arthur (Miami); Moss, Tucker (Toledo); Carmon, Bryant, Conley (Ohio U.); Hurst, Ball (Marshall); Corrigan, Walter (Kent St.); Biebuyck (Dayton); Shinnars, Waller (Xavier).

the brutal offense may carry the Irish unscathed through the season, even though

every opponent on the schedule will be tougher this year than last.

Notre Dame could meet defeat in its second game, against perennial opponent Purdue. The Boilermakers, if you can believe it, look better this year than last. Returning for this year's festivities are three All-Conference backs, including PLAYBOY All-America halfback Leroy Keyes. (Listing Keyes as merely a halfback is actually an injustice: he is not only the best runner in college football but also the best defensive back in the nation, possibly the best receiver in the country, the best punter and kickoff specialist in the Big Ten and he can heave a pass better than most college quarterbacks.) Of equal moment is the fact that a covey of top receivers returns to complement passer Mike Phipps, who is probably the leading junior quarterback in the nation. Most of the Boilermakers' graduation losses were linemen; but by fortunate coincidence, the sophomore contingent is loaded. So if the Boilermakers don't become too complacent from reading their press clippings (a weakness common among teams with high preseason ratings), it could be a big year in Lafayette. Our confidence in the over-all excellence of Keyes and Company leads us to tab them the number-one team in the country.

Purdue's strength is symbolic of a new revival of power in the Big Ten this season. For the past four or five years, the hoary legend of the Big Ten's over-all supremacy in college football has been badly shaken. In fact, it has been thoroughly disproved. Pedagogical prophets and sports-page whiners alike have predicted that the Big Ten would go the way of the Ivy League: Gridiron power would be sacrificed on the altar of academic excellence, and second-rate but tradition-laden teams would play "entertaining" ball in ivy-covered stadiums. But this isn't about to happen. The abandonment of one insupportable preconception doesn't necessitate the adoption of another.

In fact, the Big Ten this season should be stronger overall than in any year in recent history. Some teams, such as Northwestern and Illinois, will be considerably better than a year ago, but the improved opposition will probably preclude any progress in the won-lost column. The most dramatically improved team in the Big Ten will probably be Ohio State. Woody Hayes has been stockpiling talent through three relatively lean years and his efforts have paid off. Woody doesn't take defeats easily; he has a long list of scores to settle and this is the year of revenge on the Buckeye calendar. Not only are the Buckeyes big, deep and experienced but Woody has armed himself with his favorite weapon—a whole collection of bellicose fullbacks. Jim Otis and Paul



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Huff return, and soph John Brockington may be good enough to displace both of them. Also, new quarterback Rex Kern could play ahead of veteran Bill Long. So look for Woody's new wrinkle for '68—seven yards and a cloud of dust.

One thing in Ohio State's favor is that Minnesota is missing from the schedule. Coach Murray Warmath always seems to build a better team from the available athletes than anyone thinks possible. This year, happily, Murray has a surfeit of choice pupils in camp. The Minnesota defense, led by PLAYBOY All-America end Bob Stein, will be as rugged as always, and the offense should be considerably more explosive than in '67. Jim Carter and soph Barry Mayer could be the best fullback tandem in the nation. The Minnesota-Purdue game should decide who goes to the Rose Bowl.

What can we say about Indiana that hasn't already been said? Seldom has a team captured the imagination of a whole nation the way the Hoosiers did last fall. Indiana hadn't had a really good season in ages, yet there they were pulling game after game out of the fire with breakneck heroics. Even our friend Bishop James A. Pike wore a lapel button that proclaimed, GOD IS ALIVE AND PLAYING HALFBACK AT INDIANA. Whatever his true identity, John Isenbarger returns, as do his classy classmates Harry Gonso and Jade Butcher. Incredibly, there are so many speedsters on the soph squad that any of these worthies could lose his starting berth by season's end. There are also a number of new quality linemen to replace graduation losses. In short, the Hoosiers should be an even more powerful crew this year than last. Trouble is, however, opponents have at last become true believers, and Indiana simply can't expect to bushwhack any unsuspecting teams this year. This fact, together with a tougher schedule, will probably mean that the Hoosiers will win fewer games with a better team. But one thing is for sure: Johnny Pont has led them out of the wilderness and they are here to stay for a while.

Duffy Daugherty has established a pleasant tradition at Michigan State—a bad season is always followed by an excellent one. If he turns the trick this year, Duffy will really be a miracle worker. Last year's major problem, ineffective player leadership (translation: morale problems), is again a factor. Also, last season's crippling rash of injuries continued in spring practice. If the halt and lame recover and if some of the fine newcomers take over quickly, Michigan State could have a good year. But we doubt that the Spartans can survive the ordeal of playing Minnesota, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Indiana and Purdue consecutively.

For two years now, Iowa partisans have insisted that despite Iowa's dismal

won-lost records, Ed Podolak is the finest quarterback in the Big Ten. The Iowa squad is at last deep enough and skilled enough to give Podolak some support; but, incongruously, he may not have a chance to take advantage of it. Reason: Junior Mike Cilek and supersophs Larry Lawrence and Roy Bash look even sharper than Podolak to some observers. The Hawkeyes will be better in all phases of the game, especially in defense, which was last season's Achilles' heel.

If the Illinois team can at last adjust to Jim Valek's coaching tactics and if quarterback Bob Naponic can stay healthy, some of last year's disappointment can be assuaged. The squad is still thin—by past Illinois standards—and a bit of player dissension has taken its toll on morale. Yet, the one thing that did most to scuttle Illini hopes last season—injuries—probably won't recur with such devastation. With fullback Rich Johnson and speedy Dave Jackson and Bill Huston rejoining Naponic in the backfield, the Illinois offense could be explosive.

Wisconsin, we are happy to report, is convalescing nicely. Last season's indisposition (no wins) was caused primarily by a lack of reserves. A large transfusion of new talent has arrived and the young and inexperienced Badgers should improve as the season progresses.

We confidently predict that Northwestern will be the number-one team in the nation this fall—if they win their first five games (Miami, Southern Cal, Purdue, Notre Dame and Ohio State). Such a schedule would intimidate a lesser man than Alex Agase. But in football, Alex has the instinctive belligerence of a water buffalo and his teams make up in pugnaciousness whatever they may lack in ability. The Wildcats will actually be deeper and abler this fall than in any year since Alex took over at Evanston, but a game-breaking offense is missing. Sheer guts can accomplish a lot on the football field, however, so the Wildcats should come out of the season with a couple of big scalps to go along with the scars.

It looks like slim pickings at Michigan this fall. The Wolverines have a top-flight veteran backfield, but depth at all positions is a very serious problem. If some receivers can be found to catch quarterback Dennis Brown's passes, and if most of the first-stringers avoid injury, Michigan could be stronger than we suspect. Ron Johnson is a fantastic runner, and on a more notable team, he would be a certain All-American.

Last year's Mid-American Conference co-champions could again share the title. Toledo should do a replay of last year, when the Rockets enjoyed their best season ever. Ohio University looks even more

formidable, with all of '67's best players returning. Both Bowling Green and Miami have a chance to usurp Conference honors. Both squads are experienced and will field tenacious defenses. Miami's bulwarks will be manned by PLAYBOY All-America Bob Babich, who is tabbed by pro scouts as the roughest linebacker in the country. Kent State begins a rebuilding job with new coach Dave Puddington, who has installed a razzle-dazzle offense called the shooting I.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Florida	9-1	Auburn	6-4
Tennessee	8-2	Mississippi	5-5
Georgia	7-3	Vanderbilt	4-6
Alabama	7-3	Mississippi St.	3-7
Louisiana State	7-3	Kentucky	2-8

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	6-4	Wake Forest	5-5
Virginia	6-4	North Carolina	3-7
N. C. State	6-4	Maryland	3-7
South Carolina	6-4	Duke	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

East Carolina	7-3	Furman	4-6
Virginia Military	5-5	Richmond	4-6
The Citadel	5-5	Davidson	4-5
William & Mary	4-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	8-2	Southern Miss	7-3
Miami	6-4	Virginia Tech	4-6
Georgia Tech	4-6	Tulane	4-6

TOP PLAYERS: Smith, Dennis, Yarbrough, Mann, Tannen (Florida); Rosenfelder, Weatherford, Kell (Tennessee); Morel, Allen, Hamlett (LSU); Stanfill, Scott, Lawrence (Georgia); Ford, Samples, Childs, Wade (Alabama); McClinton, Carter (Auburn); Cannon, Shows, Hindman (Mississippi); Healy (Vanderbilt); Pharr, Rhoades (Mississippi St.); Lyons, Palmer (Kentucky); Gore, Ducworth, Mulligan (Clemson); Capuano, Carpenter, Jordan (North Carolina St.); Quayle, Shelly (Virginia); Muir, Galloway, Bice (South Carolina); Summers, Pate, Dolbin (Wake Forest); Bomar, Chalupka (North Carolina); Pastrana (Maryland); Biddle (Duke); Colson, Wheeler, Tyson (East Carolina); Small, Isaac (Citadel); Habasevich (VMI); Cavanaugh, Zychowski (William & Mary); Keith (Davidson); Hewell, Hahn (Furman); Gillette, O'Brien, Irvin (Richmond); Sellers, McCullers, Glass, Fenwick (Florida St.); Hendricks, Opalsky, Acuff, Pierce (Miami); Wilcox, Sias (Georgia Tech); Moore, Haber, Bankston (Tulane); Barnes (Southern Miss); Davidson, Harvey (Virginia Tech).

In cotton country, this should be the year of the alligator. In his eight years at Florida, coach Ray Graves has never allowed his Gators to finish very far from the top and the current team is the best group of athletes he has fielded yet. In fact, with the possible exception of the kicking game, the Florida squad has no apparent weaknesses. PLAYBOY All-America fullback Larry Smith leads the most exciting backfield in the South and PLAYBOY All-America guard Guy Dennis anchors an agile offensive line. To go

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"OK. If I promise to do all I can to get the troops out of Vietnam, eradicate the slums, legalize marijuana and guarantee an annual wage for everyone, then will you go to bed with me?"

with all this offensive muscle, the Gators have the most rugged defensive unit in recent years. David Mann, says Graves, is the best college linebacker he has ever coached. With a bit of luck, Florida could finish the season undefeated.

The situation at Tennessee is the reverse of a year ago: The Vols will have a veteran defense to go with an inexperienced offense. Graduation nearly obliterated the attack unit. However, the few survivors are blue chippers and the replacements are nearly the equal of their predecessors. PLAYBOY All-America guard Charles Rosenfelder leads an offensive line that might outlast last year's superb crew. Soph center Chip Kell will probably dim fond memories of departed Bob Johnson. The backfield, despite losses, will be deadly, as passer Bubba Wyche and runner Mike Jones step into starting roles.

Alabama won eight games last year because a great quarterback carried a relatively ordinary squad to victories they couldn't otherwise have won. But Ken Stabler is gone and no one comparable is available to replace him. The Alabama squad as a whole should be sounder in '68, and Tommy Wade could turn out to be a spectacular runner. But unless the Bear can dig up another passer, we won't see an Alabama powerhouse.

Georgia and LSU will have replacement problems at quarterback, too. Prospects at Georgia are bright, however, because strong-armed sophomore Mike Cavan will probably be running the show by midseason. If coach Vince Dooley can scrounge some offensive linemen to

block for runner Kent Lawrence, the Bulldogs could challenge Florida and Tennessee. The Georgia defense, led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Bill Stanfill, will probably be the stingiest in the South.

The LSU coaching staff is looking for someone who can approximate quarterback Nelson Stokley's superhero performance during his senior year, when he managed to stay healthy the whole season. Unless someone can be found to ignite the offense as Stokley did, the Tigers can't expect to be as potent. The running game will be good, though, and if the youngsters on the defensive unit survive the opening game with Texas A&M without too many traumatic experiences, the LSU defense will be as vicious as ever.

Auburn will again upset some higher-rated teams if its young linemen mature quickly. The running game, last year's weakness, has shaped up and quarterback Loran Carter ranks with the great college passers.

Mississippi is our nomination for Southeastern Conference dark horse. Although the Rebels suffered severe graduation losses, the replacements are first-rate. The best group of yearlings in cons features a brilliant young passer, Archie Manning. As many as ten sophomores will be starters and growing pains will be evident; but by midseason the Rebels should have their best offensive unit in several seasons. Consistent passing, long missing in Oxford, should make the big difference. The Rebels will finish strong.

Vanderbilt, Kentucky and Mississippi

State are still fighting the rebuilding battle. Most progress seems to be in Nashville, where athletic director Jess Neely is pumping fresh life into the Vanderbilt athletic program. Some progress will be evident this year. A gungho recruiting campaign is under way, so look for a major revival of power in the next few years.

Dicky Lyons was virtually a one-man team at Kentucky last year, and he may have to repeat the performance this season if newcomers Stan Forson at quarterback and Raynard Makin at fullback don't measure up to advance billings. The Wildcat squad will be sturdier and injuries probably won't be as devastating this year as last, but the schedule is so horrendous that a break-even season would be a minor miracle.

Quarterback Tommy Pharr and a now-healthy Andy Rhoades will give Mississippi State the offense that was so evidently missing in '67, but depth is still a problem. Yet, things are looking up in Starkville. The schedule has been eased a bit and more top-flight players are available than in recent years.

Clemson will again be the favorite to win the Atlantic Coast Conference title, though the non-Conference schedule may prevent the Tigers from having the best won-lost record. Buddy Gore could be an All-American, if coach Frank Howard can patch up a depleted offensive line to provide some blocking. The Tiger defense should be the best in school history, so no one is going to run up a high score on them.

Only 5 of 22 starters return from North Carolina State's Liberty Bowl team, so the Wolfpack can't hope to do it again. There is a good supply of flashy offensive backs, however, and with field-goal specialist Gerald Warren, the Wolfpack will still have good scoring potential. If the young linemen come through, this year could be a repeat of last.

Most improved team in the A.C.C. should be Virginia. A souped-up passing game will take some of the pressure off tailback Frank Quayle, who is one of the best runners anywhere. The Cavalier defense will again be solid. If the opening game with Purdue doesn't prove to be too ghastly an experience, Virginia could have its winningest season in years.

Coach Paul Dietzel's campaign to revive South Carolina gridiron fortunes will show a little progress this year. The Gamecocks will depend on an untested soph quarterback, Tommy Suggs. The running game should be explosive, however, because Benny Galloway returns and Warren Muir could develop into the most crunching fullback.

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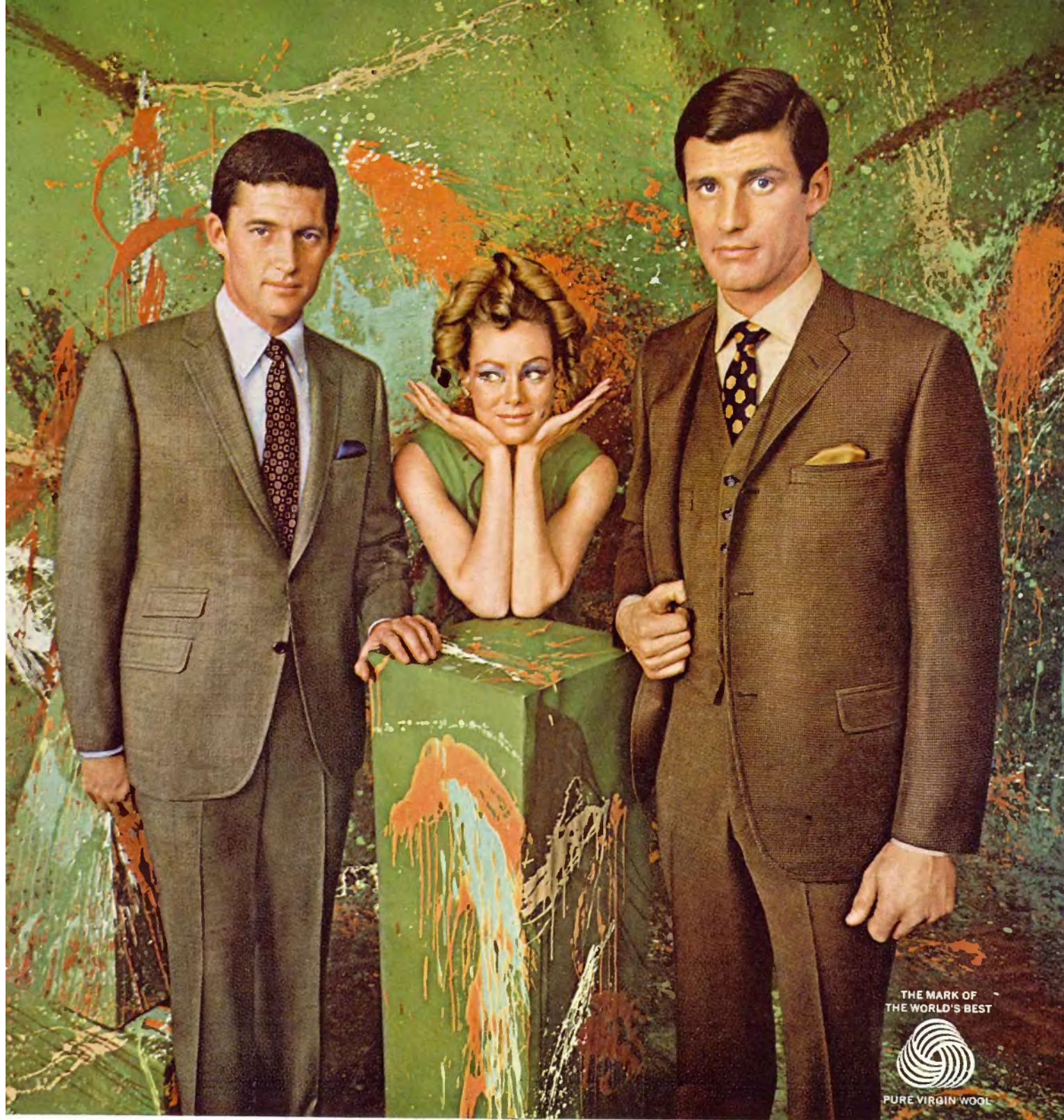


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Forest, though the Deacons have come a long way in the past few seasons. The defense seems to have been shored up and the offense should still be hot. Non-Conference games against the likes of Purdue, Minnesota and Florida State could keep the Deacons from looking as good as they are. If some junior college transfers come through, Wake Forest could be the upset team of the league.

It's going to be another lean year at North Carolina, Duke and Maryland. The North Carolina squad will still be young, slow and small, though they will have the benefit of a year's experience under coach Bill Dooley. There is a good backfield and supersoph Tony Blanchard (Doc's son) will add size and speed to the offensive line. The good news at Maryland is that quarterback Al Pastrana is healthy and will return. Several outstanding sophs are on hand. The Terps should do much to erase memories of last season's winless campaign. Duke has the potential to field the best passing attack in the Conference, but not much else to go with it.

East Carolina, with its gutsy single-wing offense, will continue to dominate the Southern Conference. An outstanding tailback could lead the Pirates to an undefeated season. The Citadel will be the most improved team in the Conference. Pro scouts insist that linebacker John Small could be the best in the land by the time he graduates.

If the University of Florida isn't the number-one team in the South this season, there is a good chance that Florida State will be. Word from Tallahassee is that the defense may be the best ever fielded at State. The offense features two blue-chip quarterbacks, Bill Cappleman and Gary Pajcic, who will throw to a whole covey of sure-handed receivers, best of whom is *PLAYBOY* All-America flanker Ron Sellers. Some adequate running backs to take the pressure off the passers could produce a victory in the September 28th game with archrival Florida—and lead to a major Bowl at season's end.

Defense, as usual, will be Miami's asset, thanks largely to the presence of *PLAYBOY* All-America defensive end Ted Hendricks. Offensive problems are unchanged: lack of an effective passer and a thin offensive line. If quarterback David Teal realizes his potential and if runner Vincent Opalsky gets some blocking, the Hurricanes could be as potent as last year, although the punishing schedule may be too much for them.

Georgia Tech is on its way back to respectability, but this year's squad will be too young to make a complete comeback. It is unlikely that last year's unbelievable rash of injuries will be repeated, so the Yellow Jackets should gain poise as the season progresses.

Coach Jim Pittman enters his third year of a rebuilding program at Tulane, with more quality athletes available than in recent seasons. But the Green Wave is still two years away.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	8-2	Colorado	5-5
Kansas	7-3	Oklahoma State	4-6
Missouri	7-3	Iowa State	3-7
Oklahoma	6-4	Kansas State	3-7

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas A&M	8-2	Texas Christian	4-6
Texas	8-2	Rice	4-6
Arkansas	7-3	Baylor	3-7
Texas Tech	5-5	SMU	3-7

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

North Texas St.	8-2	Louisville	6-4
Tulsa	6-4	Wichita State	5-5
Memphis State	6-4	Cincinnati	4-6

INDEPENDENTS

Houston	8-2	West Texas St.	6-4
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TOP PLAYERS: Davis, Patrick, Orduna (Nebraska); Wehrli, Stagers (Missouri); Douglass, Zook (Kansas); Hinton, Barrett, Owens (Oklahoma); Montler, Schnitker, Anderson (Colorado); Kolb, Philpott (Oklahoma St.); Davis, Jones (Kansas St.); Muldrew (Iowa St.); Hobbs, Hargett, Krueger (Texas A&M); Gilbert, Abbott, Robertson (Texas); Adams, Dickey, Barnes, Montgomery (Arkansas); Ray, Montgomery (TCU); Shelton, Winston (Rice); Stevens (Baylor); Moylan, Stewart (Texas Tech); Levas (SMU); Greene, Shanklin, Ramsey (North Texas St.); Rushing, McRight (Memphis St.); Jenkins, Wood (Tulsa); Bougess, Phelps (Louisville); Pate, O'Brien (Cincinnati); Jones, Stiversen (Wichita St.); Gipson, Cloud, Gardner, Peacock (Houston); Morris, Drones (West Texas St.).

The Big Eight could very well be the strongest Conference in the country this year. At least six of the eight are capable of winding up in the nation's top 20 teams. With a round-robin schedule, however, somebody is going to get eliminated, and there is a good possibility that the combatants will take turns knocking one another out of the national rankings.

When the debris clears, though, the winner should be Nebraska. One year out of the Conference throne room is enough for the Huskers. The offense, led by fullback Dick Davis and super quarterback Frank Patrick, returns almost intact, and the defense will be as unmovable as ever.

There are probably more great quarterbacks in the Big Eight this year than any Conference has ever had in a single season. Best of the lot is Kansas slinger Bobby Douglass, whom pro scouts tab as *the* prospect in college ball. Douglass will be surrounded by virtually the same team that was the surprise of the Conference in '67.

Missouri could upstage Nebraska. New quarterback Terry McMillan and belated rookie fullback James Harrison give the Tigers a sorely needed offensive punch

to go with a defense that was second best in the nation last season. Coach Dan Devine almost always fields more power than opponents expect him to, and we have a hunch that this year will be no exception.

Despite a good supply of returning talent, it will be hard for Oklahoma to repeat last year's success. Starting off with Notre Dame doesn't help. The Sooners, still fast and elusive, will move the ball well, but size and reserves are inadequate for the harrowing schedule. Luck and injuries will determine Oklahoma's fortunes this season.

Colorado's entry into the Big Eight quarterback derby is Bob Anderson, who will probably be 90 percent of the Buffalo offense this year. Graduation cleaned out the offensive line except for *PLAYBOY* All-America tackle Mike Montler. Unless the Buffs can find some help for Montler, passer Anderson won't have much time to throw to fine receivers Monte Huber and Mike Pruett. The Colorado squad is deep, however, so with a little luck, this season could be another winning one.

Both Kansas State and Oklahoma State will be stronger, but that also applies to nearly every team on their schedules, so fans probably won't notice much difference. Kansas State's offense will be dramatically improved. Tailback Russell Harrison could be the top sophomore back in the nation and junior college transfer Mack Herron was the leading J. C. runner in the country last year. If coach Vince Gibson can get some blockers (a woeful weakness last year) in front of these sprinters, Kansas State could be this year's big surprise in the plains country. Iowa State begins rebuilding under new coach John Majors. Bodies are scarce in Ames, so Cyclone fans will have to wait for a winning team.

The last few years have been lean ones in cow country. The three winningest teams in the Southwest Conference in '67, for example, each had 6-4 records. But this should be a revival season. The juggernauts appear to be Texas and Texas A&M, so the Conference honors should be decided when these aggregations tangle in the final game of the season on Thanksgiving Day. If we had to choose a winner right now, our nod would go to A&M. Coach Gene Stallings has assembled a trim and gutsy group of infighters at College Station. A blitzkrieg offense built around superb slinger Edd Hargett combines with a hell-for-leather defense that wreaks mayhem upon opponents. The defensive ringleader is *PLAYBOY* All-America linebacker Bill Hobbs. On offense, watch the fleet Larry Stegent. In fact, A&M has everything to be all-victorious except enough reserve to cope with more than a few injuries. So if the

Aggies stay healthy, they will be among the land's leading teams.

Coach Darrell Royal has at last completed his long and arduous reconstruction project at Texas. Result: The Longhorns should resemble the Texas war machines of the early Sixties. Backfield aces Chris Gilbert, Bill Bradley and Ted Koy return along with a crop of prime yearlings who might displace some of the veterans. Most notable is gangbusting fullback Steve Worster, who will probably be a Texas hero his first year. If the Longhorns can shake the injury bug that has pestered them the past two seasons, they will be a full match for Texas A&M.

Arkansas should be the chart climber in the Southwest Conference. The rebuilding project at Fayetteville was apparently a short and efficient one, because this squad looks nearly as good as any coach Frank Broyles has fielded. The arrival of heralded sophomore quarterback Bill Montgomery will give the Porkers

needed offensive stability. To take advantage of Montgomery's talents, Broyles is switching to a pro-type offense.

Texas Christian's success this season depends heavily upon finding an effective quarterback—a problem that has plagued the Frogs for several seasons. Coach Fred Taylor has a fabulous stable of runners and the defensive line could be nearly impregnable. Regardless of the quarterback problem, TCU will be tougher, but so will the opposition, so it will be difficult for the Frogs to do better than break even.

If quarterback Robby Shelton fully recovers from last season's injuries, Rice could be a surprise team. Shelton has a prime group of receivers and the Owls have had a full year to adjust to Bo Hagan's coaching style.

Baylor is ready, but a devastating schedule could defeat any chance of a decent won-lost record. The Bears at last have quality at quarterback, the offensive line

could be the best in years and the Bear defense will be solid. Yet, if Baylor finishes even, coach John Bridgers will be a genius. It looks like another skimpy year at SMU. Phenomenal Jerry Levias returns at split end, but Mike Livingston, the other half of last year's great passing combo, has graduated. If new passer Chuck Hixson can get the ball to Levias often enough, the Mustangs will again pull off a couple of startling upsets. But the SMU squad will be too young and too small to compete with most opponents.

North Texas State will be the power of the Missouri Valley Conference. The Eagles still have the sizzling threat of passer Steve Ramsey and flanker Ronnie Shanklin. The defense is anchored by **PLAYBOY** All-America tackle Joe Greene, whose lethal presence has given the North Texas defensive unit a new name—the Mean Green.

Graduation losses cut heavily into the Memphis State offense, though the defense—always coach Billy Murphy's stock in trade—will remain one of the most impenetrable anywhere. Tailback Nick Pappas, a blazer, could help give the Tigers an awesome running game. Tulsa will field the usual aerial circus, this time with help from highly touted soph slinger Johnny Dobbs (the coach's son), who looks so good that last year's quarterback Mike Stripling could be moved to flanker. Protecting the passers with green linemen will be difficult, though, and finding replacements for a few tons of graduated defensive beef is a knotty problem.

Both Wichita State and Cincinnati should move up, thanks to an abundance of new talent. Both teams should come on strong by the end of the season.

It's difficult to believe that Houston could be more impressive than last year, but that seems to be the case. There won't be as much dazzling backfield speed, with Warren McVea missing. But McVea's replacement, Carlos Bell, is a better blocker and a much more powerful runner. He and fullback Paul Gipson may be the most crushing running twosome in the country. The Cougars' defensive quickness and agility is amazing. If the Houston schedule were arranged a little differently, the Cougars would probably go undefeated this year. With a little luck, they might do it anyway.

...

Demosthenes Konstandies Andreopoulos, known to the general public as Dee Andros and to worshipful Oregon State fans as The Great Pumpkin, is perhaps the most charismatic football coach since Knute Rockne. An Oklahoma country boy with a Southwestern drawl and a perpetual sense of humor, Andros has a curious combination of paternal warmth



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and flinty hardness that elicits almost fanatic devotion from his players. These same qualities give him that most valuable of all coaching skills—recruiting expertise. At Oregon State, Andros is approaching the culmination of one of the most remarkable revitalizations in modern football annals. When he took over in 1965, the Beaver football program was in a state of torpor. In 1966, with only mediocre material, Andros just barely missed taking his team to the Rose Bowl. Last year, the two most stunning upsets were both engineered by Andros' scrappy Beavers over the number-one and number-two teams in the nation, Southern Cal and Purdue. The season also included, however, a mass attack of acute infectious ineptitude on the afternoon of the Brigham Young game, which illustrates the risk an emotionally mercurial team must bear.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Oregon State	9-1	Stanford	6-4
Southern Cal	8-2	Washington	5-5
UCLA	6-4	Oregon	4-6
California	6-4	Washington St.	3-7

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Texas at El Paso	8-2	Utah	5-5
Arizona State	8-2	Colorado State	3-7
Wyoming	6-4	Brigham Young	3-7
Arizona	6-4	New Mexico	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

New Mexico St.	6-4	Utah State	5-5
Idaho	6-4	Air Force	3-7
Pacific	6-4	San Jose State	3-7

TOP PLAYERS: Sandstrom, Didion, Enyart, Preece (Oregon St.); Simpson, Snow, Battle (Southern Cal); Agajanian, Jones, Purdy (UCLA); White, Williams (California); Washington, Snider (Stanford); Cope (Washington); Harris (Washington St.); Dames, Welch (Oregon); Pritchard, Plummer, Hill, Roseborough (Arizona St.); Guilford, Murphy, Bramlett (Texas at El Paso); Nels, House (Wyoming); Bozich, Boyett (BYU); Nelson, Klahr (Arizona); McBride, Kerl (Utah); Stone, Hendricks (New Mexico); Kishman, Jackson (Colorado St.); Olsen, Detwiler, Taylor (Utah St.); Hackley, Taylor (New Mexico St.); Thiemens, Hendren (Idaho); Epping (Air Force); Heinz, Redmond (Pacific); Tucker (San Jose St.).

The result of this astonishing season is that Andros' Beavers are known far and wide as the Giant Killers. But there is a lead lining to the silver cloud: All ambitious combatants want to kill a giant killer, so Oregon State is now the subject of myriad darkly laid game plans. But, as Dee Andros himself points out, the mark of a truly great team is not just that it can occasionally upset a much stronger opponent but that it can continue to win even when it has been tagged as the team to beat.

Any team that hopes to upend Oregon

State this year will have a bloody battle on its hands. Only five of last season's 22 starters have graduated and the incoming sophs are so good that Andros thinks several of last year's starters will ride the bench much of this season. PLAYBOY All-America players John Didion at center and Jon Sandstrom at middle guard anchor lines that are big and aggressive. Quarterback Steve Preece, who is generally underrated by opponents—usually to their regret—is one of those enigmatic college quarterbacks who don't seem to do anything with exceptional skill except win ball games. Therefore, if The Great Pumpkin can maintain his squad's psychological impetus through another season, Oregon State should lead the West, with a good shot at the national championship. For his momentous accomplishments of the recent past as well as the bright prognosis for his immediate future, we tab Dee Andros our Coach of the Year.

Many readers will be surprised that we haven't selected Southern Cal as the giant of the West. After all, O. J. Simpson returns for his senior year. But one hallback, even of O. J.'s caliber, doesn't make a football team. In all the glare of residual glory from last year's national championship team, some fans may forget that now missing is a large contingent of players who were less publicized but equally invaluable. What team can lose five players who were first-round pro-draft choices and still thrive? Seven starters from the defensive crew are missing. On the brighter side of the picture is the fact that coach John McKay had better athletes sitting on his bench last year than most of his opponents could put on the field. A good example of this is junior quarterback Mike Holmgren, who should become the best passer on the West Coast. Yet, new men—no matter how talented—are unproven and less experienced. By the end of the season, the Trojans could be on the march, but the going will be precarious in early season. The first game, against Minnesota in Minneapolis, will tell the story.

Tommy Prothro has worked a few grid-iron miracles in the course of his career, but overcoming UCLA's graduation losses this year would seem to be a task beyond the powers of even a coach of Prothro's guile. Gone are Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback Gary Beban and seven other offensive starters. The defense will be as good this year and the running game—with Greg Jones, Rick Purdy and prize newcomer Mickey Cureton—will be better than ever. But there isn't anyone around who can throw the bomb like Beban, and the blockers will at best be unproved.

California may be the team to watch on the West Coast. Coach Ray Wilsey seems to have completed his reconstruction

project at Berkeley. The Bears will be experienced for a change and an influx of quality J. C. transfers will provide the horses. Quarterback Randy Humphries has developed into a dandy, and soph running sensation Bob Darby will help juice up the offense. We have a strong hunch that the planetary influences are at an apex in Berkeley this fall, so we hereby nominate California as our out-on-a-limb pick of the year.

Stanford is another illustration of the fact that West Coast football is stronger than ever. The Indians, in fact, resemble California in their unaccustomed experience and depth. Gene Washington is one of the nation's surest receivers and Jim Plunkett is a diamond-in-the-rough quarterback who could well gain enough polish this season to make Stanford a contender for Conference honors. Look for the Indians to field a new, wide-open attack.

Washington has been for several years—and remains—an enigma. The Huskies either begin their season sloppily and then end up like Gang Busters or the other way around, as they did last year. If coach Jim Owens ever finds the proper ingredients for a consistent season, the Huskies could regain some of their past glory. The running will be bruising—though still rather slow—and the passing game could be the big surprise of '68, thanks to the sudden emergence of senior quarterback Jerry Kaloper. Injured his entire career, Kaloper may be the late bloomer who will lead the Huskies through a successful campaign.

Oregon should be tremendously improved. The Ducks will be bigger, wiser and as fast as ever. The offense should be excellent, if passer Tom Blanchard recovers from a knee operation. New split end Bob Newland is destined for stardom. The defense, led by middle guard George Dames, will be beefier and hopefully less porous.

A new coach, Jim Sweeney, has taken up the laborious task of resuscitating Washington State's football fortunes. Not much progress can be expected this season, because Sweeney doesn't have much material to work with.

Two new members—Texas at El Paso and Colorado State—have joined the Western Conference. Unless Arizona State can stop them, the El Pasoans will dominate the loop their first time out. Despite the loss of Billy Stevens, passing will remain the Miners' strong suit and the ground game should be more muscular. The UTEP team has received much less recognition in other parts of the country than they rightly deserve, but that situation was partly rectified in '67, when they knocked off Ole Miss in the Sun Bowl. Look for the Miners to repeat last



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season's performance and to wind up in the nation's top 20.

Arizona State is no pushover, either. In fact, Oregon State coach Dee Andros looks upon the game with the Sun Devils as potentially the most dangerous encounter of his season. Very little has been lost and the squad is so loaded with quality veterans that senioritis is the major threat to an all-winning season.

Wyoming lost the entire starting backfield from last year's all-victorious squad, plus most of the defensive crew and the nation's deadliest kicker. New thrower Ed Synakowski looks good enough and the defense will still give the enemy fits, but this will be a slightly off season in the high country.

Arizona's team will be more adept in every phase of the game and, indeed, could turn out to be the dark horse of the Conference. Both Utah and New Mexico have new coaches. With more material on hand, Bill Meek at Utah will probably win more in his freshman season than Rudy Feldman will at New Mexico. Colorado State's losses via graduation will dampen its inaugural season in the Western Conference.

New Mexico State and Idaho also have new coaches. Las Cruces fans will see an unusual sight this season, because Jim Wood will field a good defense, while the offense, with four sophs in the starting backfield, will be less than spectacular. With a little luck, Y C (no periods) McNease could field the top Independent team in the West his first season at Idaho. Due to the arrival of talented new quarterback Steve Olson, the Vandals will throw the ball 75 percent of the time. Pacific has received such a massive boost in the form of junior college transfers that anything could happen, depending on how well all this material can be put together.

As we said earlier, it's a bad year for the spit-and-polish boys. The Air Force Academy seems destined for another victory drought. Coach Ben Martin has only a handful of lettermen returning; thus the Falcons will face a frightful schedule with a small and ingenuous crew. The offense will be revved up, so the fly-boys should at least get on the scoreboard more often this season.

Since only the improbable is certain in college football, there will no doubt be the usual number of surprises this season. Somewhere an unheralded new superstar will emerge from oblivion to become a household name. A supposedly mediocre team will surprise everyone and wind up among the top ten. So let the revels begin; it should be fun and games.



JOHN HENRY (continued from page 118)

no fun, but not fatal.) So air and food, like I say, are no problem. The problem is fuel.

Storing enough fuel for two lift-offs, enough to push this bucket of bolts plus a pair of grown men up and out of a gravitational field—twice—that's the problem. We need every speck of fuel we can cram into this thing. Those slide-rule boys downstairs have got it figured down to the last drop—and there's no margin for error, no room to spare for a safety factor.

That's why I'm a mite upset, I guess you could say, when, second day out from Earth, I take myself a good long glim at the fuel-storage gauge. "Vanya, old buddy," I say, "looky here."

He looks. He shakes his head. "I see nothing, John Henry."

"Figure it out, buddy. Figure out how much fuel we need to get where we're going. Then, making allowances for the lesser gravity of the Moon, figure out how much we'll need to get back. Then look at this gauge again."

He uses pencil and paper. He double-checks his figures. Then he looks up at me with a big frown. "You are right, John Henry."

"Not enough fuel to get us back?"

"Not enough fuel to get us *both* back," he says.

Talk about conversation stoppers. We just sit there, sweating. Oh, the air conditioning is working fine, but we're sweating. We're thinking about weight—each other's weight—we're thinking about how that medium-size hunk of muscle and bone strapped in the next couch is going to make all the difference between the other one getting back to Earth or dying on the Moon. Weight: just a few pounds; just the difference between life and death. And we don't say a thing for a long, long time.

Finally, he breaks the silence. "John Henry, this is . . . accident, you think?"

"Sure. What else?"

"I do not know. But how can it be accident? All is done with precision, with mathematical precision, after many tests. How can it be accident?"

"Hell, man, what else *could* it be?"

He turns to me. "John Henry, before I am coming to join you, when I am still in Moskva, I am told much about international cooperation and coexistence. But I am told also, in subtle ways, of wholesome competition, that it is socialist realism to be friends with my partner yet loving rivals. There must be a total dedication on my part, it is suggested, a healthy striving to be *best*—not for myself, not for vanity, but for glory of all Soviet peoples."

"Sounds kind of familiar, Vanya," I say.

"You also?"

"Me also. What are you getting at, buddy?"

"I do not know," he says, turning away from me. "I do not know what I am . . . getting at."

A long silence sets in. We just do our job. We don't say anything we don't absolutely have to say. But upstairs, in the old head-bone department, each of us can almost hear the other guy's wheels just a-clickin' away: Each of us knows that his survival, his own personal survival, depends on teamwork—up to a critical point, that is, the exact moment of which neither of us has figured out yet. At any time *before* that point, neither of us can destroy the other without destroying his *own* self. But we know, both of us, that when that critical moment comes—in the next hour, or the next day, before we land on the Moon or after—with cold, clean scientific ruthlessness (made acceptable, you dig, by the knowledge that there's no point in both of us cashing in), one of us will decide that the other is suddenly expendable. Clickety-click. Those wheels keep turning.

Sleep? Forget it.

So it's a couple of tail-dragging travelers who set down on that chunk of green cheese right on schedule, just 65 hours after lift-off from Earth. The blasts from our new-style vernier rockets are like columns of fire, burning holes in the Moon as they pinpoint us gently

down to the surface. We open the hatch. Vanya steps aside and waves me ahead. I hang back and we do the old "After you" routine. Neither of us wants to turn his back on the other. Finally, Vanya climbs out of the hatch and becomes the first human being to set foot on the Moon. He whips around right away, of course, and watches me as I follow close behind him.

I won't go into all the jazz about the weird sensation of Earth-minus gravity and the way that Moonstuff crunches soundlessly under your boots—you'll get all that in the official log tape; and besides, you've seen it in old movies. But the thing you don't get in the log and the movies, the thing you'll never get unless you stand up there yourself with your body one sixth Earthweight and nothing, not even air, between you and the stars, and see old Earth hanging like a big dinner plate in the black sky, is that feeling of . . . hell, I don't know what to call it. Anything you've ever been, any ego you ever had, any high-and-mighty opinion you ever had of yourself is all wiped away by a big eraser, and you're naked, you're something else, you're not even *you* anymore, you're very small and very big at the same time, you're humble and glad about it, you're brand-new, clean, purged, free, fresh, reborn.

Vanya feels that way, too, I can tell. I can tell by the look on his face through the helmer. Well, we snap our pictures and dig up our samples and tape our notes. It doesn't take very long, we're not supposed to stay there very long.



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and then it's time for us—for *one* of us—to climb back into the bucket and lift off for home, sweet home. That means it's zero hour, the moment of truth, time to separate the men from the boys.

We face each other. I hear him over the helmet radio, not saying anything, just breathing. I don't know how long we just stand there.

"Buddy," I say. Just that, no more. Then, "Buddy, we can't let them do this to us. We can't let them . . . manipulate us like this. We can't play into their stinking hands."

"I do not know what you mean, Johngenry."

"The hell you don't. You almost said it yourself, out there in deep space, when you said, 'How can it be an accident?' You were thinking it, but you were afraid to say it, because you couldn't believe it, you couldn't believe anyone could be low enough to pull a dirty stunt like the one they pulled on us, *anyone*, least of all your glorious People's Republic. . . ."

"You are not rational. . . ."

"People's! That's a laugh! It's just

a government, baby, just a government that's no different from any that ever was or ever will be. Ask that serf grandpappy of yours about governments. Ask anybody of my color. Ask the red Indians about the treaties they signed with governments. Ask . . . hell, ask *yourself*. Ask yourself what you meant when you said it couldn't be an accident."

"But this . . . what you are suggesting . . . is . . . monstrous."

"Monstrous? Hell, no, Vanya, don't be square, it's just politics, expediency, a little game they play, a game with you and me as chesspieces."

"Why?"

"Aw, come on, baby, you're not that dumb. They want to have their cake and eat it, too. They want to make a big show of cooperation, but that's all it is, a show. Two or three cats at the very highest level, they put their heads together and they say, 'Look, pal, you know and I know that all this lovey-dovey crap is for the birds. There's got to be a winner and a loser, that's what makes the world go round, that's what keeps us in our jobs . . . so let's fix it so

there *will* be a winner and a loser, but let's not tell anybody, least of all the chesspieces, let it be just our little secret. . . ."

I'm getting to him, I can tell. He hates to admit it crossed his mind, hates to think both our governments deliberately double-crossed us and are in cahoots to play off one man against the other, astronaut against cosmonaut, survival of the fittest, may the best man win.

"If this is true——" he starts to say.

I needle him: "You know it's true!"

"If this is true . . . then no useful purpose will be served by both of us dying. But we must not part as enemies. We must not fight each other. We must not—if what you say is true—give them that satisfaction. We must draw lots. That is rational, that is socialist realism. . . ."

"Yeah, sure, or Yankee know-how or French *logique* or British bulldog spirit or you name it. Knock all that crap out of your head, Vanya—you're only *half* right. Why should even *one* of us live? If you really want to show them something, why don't we *both* elect to die, right here, together?"

I got him now. He's hooked. He digs. "You are saying we allow neither side to triumph. Only humanity to triumph. Together we radio back to Earth our decision to face death together here, in brotherhood to each other. . . ."

"That's it. . . ."

"A brotherhood transcending political ambitions . . . a loyalty to something higher than governments. . . ."

"Now you're talking. . . ."

"I do not know, Johngenry, I do not know . . . it is not an easy thing. . . ."

"Hell, I know that! You think I want to die? But we've got to! We can't let them get away with this! We've got to show them!" I put my gloved hands on his shoulders. "Vanya . . . I saw your face . . . just after we landed . . . I know you felt the same way I did . . . like you'd been washed clean, made over again, forgiven . . . isn't that right? Isn't it?"

"Yes . . . yes. . . ."

"Look at it, Vanya, look at it *all*. Above us, all around us, the stars, the planets, all of it bigger than anything we could ever dream . . . call it infinity, eternity, call it God . . . look at it, buddy. . . ."

He does. He turns around and looks up, and out, and beyond; and when his back is turned, I twist that little valve on his helmet and all the air rushes out into the vacuum and he explodes silently inside his suit and he falls, kind of slow and easy, like a big feather, to the crunchy soil of the Moon. It's all over before you can say *Tovarish Kapitan Ivan Genrikhovich Yashvili*.

And now here I am, easing this crate down to Mother Earth, settling it down



"You know, you're beginning to take a hell of a lot for granted, big boy. . . ."

to the landing pad careful and gentle, like a momma robin dropping a precious egg in her nest. I'm so close now I can see them, I can see it all. The flags flying—Vanya's and mine. The big shots—ours and theirs, military and civilian. There's the President, by God, just like they promised; there he is. The Man himself, waiting to pin a medal on me. And there's the Premier. And there's the band playing, those shiny butterscotch trumpets and trombones and tubas polished like rows and rows of yellow mirrors—I can't hear what they're playing, but I'll give you odds it's that same tune we sang down home a long time ago when I was in the children's choir and the church put on this oratorio thing by Handel or whoever. I remember it real good—

*See, the conqu'ring hero comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums. . . .*

Yes, I'll just bet that's what they're playing down there. Well, you keep on sounding those trumpets and beating those drums, because I'm coming, all right. And you're not going to like it one little bit. I suppose the story will go out that this bucket went out of control, but that will be a lie, because I've got it in complete control. It's doing everything

I want it to do, this baby, this precision instrument. Of course, maybe some smart reporter will search the wreckage and find this tape and break the *real* story. That'd be nice. But, either way, you folks down there are in for the surprise of your lives. All you generals and Senators and public-relations sharpies, and you, too, Mr. President and Mr. Premier.

I do worry a little about one thing Vanya said. "You are not rational," he said, and, you know, he may have been right. Maybe the slide-rule brigade did make an honest mistake. Or maybe there was a slow leak in the fuel line, nobody's fault, and we lost some that way. If so, I suppose you could say what I'm about to do is pretty rotten. But is it really? Does it really matter if I'm right or wrong in this one particular case? Look at it this way—if I'm wrong about this, if I'm "not rational," if I'm crazy as a bedbug, then let's just say I'm getting back for a whole mess of shoving around that the big-brass types have been dishing out in one way or another for a long time. . . . Hell, just say I'm getting back for a lot of folks in, oh, there's plenty to choose from, the Novgorod Massacre, the Black Hole of Calcutta, the Hungarian Revolution, Vietnam, Dresden, Hiroshima, Babi-Yar, the Nisei in Double-U Double-U Two,

you pick it, all those folks sautéed in a big frying pan by Ivan the Terrible, roasted by napalm, char-broiled by incendiary bombs. If I'm *right*, of course, so much the better; but even if I'm wrong, I'm settling a whole lot of old scores.

Well, here we go, time to set 'er down. . . .

Vanya, old buddy, I'm sorry about what I did to you, but it was the only way I could be sure of getting back here and doing what I knew I had to do. Sorry about all the reporters and boys in the band, too—that's right, play your hearts out, you cats—

*Myrtle-wreaths and roses twine
To deck the hero's brow divine.*

Like I say, sorry about you boys, but you'll just have to take your chances. Because, man oh man, when I tilt this bucket and turn these vernier rockets on that pretty flag-draped platform where all those big shots are standing, all *kinds* of flaming hell are going to bust loose. I'm making for damn sure that this particular conquering hero goes out in a blaze of glory, and I'm taking as many of you with me as I can. Hold onto your hats, you son of a bitches, *here comes John Henry!*



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P3

(continued from page 136)

ins. Fold foil to make bundle. Place bundle on charcoal grill 1 to 2 ins. above double bed of coals. If barbecue equipment is hooded, close the hood. If it is not, make your own hood over grill, using aluminum foil. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour, turning bundle once. To test doneness, pierce potato with fork. Serve with drawn butter and any or all of the dips below. Each person should have an outsize dinner plate or platter. Wooden planks such as those used for steak are useful tableware outdoors. Use the ocean as a finger bowl.

Things to remember: beer or ale and a bottle or can opener, bib-size napkins, a cutting board and a heavy knife for splitting lobsters after cooking. If the weather turns two shirts colder, or in the case of a sandstorm or hurricane, the very same clambake may be cooked indoors in a hot oven in the same cooking time.

STEAMED CLAMBAKE

(Serves six)

- 6 dozen large-size steamer clams
- 6 live lobsters, 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each
- 3 split chickens, small broiler size, 1¾ lbs. each
- 6 ears corn on the cob, husk and silk removed
- 6 medium-size potatoes
- Salad oil
- Salt, pepper

Brush chickens with salad oil; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil under a preheated moderate flame indoors—or over a charcoal fire outdoors—only until chicken is light golden brown on both sides. It should not be completely cooked. Wash clams well. Wash potatoes well and cut a thin slice from each end. Bring 1½ ins. water in a 20-quart all-purpose clam cooker to a rapid boil over

OPEN BARBECUED CLAMBAKE

(Serves six)

- 6 dozen large-size steamer clams
- 6 live lobsters, 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each
- 3 split chickens, small broiler size, 1¾ lbs. each
- 6 ears corn on the cob, silk removed, husk left on
- 6 medium-size potatoes
- ½ lb. melted butter
- Salt, pepper

Over the open fire, some exposed foods will be cooked faster than others. The bakemaster should therefore place longer-cooking foods on the fire first. For easy maneuvering, two barbecue fires are sometimes helpful.

Place point of knife between head of lobster and body and cut each lobster in two. Remove sac in back of head. Crack claws in several places for easy removal of meat when lobster is cooked. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wash clams well. Wash potatoes well and cut a thin slice from each end. Brush each potato with butter and wrap in a double thickness of aluminum foil. Place potatoes directly on coals. Allow from ¾ to 1 hour's cooking time, turning potatoes occasionally. To test doneness, pierce with two-pronged fork. Brush chickens with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Grill slowly, turning with tongs, about ½ hour or until drumstick is tender. Brush chickens with butter while grilling. Brush lobsters with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Grill, shell side down, about 3 ins. from coals, until shells begin to char—about 15 minutes. Again brush with butter. Turn lobsters and grill flesh side about 3 minutes. Dip corn in cold water. Grill, turning frequently, about 10 minutes: husks will be charred but corn inside will be tender. Husk and brush with butter. Place clams on wire screening on grill or on wire grill, if openings aren't too large. Clams may be served when shells open. Serve with drawn butter and any or all of the dips below.

DRAWN BUTTER

(About 1¾ cups)

- 1 lb. sweet or slightly salted butter
- Juice of 1 lemon

Break butter into small pieces. Place in saucepan over very low flame or place in top of double boiler over simmering water until butter melts completely. Carefully skim off foam from top. Pour butter into another container, carefully avoiding white sediment on bottom. Stir in lemon juice. Serve warm.



*"If the fool doesn't stop howling,
he'll blow his cover."*

SAN REMO DIP
(About 1½ cups)

- 3 medium-size fresh tomatoes, about 2 ins. in diameter
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced fine
- 12 large pitted ripe olives
- 2 teaspoons anchovy paste
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Freshly ground black pepper

Lower tomatoes into a pot of rapidly boiling water for 1 minute. Remove and hold under cold water for a minute or so. Remove skin and stem end of tomatoes. Chop tomatoes coarsely. Heat oil, butter and garlic over a moderate flame, but do not brown garlic. Add tomatoes. Simmer slowly until tomatoes are tender. Put tomatoes, olives, anchovy paste and lemon juice in blender. Blend until smooth. Add black pepper to taste. Serve hot or cold.

MUSHROOM DIP
(About 1½ cups)

- 2 tablespoons shallots or scallions, minced fine
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 2 3¼-oz. jars mushrooms marinated in oil
- ¼ cup melted butter

In a small saucepan, heat shallots, parsley and wine until wine is reduced to about ⅓ cup. Pour into blender. Add mushrooms and butter and blend until mixture is smooth. Season with salt and pepper if necessary. Serve hot or cold.

BARBECUE DIP
(About 1½ cups)

- ¾ cup catsup
- 1 large scallion, white and green part, diced
- ¼ cup diced green pepper
- ¼ cup cider vinegar
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- ¼ cup cold water

Put all ingredients in blender and blend until smooth. Serve hot or cold.

CURRY DIP
(About 1½ cups)

- 2 tablespoons celery, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons onion, finely minced
- 1 tablespoon carrot, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup hot clam broth, fresh or bottled
- 1 tablespoon dry sherry
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 2 tablespoons heavy sweet cream
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate

Sauté celery, onion and carrot in butter only until onion turns yellow. Stir in curry powder and flour. Slowly stir in hot clam broth. Bring to a boil; reduce flame



“... Over the rail, man, over the rail!”

and simmer 3 to 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add sherry, orange juice and heavy cream. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Remove from fire and cool sauce slightly. Pour into blender and blend until smooth. Serve hot or cold.

SKEWERED SHRIMPS AND CHERRYSTONES
(Serves six)

- 3 lbs. extra-large shrimps, 12 to a lb.
- 36 cherrystone clams, out of shell
- 18 slices bacon
- Barbecue dip (recipe above)
- 2 large, firm beefsteak tomatoes
- Salad oil

Partially cook bacon—until slices have lost their raw look and are still pliable. Cut each slice in half crosswise. Drain clams well, drying on paper toweling. Dip each clam in barbecue dip and wrap with half slice of bacon. Cut out stem end of tomatoes and cut into 18 chunks suitable for skewering. Fasten the bacon-wrapped clams and tomatoes on skewers, allowing 6 clams and 3 pieces tomato to each skewer. Cut shrimp shells with scissors from top of back to tail and wash out veins. Dry shrimps on paper toweling and brush with salad oil. Fasten shrimps on skewers (6 to each), running each skewer carefully from thick end of shrimp

through tail end, so that they will remain straight when broiled. Broil clams and shrimps over charcoal fire, about 4 ins. from source of heat. Broil clams until bacon is brown. Broil shrimps about 3 to 4 minutes on each side. Serve with any or all of the dips above.

CIOPPINO
(Serves six)

- 1½ lbs. halibut steak
- 1½ lbs. salmon steak
- 1½ lbs. swordfish steak
- 3 slices bacon, very small dice
- 1 medium-size onion, finely minced
- 1 large clove garlic, very finely minced
- ½ teaspoon dried basil
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 6 ozs. dry red wine
- 2 17-oz. cans Italian plum tomatoes
- ½ cup red wine vinegar
- 3 tablespoons finely minced parsley
- Salt, freshly ground pepper

There are as many different versions of the Italian fish stew called *cioppino* as there are cooks who make it. Normally, indoors it includes fish such as whiting, cod, sea bass, and shellfish such as crab. The best outdoor version, however, is one that doesn't require entanglement with bones or shells and that can

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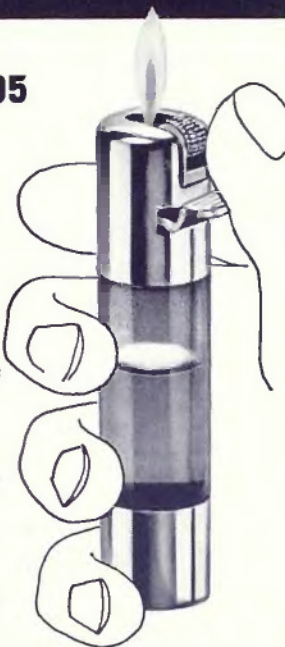
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be sluiced down with a spoon, dipping into a large chowder bowl. The sauce for the *cioppino* may be made indoors and the fish added outdoors, or the whole assembly may take place under the open sky. A wonderful accompaniment is a dish of polenta or corn meal; in this case, grilled over the charcoal while the *cioppino* is simmering in a saucepan. A titan-size salad and three or four bottles of California *barbera* or mountain red complete the outdoor scene.

Carefully cut away all skin from fish. Cut away flesh from bones. Cut into 1-in. squares and sprinkle generously with salt. Sauté bacon, onion, garlic and basil in oil only until onion turns yellow. Add wine, tomatoes, vinegar and parsley. Bring to a boil and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add fish. Stir once until fish is coated with sauce. Cover pot and simmer about 10 minutes. Avoid excessive stirring in order to keep fish intact.

POLENTA FOR BARBECUE (Serves six)

- 2 cups corn meal
- 2 cups cold water
- 4 cups cold water
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 lb. melted butter

The mixture for polenta should be cooked indoors the day before the party and chilled overnight. It will then be firm enough to slice and grill over charcoal. For best results, use corn meal from a fresh package.

In a mixing bowl, combine corn meal and 2 cups cold water. Stir well. In a heavy saucepan, bring the 4 cups water, milk and salt to a boil. Pour corn meal slowly into saucepan, stirring constantly. Simmer over low flame, stirring frequently, 10 minutes. Remove about 1/4 cup of the corn-meal mixture and stir into the egg yolks. Add yolks gradually to saucepan. Cook about 3 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add 2 tablespoons butter and stir until butter melts. Pour polenta into a greased shallow pan or casserole to a depth of at least 1 1/2 ins. Chill in refrigerator. To prepare for serving, cut polenta into 1/2-in.-thick slices. Cut slices in half crosswise, if necessary, to handle over fire. Brush polenta on both sides with melted butter. Place on well-oiled wire broiler over charcoal fire. If hinged broiler is used, it should not be closed. Brown on both sides. Serve with *cioppino*.

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FORTITUDE *(continued from page 106)*

FRANKENSTEIN: Leave it open. (To GLORIA) She's heard every word you've said. How does that make you feel?

GLORIA: She can hear me now?

FRANKENSTEIN: Run off at the mouth some more. You're saving me a lot of trouble. Now I won't have to explain to her what sort of friend you really were and why I gave you the old heave-ho.

GLORIA *(drawing nearer to the microphone)*: Mrs. Lovejoy?

SWIFT *(reporting what he has heard on the headphones)*: She says, "What is it, dear?"

GLORIA: There's a loaded revolver in your knitting bag, Mrs. Lovejoy—in case you don't want to live anymore.

FRANKENSTEIN *(not in the least worried about the pistol but filled with contempt and disgust for GLORIA)*: You total imbecile. Where did you get a pistol?

GLORIA: From a mail-order house in Chicago. They had an ad in *Real True Romances*.

FRANKENSTEIN: They sell guns to crazy broads.

GLORIA: I could have had a bazooka if I'd wanted one. Fourteen-ninety-eight.

FRANKENSTEIN: I am going to get that pistol now and it is going to be exhibit A at your trial. *(He leaves)*

LITTLE *(to SWIFT)*: Shouldn't you put the patient to sleep?

SWIFT: There's no way she can hurt herself.

GLORIA *(to LITTLE)*: What does he mean?

LITTLE: Her arms are fixed so she can't point a gun at herself.

GLORIA *(sickened)*: They even thought of that.

CUT TO SYLVIA'S room. FRANKENSTEIN is entering. SYLVIA is holding the pistol thoughtfully.

FRANKENSTEIN: Nice playthings you have.

SYLVIA: You mustn't get mad at Gloria. Norbert. I asked her for this. I begged her for this.

FRANKENSTEIN: Last month.

SYLVIA: Yes.

FRANKENSTEIN: But everything is better now.

SYLVIA: Everything but the spark.

FRANKENSTEIN: Spark?

SYLVIA: The spark that Gloria says she loves—the tiny spark of what I used to be. As happy as I am right now, that spark is begging me to take this gun and put it out.

FRANKENSTEIN: And what is your reply?

SYLVIA: I am going to do it, Norbert. This is goodbye. *(She tries every which way to aim the gun at herself, fails and fails, while FRANKENSTEIN stands calmly by)* That's no accident, is it?

FRANKENSTEIN: We very much don't want you to hurt yourself. We love you, too.

SYLVIA: And how much longer must I live like this? I've never dared ask before.

FRANKENSTEIN: I would have to pull a figure out of a hat.

SYLVIA: Maybe you'd better not. *(Pause)* Did you pull one out of a hat?

FRANKENSTEIN: At least five hundred years.

Silence.

SYLVIA: So I will still be alive—long after you are gone?

FRANKENSTEIN: Now is the time, my dear Sylvia, to tell you something I have wanted to tell you for years. Every organ downstairs has the capacity to take care of two human beings instead of one. And the plumbing and wiring have been designed so that a second human being can be hooked up in two shakes of a lamb's tail. *(Silence)* Do you understand what I am saying to you, Sylvia? *(Silence. Passionately)* Sylvia! I will be that second human being! Talk

about marriage! Talk about great love stories from the past! Your kidney will be my kidney! Your liver will be my liver! Your heart will be my heart! Your ups will be my ups and your downs will be my downs! We will live in such perfect harmony, Sylvia, that the gods themselves will tear out their hair in envy!

SYLVIA: This is what you want?

FRANKENSTEIN: More than anything in this world.

SYLVIA: Well, then—here it is, Norbert. *(She empties the revolver into him)*

CUT TO same room almost a half hour later. A second tripod has been set up, with FRANKENSTEIN's head on top. FRANKENSTEIN is asleep and so is SYLVIA. SWIFT, with LITTLE standing by, is feverishly making a final connection to the machinery below. There are pipe wrenches and a blowtorch and other plumber's and electrician's tools lying around.

SWIFT: That's gotta be it. *(He straightens up, looks around)* That's gotta be it.

LITTLE *(consulting watch)*: Twenty-eight



"Now that we're engaged, shouldn't you stop wearing your HAD ANY LATELY button?"

minutes since the first shot was fired.
 SWIFT: Thank God you were around.
 LITTLE: What you really needed was a plumber.
 SWIFT (into microphone): Charley—we're all set up here. You all set down there?
 CHARLEY (squawk box): All set.
 SWIFT: Give 'em plenty of martinis.
 GLORIA appears numbly in doorway.
 CHARLEY: They've got 'em. They'll be higher than kites.
 SWIFT: Better give 'em a touch of LSD, too.
 CHARLEY: Coming up.
 SWIFT: Hold it! I forgot the phonograph. (To LITTLE) Dr. Frankenstein said that if this ever happened, he wanted a certain record playing when he came to. He said it was in with the other records—in a plain white jacket. (To GLORIA) See if you can find it.
 GLORIA goes to phonograph, finds the record.

GLORIA: This it?
 SWIFT: Put it on.
 GLORIA: Which side?
 SWIFT: I don't know.
 GLORIA: There's tape over one side.
 SWIFT: The side without tape. (GLORIA puts record on. Into microphone) Stand by to wake up the patients.
 CHARLEY: Standing by.
 Record begins to play. It is a Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duet, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."
 SWIFT (into microphone): Wake 'em up!
 FRANKENSTEIN and SYLVIA wake up, filled with formless pleasure. They dreamily appreciate the music, eventually catch sight of each other, perceive each other as old and beloved friends.
 SYLVIA: Hi, there.
 FRANKENSTEIN: Hello.
 SYLVIA: How do you feel?
 FRANKENSTEIN: Fine. Just fine.



THE EDUCATED EXECUTIVE

(continued from page 154)

of liberal-arts subjects made my mind more flexible, more receptive to new ideas, more readily aware of changing circumstances and, at the same time, more convinced of what constitutes real and lasting values. In short, I do not hesitate to state flatly that I consider my liberal-arts education to have had far greater over-all importance than any of the purely technical or professional subjects I studied.

I do not doubt that what I have said will appear to border on heresy for those who still cling to the concept of the business executive as a superspecialist. I am well aware that there are many companies that want their accountants to be accountants, their production experts to be production experts, and so on—and damn Aristotle and Zwingli.

Now, none of this is intended as a slap at business departments or management faculties in our universities and colleges. Both are excellent, generally conceded to be the best in the world. My point is that there has been a growing tendency toward specialization at the expense of broader subjects that not only expand the horizons of the students' minds but make them better human beings and, in the long run, better managers.

I particularly like what John Ciardi has written in his essay "An Ulcer, Gentlemen, Is an Unwritten Poem." Ciardi argues: "Let [a man] spend too much of his life at the mechanics of practicality and either he must become something less than a man or his very mechanical efficiency will become impaired by the frustrations stored up in his irrational human personality. An ulcer . . . is an unkind imagination taking its revenge for having been jilted."

Happily, there appears growing evidence that the trend toward producing superspecialized executives is being slowed or even reversed. There seems proof that some of the nation's business leaders are recognizing the need for more diversified education of executive personnel. Take, for example, the survey conducted not long ago by Floyd A. Bond, Dick A. Leabo and Alfred W. Swinyard of the Graduate School of Business Administration of the University of Michigan. Sixty-six big-business chief executives were asked to give their opinions regarding the educational requirements they considered essential for top-level executives. Nearly one third of the respondents said they believed an education in the liberal arts or humanities provided the best background—and this third did not suggest that any secondary field of emphasis was needed. Almost as many of the chief-executive officers interviewed believed that basic liberal-arts courses modified by secondary reference to business gave the tyro executive the best grounding. The third-largest group



"It's not the beatings, the indifference, the drinking or the philandering, Ernie, it's your breath."

held that liberal-arts training modified by a secondary emphasis on science and/or engineering would provide the business executive with the best and most helpful educational background.

As if this were not sufficient to indicate the shift in the business-education wind, witness the findings of two recent major studies that were conducted by the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation. The results of the two studies were published jointly and, although there were some areas of disagreement, one conclusion stood out sharply. Both studies strongly recommended that business education should be based solidly on the liberal arts.

I have discussed the problem of the narrowness of the young executive's education with more than a few business leaders with whom I am acquainted. Almost without exception, they—and this includes those holdovers of a past era who themselves received little or no formal education beyond grade school—agree that the executive whose mind has been trained for one-track business orientation is only half an executive.

The men who actually head the nation's largest corporations appreciate the importance of the humanities in the education of young men who hope to achieve success in business. Several major companies have even sponsored programs under which their more promising young execu-

tives could expand their cultural horizons by taking liberal-arts courses on company time and at company expense.

One of the first of these programs was launched by the Bell Telephone Company in 1953, when a group of the firm's executives attended a two-semester course at the Institute of Humanistic Studies at the University of Pennsylvania. Other companies have since followed suit, and many colleges and universities have developed special liberal-arts courses for executives. In addition, some corporations have gone in for crash programs, sending selected executives—not infrequently men who are already on the upper rungs of the corporate ladder—to seminars and courses designed to increase their knowledge and appreciation of matters cultural.

These companies understand that, although he may have a string of degrees after his name, the executive whose education has been almost entirely professional is not well equipped to understand the broader social implications of business. He is most likely a rather empty man, whose sole concern in life, to the point of obsession, is his job and the struggle for advancement. Success becomes the end in itself. It might surprise him to learn that his one-track preoccupation lessens his chances for success.

I assure you that if I were contemplating the establishment of, say, a new company or a foreign subsidiary, I would

not rely on an executive with single-function orientation to conduct the negotiations. Not on your life—or, rather, not on my hopes and expectations of success.

The men I would choose for the task would have to solve problems and make decisions on the spot. Although they might conceivably be weak in certain technical areas, they would be well-rounded individuals whose education had enriched their intellect and judgment—rather than merely providing them with a degree of practical or technical know-how. Such has always been my policy, and I am firmly convinced that it is largely responsible for whatever successes I have achieved during the course of my business career.

Today's young executive has two choices. He can choose to be educated as a narrow specialist, little more than a technician, concentrating entirely on the useful disciplines and disdaining all else; or he can choose to become a well-rounded man—a man of taste, discernment, understanding and intellectual versatility. If he selects the former course of action, he is quite likely to remain a junior or middle-grade executive throughout his career. If he chooses the latter, he will greatly increase his chances of reaching the top—and he will enjoy life and himself much more in the process.



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PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 82)

As a strong believer in heterosexuality, and also as an interested American, I agree that we need a solution to the homosexual problem, but not one such as Hitler's final solution of the "Jewish problem."

Eric J. Simmerer
Seattle, Washington

I must reply to the woman who would sentence homosexuals to death. Does she know for sure that her husband does not have homosexual relations? Or her son or her daughter? A beloved sister, brother or any other relative? Homosexuality is not tattooed on an individual's forehead. I have lived among "heteros" who think that I am 100-percent normal.

Our society would be shocked to learn of the many people in all professions who are homosexuals. Many are teachers, lawyers, judges, ministers, priests, nuns, artists, actors—even grocers! The Armed Forces are full of homosexuals. So, is this woman sure that her religious bigotry isn't passing a death sentence on someone near and dear to her?

(Name withheld by request)
St. Louis, Missouri

I got a huge kick out of the way Anita K. Adkisson flatly declares, "Here is what God says about homosexuality." There was a man in our neighborhood who claimed God talked to him; his family had him committed to a mental hospital. Why is it that some people can say they know what God says and be locked up, while others can make the same claim and be respectable, even influential? Is it just that some nuts are organized?

L. Rogers
Chicago, Illinois

Anita K. Adkisson's out-of-context Biblical quotation on homosexuality. "They shall surely be put to death," adds nothing to the public discussion of homosexuality. It is the utterance of a closed mind.

Miss Adkisson is guilty of willful misinterpretation when she fails to point out that God, as the Old Testament describes Him, demands the death penalty for 17 offenses besides homosexuality: adultery; fornication of a man and a betrothed virgin; incest; bestiality; killing another person; cursing, striking or disobeying one's parents; kidnapping or selling another person; injuring a pregnant woman; being a witch or a wizard; being a false prophet or a person who misleads the faithful; worshiping or sacrificing to false gods; blasphemy; refusing to worship the Lord or to obey His commandments; defiling or working on the Sabbath; approaching Mount Sinai or the Tabernacle; disobedi-

ence to priests and judges; and failure of the owner to restrain a known killer ox. Anyone who takes this sort of thing as literally applicable to the present day is simply being silly. The Old Testament code is the product of a relatively primitive society struggling to reproduce and to maintain its identity among more numerous and powerful neighbors.

Humanization of the law and toleration of nonconformists have taken civilized men many centuries to achieve. We will be able to deal more fairly and responsibly with the homosexual when we reject ignorance and prejudice and turn to such truly fundamental religious precepts as humility, compassion, brotherhood and love.

Harold L. Call, President
Mattachine Society
San Francisco, California

GOD AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

I must voice my opinion or bust! I am a 24-year-old happily married housewife and a mother. I am not a prude, but I have never read such a thoroughly disgusting letter as the one in the February *Playboy Forum* from the fellow in the U.S. Army who is in love with another male. He claims that their love is as wonderful as that of any heterosexual couple. I find it hard to believe that a person as mixed up as he is doesn't seek professional help or commit himself to an institution. How can this fellow genuinely believe in his love for another man? It is not normal in the eyes of God. If God had meant man to love man, there would have been no Eve.

Mrs. J. Crenna
San Diego, California

Not being theologians, we would not attempt to interpret what is "normal in the eyes of God." But we think you might find it beneficial to know some theologians' opinions that are different from—and more tolerant than—your own. The Reverend Canon Walter D. Dennis, an Episcopal priest who is canon of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, believes a homosexual relationship "should be judged by the same criterion as a heterosexual marriage—that is, whether it is intended to foster a permanent relationship of love." Another Protestant theologian, Norman Pittenger, has said, "[Homosexuals] cannot be expected to 'give up sex' altogether. And if it happens that one is dealing with a couple who, so far as one can see, deeply and truly love one another, it is pretty close to spiritual homicide to separate them. . . ." Similar opinions have been expressed by such Roman Catholic theologians as Eduard Schillebeeckx, and The National Catholic Reporter recently stated editorially that "the homosexual is the victim of a scapegoat mechanism and, in this respect, there is no difference between antihomosexual feelings and the

feelings of anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, anti-Catholicism, etc."

Dr. William Graham Cole, president of Lake Forest College, sees the message of both Old and New Testaments as chiefly one of love and tolerance, and says in "Sex and Love in the Bible":

What face does [the Christian community] present to the world, more especially to the sexual deviant? Is it a fellowship of reconciliation, of love and accepting forgiveness, or is it made up of self-righteous Pharisees, gossiping and judging and rejecting? Does it surround the sinner with hostility and threaten him with harm, or does it welcome him into a community of those who know themselves to stand in need of forgiveness, who cannot cast the first stone because they, too, fall short of the demands of a righteous God?

Until such time as the church, clergy and people take seriously once more the Gospel of Jesus Christ . . . then the homosexual . . . will turn elsewhere for help. . . . The fact that [the] Holy Spirit clearly speaks and works through channels outside the church, redeeming and restoring [through secular psychotherapy], should serve as a warning to the Christian community in its self-righteous pride.

CHRIST A HOMOSEXUAL

Recently, there have been many letters in *The Playboy Forum* discussing homosexuality. The need for compassion for these people is dramatized by Canon Hugh Montefiore of Cambridge, England, who suggested in a sermon that Jesus himself may have been homosexual. He asked why Jesus remained unmarried, when marriage was almost universal in the Middle East of his time. Canon Montefiore suggested that the answer might be that Jesus was "not by nature the marrying sort."

Explaining that his suggestion was not an irreverent one, he added:

This kind of speculation about the nature of our Lord can be valuable if it underlines, as I believe it does here in a particularly vivid way, how God in Christ identifies Himself with the outsider and the outcast from society.

Our police force and our Immigration officers should take note of the canon's suggestion.

Kevin Boyd
Boston, Massachusetts

LUSTY MARRIED LOVE

After five years of marriage, I remained sexually unfulfilled and began to entertain thoughts of an extramarital relationship as a possible means of satisfying my sex drive. However, I found

that I loved my husband too much to fall casually into bed with another man.

I worked up my courage and went to my husband. Through objective discussion, we got to the root of the matter. He, too, had considered attempting to find satisfaction with someone else, but not because he didn't love me. In fact, that very love had led him to place me on a kind of pedestal and would not allow him to subject me to his desires. We discovered that I, on the other hand, could not abandon myself completely, because I feared that to do so would cheapen me in his eyes. We realized that each of us was hung up over a concern for the opinion of the other.

Since making this discovery, we have worked for complete freedom in our love-making; it took a surprisingly short time for both of us to feel free to suggest variations and to give both verbal and physical expression to our impulses. We now enjoy our sexuality to the fullest.

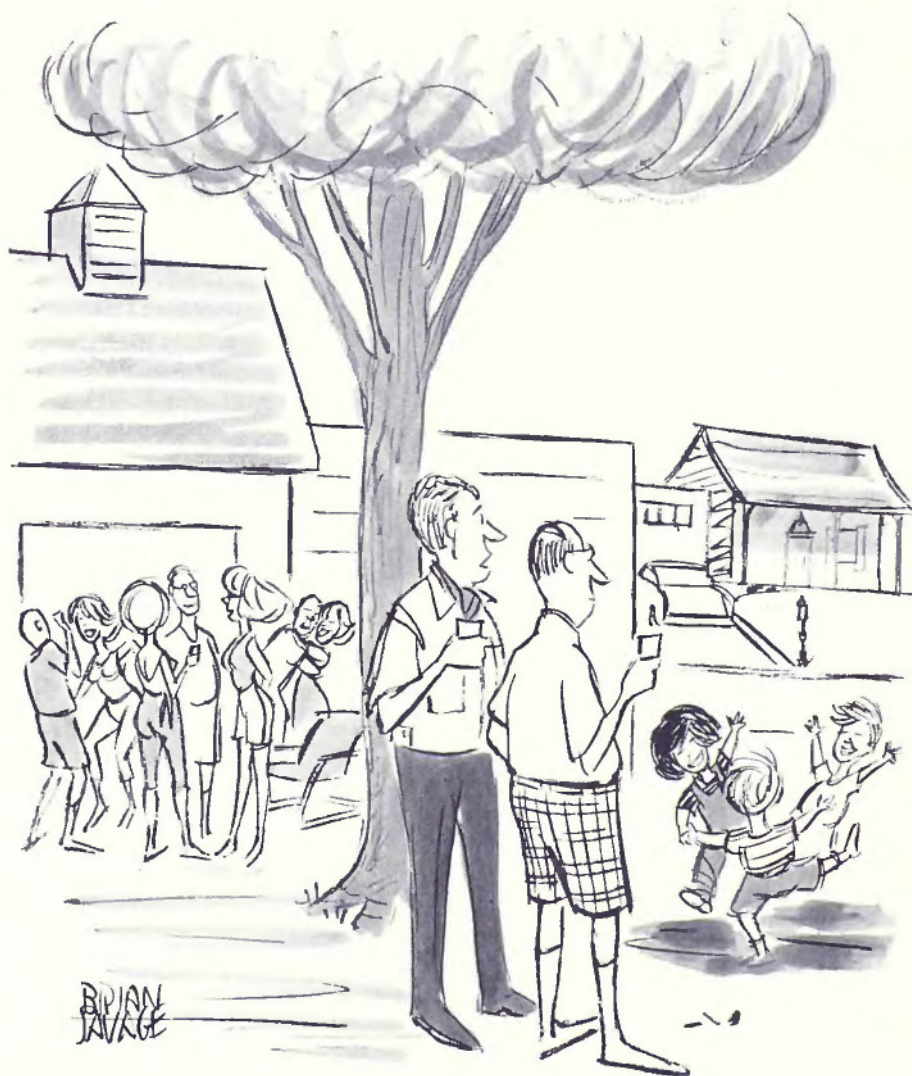
On the basis of our experience, I

maintain that when a couple can approach each other with complete honesty and can think of each other as a lusty lover as well as husband or wife, their shared love and concern will afford them pleasure far surpassing what is available in an adulterous relationship. Extramarital sex is really the product of a failure to communicate.

(Name withheld by request)
Montpelier, Vermont

AGAINST SWINGING

I was married at 16 and I was the mother of two at 19. After six years of marriage, my husband decided that he should get a college education so that he could get a higher-paying job. Not having an education myself, except an eighth-grade diploma, I took what work I could get. After I had put in five grueling years, my husband graduated with a B.A. degree. He was employed by a national firm; this was when our good life was supposed to begin. In the



"I moved to the suburbs for the same reason most family men do—it's a great place to raise hell."



"You've thrown me out for the last time, Eddie—
tomorrow I start smoking pot."

meantime, I had taught myself bookkeeping and I held a position nearly as well-paid as my husband's.

One day I found my husband and my best girlfriend in a *Kama Sutra* position in our car. It crushed me even more when I found out that this had been going on for four years. Our children were only nine and ten and I wanted to straighten things out. My husband felt that I would become more interesting to him if I were to engage in extramarital sex. I had no desire for this—but trying to make him happy, I consented. Just occasional extramarital sex wasn't enough for him; we then became what is known as "swingers"—couples who regularly swap their mates for a night. My husband's favorite remark to newcomers was, "We have swinging to thank for saving our marriage." The "saving" lasted one and a half years. I found there wasn't any trust or love between us anymore—just a constant search for new and more-exciting sex. I also realized that

my husband's sexual desires were tending toward the male-with-male type. All the added excitement did not compensate for our growing mutual contempt. Our divorce became final last month, after 15 years of marriage.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Worth, Texas

DIVORCE REFORM

Divorce attorney T. M. Allen attacks U. S. Divorce Reform's nonadversary, non-lawyer approach on the grounds that the present system "protects people and prevents chaos" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). The opposite is, in fact, the case: the present system ruins lives and makes it possible for lawyers to exploit victims of divorce for their own financial gain.

According to a report by the California Assembly's Interim Committee on Judiciary, "The scrupulous, conscientious lawyer is rarely besought for divorce." This leaves the field open to inexperienced, incompetent or unethical mem-

bers of the bar. "For them," the report continues, "divorce is their rent, their stenographer's salary, their baby's shoes and sometimes their solid-gold Cadillac. The simplest uncontested case is generally worth a couple of hundred dollars; a case involving even a moderately well-to-do husband accused (not necessarily guilty) of infidelity is ordinarily worth a few thousand to the lawyers. How unrealistic to expect them to forgo anything like that for mere considerations of ethics or morals." The report then documents certain unethical practices, such as accepting a fee from the wife as part of a private agreement and then trying to collect in court from the husband as well.

The problems faced by a couple seeking divorce are not limited to their dealings with lawyers. Judges usually have little inclination to hear divorce cases; and even those who are interested have insufficient time to employ any real understanding of the human problems involved. Judges try to avoid appointment to domestic-relations courts, regarding duty there as "a kind of K.P."

From the foregoing, which is a mere suggestion of the kind of case that can be built against the present system of handling marital breakup, it should be clear that no progress can really be made in the handling of family problems until lawyers and judges are completely eliminated from divorce procedures.

George Partis
Founder and Executive Director
United States Divorce Reform, Inc.
Kenwood, California

DRAFT RESISTANCE

After reading the letter by draft resister Dennis Riordan (*The Playboy Forum*, May), I knew I had to write to you.

I am a 23-year-old German student and have been living in the U. S. for a year. Every day I see on TV American planes dropping bombs on a little country and hundreds of thousands of American men fighting there. Most of them don't even know why; they just were told to kill because the people there are the enemy.

We, the German nation, cannot bring back to life the 6,000,000 Jewish people who died in World War Two. But it is the duty of my generation to ensure that this horrible thing does not happen again. I support Mr. Riordan.

Don't think I am anti-American. The opposite is true. I am very fond of the American people. This is why I am so concerned about the war in Vietnam.

Klaus Beutel
Austin, Minnesota

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

Barbara Oaks' reference to the Fifth Commandment (*The Playboy Forum*, May), like much of the discussion of the Vietnam war and related issues, is emotionally appealing but is based on

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factual distortions and shallow thinking.

Nothing of value is contributed by woefully declaring that our society has forgotten that the Bible prohibits killing under all circumstances. First, the Bible contains no such absolute prohibition; indeed, it contains accounts of slaughters at God's hand or by His command that make Vietnam look mild in comparison. Second, our society has never adhered to such a view. While the elimination of warfare is clearly a desirable and perhaps a necessary objective, nevertheless, the realities of international power politics are such that a nation that prohibited killing absolutely would not last long as a sovereign state. I am sure that few Americans feel that killing is right. I am equally sure that few Americans would fail to respond with necessary force to a direct threat to our national autonomy.

Opponents and proponents of the war in Vietnam can shout "Thou shalt not kill" and "Stop communism" at one another if they wish, but catch phrases that have no value other than their emotionalism will only obscure the relevant issues and impede a final resolution. A solution that is ultimately satisfactory to the nation must be based on a careful and realistic evaluation of the net result of each of the many possible courses of action.

Michael A. Walters
Arlington, Massachusetts

PERSECUTION OF NONCONFORMISTS

In the April *Dear Playboy*, Art Kleps, Chief Boo Hoo of the Neo-American Church, wonders why he and his hippie friends and followers are consistently persecuted. If this air of amazement isn't just a rhetorical stance, if Kleps truly can't see why an Irish cop finds hippie ideas "as alien as moon dust," I think I can explain.

Animals (and we are animals) always react with fear to something they don't understand. Paint a crow white and turn him loose among a flock of regular crows and they'll peck him to pieces, because a white crow is a threat to the traditional crow way of life. Similarly, man's greatest fear is fear of the unknown, and any new thing or idea is, *ipso facto*, unknown. Primitive man got rid of innovators by throwing stones at them; the Romans fed them to the lions; we have cops, jails and loony bins as our first line of defense. Humans spend a lot of time and energy developing written and unwritten laws by which to live and then beating them into all members of the community. People feel secure with these laws; they have made sacrifices in order to maintain them. This is a big investment. Along comes a man in a psychedelic robe who tells them to chuck it all and, of course, he looks like a threat.

My advice to Art Kleps and other



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hippies is to develop thicker skins and a more realistic understanding of human nature.

Otto Norris
Omaha, Nebraska

POT, YES; PACIFISM, NO

Trod Runyon, who is in the Anchorage State Jail (*The Playboy Forum*, April), has my sympathies for being arrested on a marijuana-possession charge. However, I must disagree with him concerning his views on "war and everything the military stands for." I believe that marijuana should be legalized and I'm in Vietnam to defend my right to vote on that belief when it gets on the ballot.

L/Cpl. John D. Spragne
FPO San Francisco, California

POT-LAW REVISION

This is a follow-up to my letter in which I told how I went to Alaska with my dog to live in the mountains and commune with God but got busted when I gave some free pot to an Army deserter.

I am now a free man again and I feel that *PLAYBOY* deserves much of the credit. At the time of my arrest, a change in the law was already under consideration in the state legislature; but the publication of my letter in *The Playboy Forum* helped focus attention on this issue and enabled a lot of people to see the cruelty and the irrationality of the present marijuana statute. Inspired partly by this public sentiment and partly by their own courage and independence (an old Alaskan tradition), the legislators have reduced the crime of possessing grass from a felony to a misdemeanor. Thus, instead of facing a possible two-to-ten-year sentence, I was facing either a fine or a maximum of one year in prison. The judge, showing the same independence, let me off with a \$75 fine.

Coming out of jail was like a rebirth. People who put other people in jail can never imagine what it is like in there, how one sits looking at the four walls and tries, with every atom of his being, to teleport himself out of the cell to a place without guards and guns. Just being able to enter a cafeteria for a cup of coffee becomes a meaningful experience. There are no words that adequately describe the thrill of freedom regained after you thought you had lost it.

Trod Runyon
Anchorage, Alaska

SPLendor IN THE GRASS

I congratulate you for your June *Playboy Forum* answer to marijuanaphobe Martin Lordi. Your rebuttal was certainly a significant contribution to public sanity on a prejudice-clouded issue.

As a student of psychology, propaganda analysis and advertising, I am continually amazed at how easily people are misled by arguments like Mr. Lordi's, in which a few selected "experts," some

half-truths and a large number of emotional adjectives are used to sell a thesis that cannot bear a half hour of skeptical scrutiny. If people could be trained to think and to analyze when they read, instead of just believing whatever is printed, we might have a utopia.

S. F. Korwin
Kingston, New York

Say all you want about the physical harmlessness of marijuana, its mental effects seem to be almost always incompatible with our kind of progressive, technological civilization. Almost every engineering student I've known who started using grass regularly soon switched to a liberal-arts college, where he took up philosophy and Oriental mysticism and—in many cases—got hooked on the Chinese *I Ching* bit, Hindu reincarnation philosophy, American Indian prophecies and visions or some such harmless, charming but worthless nonsense. Pot smokers don't become vicious, depraved dope fiends, but they certainly will not contribute anything toward beating the Russians in the space race, curing cancer or advancing science and industry in any way.

Jim Wilson
Newark, New Jersey

THE BRASS AND THE GRASS

As a lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Army, I recently witnessed the court-martial of several enlisted men, who each received two years in prison and bad-conduct discharges. Their only crime was smoking marijuana.

To speak out against this travesty of justice would jeopardize my own career, but I wish good luck to *PLAYBOY* and to others who are fighting creeping Big Brotherism in America.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I am a captain in the U. S. Army, stationed in Vietnam, and I have acute conscience problems about marijuana use among my troops. John Steinbeck IV probably wasn't exaggerating when he said 75 percent of the soldiers here smoke grass; in my company, I would set the figure closer to 100 percent. Yet I have never ordered a man arrested for this offense. Why should I put a blot on the permanent record of a brave fighting man just because he amuses himself, during his brief respites from battle, with a harmless herb?

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

Your defense of marijuana is regrettable and irresponsible. Being a liberal myself, I generally agree with *PLAYBOY*; but radicalism is a perverted offspring of liberalism. Your condoning the use of this drug places you outside the wholesome world of liberalism and inside the bizarre and fanatical swamp of radicalism.

I am not impressed by your statistics and scientific reports. If only one out of a hundred who try marijuana eventually turns to heroin because of that experience, then marijuana should be banned.

Lt. Charles A. Haigh
APO San Francisco, California

The operative word in your argument is "if," Lieutenant. If your grandmother had wheels, she'd be a wagon. There is no evidence that anybody ever turned to heroin because of marijuana.

I am about to be court-martialed for possession of pot; I face a possible dishonorable discharge plus five years at hard labor. The gimmick that trapped me was classic: The guys from O. S. I. (the Air Force's Office of Special Investigations) caught a friend of mine and persuaded him that his penalty would be lighter if he signed a statement naming others on the base who also smoked grass. He named me and, to my shame, I let them play the same game on me, signing a statement naming yet other "criminals." (They can be awfully persuasive when they've got you alone in the back room.)

Thousands of lives are being ruined in this way each year. Please keep printing the facts about marijuana until the truth sinks into the heads of our legislators and they repeal these cruel laws.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

BIRTH CONTROL AND COEDS

The medical services of all colleges and universities in America should make birth-control devices available on request to female students, regardless of age. I feel very strongly about this, having seen my roommate go to Mexico for an abortion and my best friend go through the heartbreak of bearing and giving up an illegitimate child.

We coeds feel that we are free, responsible individuals in choosing to go to bed with our boyfriends and fiancés. I, for example, cannot marry my fiancé for at least two more years, and I will not put us through the nonsense of back-seat petting every weekend. Since we are unable to get contraceptives at the health center, most of us go to private physicians with phony and demeaning stories about getting married, or we make up fictitious birth dates.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

CONTRACEPTION NOT ENOUGH

In a brief anti-abortion letter full of name calling (*The Playboy Forum*, April), D. A. Jalkinsky of Cleveland says, "We have sterilization, contraceptives and abstinence; isn't that enough?" Obviously not. Sterilization is out of the question for many people, because it is usually irreversible. Contraception is not foolproof. Abstinence, as an alternative, is ridiculous.



Mr. Jalkinsky may find contraception acceptable now, but he is just the sort of person who, not too long ago, fought the dissemination of birth-control information; many such people still do. Incidentally, I am not "ugly, stupid or promiscuous"; I am a happily married mother of four lovely children.

Mrs. Sylvia Spier
Santa Ana, California

ABORTION-LAW NIGHTMARE

Recently, my girlfriend became pregnant. I took her to a doctor, who gave her shots that were ineffective. We then visited a nurse, who tried to induce miscarriage but also failed.

Three days after the visit to the nurse, my girl miscarried spontaneously. I took her to our campus infirmary, where she developed an infection requiring treatment in a hospital. Somehow, a policewoman got into the ambulance that was taking my girl to the hospital. She subjected my girlfriend to a barrage of questions that she was in no condition to withstand. The girl said enough to incriminate herself and me, and now the police are trying to find out who helped us.

Yesterday, after the police interrogated me for three hours, I was frightened into signing a statement telling almost everything that had happened, but I would not reveal the names or the whereabouts of the doctor and the nurse. The police tried to persuade me that these people were evil, self-seeking racketeers who were exploiting my girlfriend and me. I don't see it that way, because the doctor took little money, the nurse none at all. They were merely trying to help a girl who had threatened to commit suicide because her parents would have made life hell for her if they had found out she was pregnant. Toward the end of my session with the police, one officer asked me if I ever attended church. When I answered no, he turned beet red and charged out of the room. Such was the reasonableness of my inquisitors. Their language throughout the interrogation was offensive.

I have obtained legal advice, but I'm mainly worried about my girl pulling through this in good condition. The police were on her neck all the while she was so ill and they have continued to plague her ever since she began to recover.

Tomorrow my girlfriend and I will be fingerprinted, photographed and taken to court. The cost of the lawyer is high; the emotional price is higher. She is on the verge of insanity or suicide and I am on the point of running away with her, as far from this 20th Century version of the Spanish Inquisition as possible. The abortion laws are perpetuated and enforced by legislators and by policemen who cannot tell the difference between good and evil.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

PRAISE FOR ABORTIONISTS

A year ago, I became pregnant. The father was a wonderful person, but we did not love each other enough to marry. After discussing the situation at length, we finally decided on abortion.

Friends gave us the name of a reputable doctor in another province. The weekend of my sixth week of pregnancy, we went to see him. I had my abortion that week. The operation took only minutes and the doctor worked under very sterile and sanitary conditions. There were no immediate aftereffects. It has been a year and I am in perfect health. I consider myself very lucky to have had an illegal but successful abortion.

I asked the doctor why he performed abortions at the risk of losing his practice and his freedom. His reply still rings in my ears: "Because there are young couples like you who need my help and because I disagree violently with Canadian abortion laws."

According to him, most of his patients are well-educated professional people, like myself. His last words to me were: "Love and sex are beautiful. Never forget that. But when you get home, have your family doctor give you a prescription for the pill. I don't want you back again."

Thank God such doctors exist!

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

ABORTION DOCTOR'S VIEWPOINT

To understand the attitude toward abortion that I developed over 30 years as a general practitioner and abortionist, one must realize that the abortionist is the man who's confronted by a woman burdened with a pregnancy she does not want. She knows she does not want it and is determined to get rid of it, regardless of any religious or legal prohibitions that might exist.

On the other hand, the relationship of almost everyone else to the question of abortion is on a holier-than-thou level of authority, telling the pregnant woman what she must do and forcing her to do it at the point of a gun (the power of the law). I wish these people could listen to a woman begging, pleading, crying, even attempting to force the abortionist to perform the operation.

The abortionist is often accused of usurping God's authority as the giver and taker of life. In medieval Europe, this attitude was used as a reason to forbid doctors from treating many illnesses. Almost everyone now sees the absurdity of this position: is it any less absurd to forbid a doctor to terminate a pregnancy? The argument that God inserts a soul in a fertilized ovum at the moment of conception is scientifically unprovable. To insist that the fetus is a full-fledged human being because it has a

full set of genetic components and will develop into an infant if left alone is simply a restatement of the soul argument in apparently scientific language.

Abortion is essentially the last stage in a series of possible birth-control measures, the first stage being abstention from sex and the intermediate stages being the use of various kinds of contraceptive devices. Human beings are always producing sperms and ova and making decisions about when to terminate their development. All these cells are alive and all are potential human beings. Thus, in my view, abortion is no more wrong than the practice of celibacy. All of us are concerned about finding an answer to the question of when a developing fetus should properly be called a human being having full human rights. My own answer is that this moment occurs when the fetus is developed to the point where it is able to breathe and to live separated from the mother's womb. It can be argued that my position is purely a matter of personal conviction based on my feelings for the pregnant women involved and on my own philosophical and religious views. This argument would be correct; but, by the same token, the conviction that the fetus is human from the moment of conception is equally arbitrary, equally a personal matter. Everyone is entitled to his own belief in this matter, because none can be scientifically or logically verified.

An abortionist saves the honor and self-respect of many women, helps other women live better lives, saves homes from being broken, reopens doors slammed on young people whose education and job opportunities are threatened. Yet for these services to society, I spent 25 months in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, an episode I neither resent nor regret, because now I can tell the truth about abortion from experience.

I challenge anyone to justify by any means whatsoever—his Christian conscience, his respect for the dignity and the sanctity of life or merely his own personal philosophy—society's right to hold a gun in the face of a woman and force her to continue a pregnancy she does not want, so long as one child remains hungry or ill-clothed.

W. J. Bryan Henrie, D. O.
Grove, Oklahoma

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Slowly, but not too slowly, it ruins the lungs. There is no noise, no mess, as there would be in a nuclear explosion. There is no chance, as there would be in the employment of bacteriological resources, that some persons might escape by building up immunity.

It is the universality of this method that gives it its greatest appeal. After all, everyone must breathe. There is no way to avoid the intake of polluted air, except by stopping breathing. Of course, if everyone could be counted on to stop breathing for as little as half an hour, the job could be done quickly and efficiently. There would be no need to bother with the laborious and expensive process of air pollution.

But there would be a few spoilsports who would refuse to cooperate. There would be others who, despite their good intentions, after years of breathing, would find themselves hooked. Still others might try to kick the habit, but would backslide after experiencing the discomforts of withdrawal.

What, you ask, can I do to help?

Write to your state and Federal representatives and members of the Supreme Court, pointing out that legislation forcing you to install an antismog device on your car is an infringement of your personal liberties. If you are hauled into

court for failure to install such a device, take the Fifth Amendment. Refuse to say whether or not you have such a device. And do not let anyone find out by looking at your car. The Fourth Amendment, on unreasonable searches and seizures, protects you from this.

Keep careful account of the voting record of your Congressman. If he leans toward Federal legislation to require installation of exhaust devices and otherwise shows himself an opponent of air pollution, do your best to see that he is not re-elected. He is probably a Communist or a dupe of the Communists, who want to keep the human race going, to have something they can make trouble for.

Now, finally, a quick look at water pollution.

Until recent years, efforts at water pollution seemed to be making little or no progress. With water covering seven tenths of the earth, the magnitude of the project discouraged all but the most dedicated and stouthearted.

Little by little, however, the work has gone forward. Results are beginning to show. As one leading water polluter said during a television interview, "It has been a long, hard struggle, but I think we have turned the corner. Given continued support by an aroused citizenry, I am confident we shall win."

Industry, of course, spearheads the drive, sending a vast tonnage of waste matter into rivers, lakes and other waterways. But the humblest individual plays a part, adding his mite to the sewage that gathers volume as it goes from house to house and at last, a raging torrent, empties into the sea near some populous bathing resort.

As the housewife finishes her laundry and empties her washing machine of the last load of foamy, insoluble detergent, she can rejoice in more than having the family's clothing clean. She is helping pollute the water of the nearby lake, thus preventing the loss of no telling how many man-hours, previously wasted on the idle pursuit of fishing.

Do your bit with garbage and trash. Your own efforts, added to the good work of huge pipes funneling sewage into the ocean and barges dumping radioactive wastes, will, ere long, achieve what we are all after. Someday, even the larger bodies of water will be filled with such quantities of waste that they will be almost solid.

Then man can walk on water, which hasn't been done for 2000 years.

To sum up, with regard to elimination of the human race: We have done well, but we can do better. We are in sight of our goal. One last great push. . . .



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DISSENT

(continued from page 170)

being set throughout the country, and they are dangerous precedents.

At the same time, individual dissenters are being repressed. In recent months, H. Rap Brown, national chairman of SNCC, has been undergoing a complicated series of court cases. When he was first released on bail, it was only on condition that he not leave the 11 counties of the southern district of New York, where the office of his lawyer, William Kunstler, is located. The judge who made the decision did not try to hide his intent: "Mr. Brown is not going to make speeches, because he is going to have to stay in Mr. Kunstler's district except when going to and from trial." For a time, the attempt to silence Brown worked. He had to cancel many speaking engagements in this country and abroad. When he finally did go to California to speak, he was jailed. And last May, he received the maximum sentence of five years in jail and a \$2000 fine for violating the National Firearms Act. That law forbids anyone under a felony indictment to transport a gun across state lines. The charge against Brown was that while under an indictment for arson in Maryland, he carried a carbine in his luggage on a plane from New York to Baton Rouge last August. There is not only a serious question as

to whether Brown did, indeed, know he was under indictment at the time but there is also the clear likelihood that he is being punished so severely in an attempt to silence him for as long as possible. At the time of Brown's sentencing in New Orleans on May 22, William Kunstler declared: "I would hate to think my country used a little-known law like this to persecute and silence this man." It did; and the case is now on appeal.

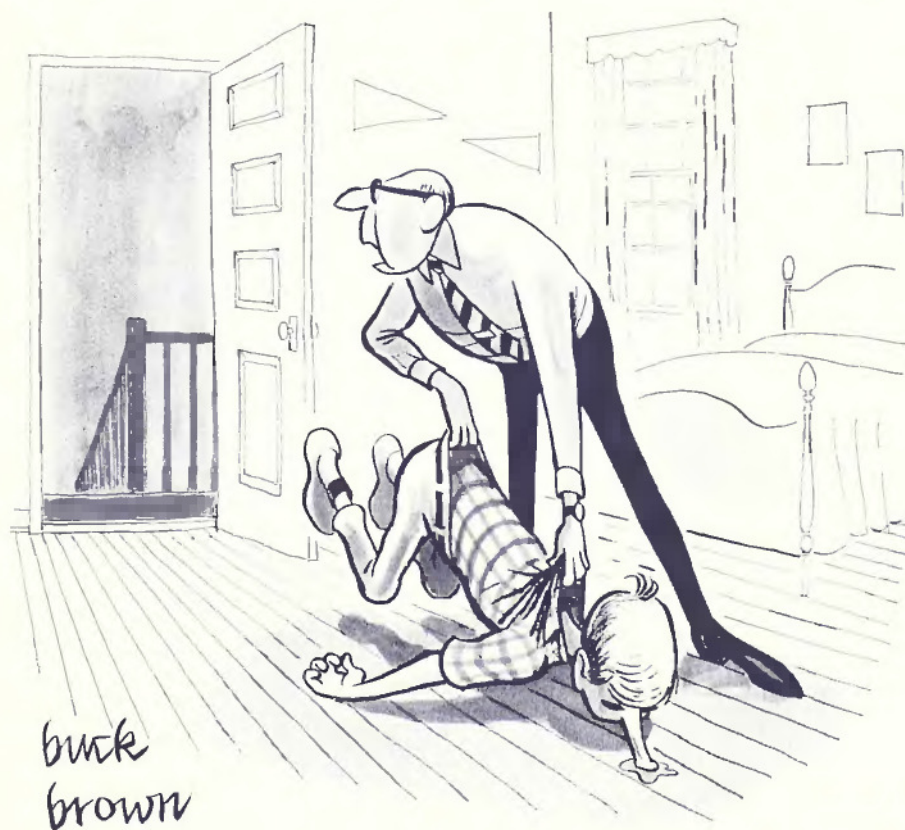
Another illustration of how dangerous it is becoming to be a militant black dissenter is what happened to Clifton Thirley Haywood, a Negro and a Muslim. Last October, he was given two consecutive five-year sentences and two \$10,000 fines for violations of the Selective Service Act—the heaviest sentence for such violations of the Selective Service Act since World War One. The jail term and fines were imposed even though Haywood had told Judge Frank M. Scarlett of the United States District Court in Brunswick, Georgia, that he was willing to violate his religious beliefs and enter the Armed Forces. If Haywood were not black, and a Muslim besides, would the sentence have been that severe? Even Senator Richard Russell of Georgia knows the answer to that question.

In January of this year, poet-polemicist LeRoi Jones, charged with the pos-

session of guns during the violence in Newark last summer, received nearly a maximum sentence—two and a half to three years, plus a \$1000 fine, with no probation permitted. The reason: because of what LeRoi Jones has written—the First Amendment notwithstanding. The judge said explicitly that he made the sentence so severe in large part because of a poem by Jones that had appeared in the previous month's *Evergreen Review*. The poem, the judge stated, was "antiwhite and full of obscenities." Only on the day of the sentencing was Jones or anyone else aware that he was also on trial for writing a poem. Reflecting on this ominous augury, Allen Ginsberg, gathering signatures for a writers' petition protesting the sentence, said: "I'm getting scared because of police-state purposes in this country. A lot of things I imagined in *Howl* are, unfortunately, coming true. . . . LeRoi didn't have any pistols. I talked to his father and his wife and they both told me that LeRoi had told them in private that he didn't have any guns. I called California the other day to get people to sign the petition and found that Ferlinghetti and Baez were in jail. And now Spock. Everything has gotten serious in a very weird way."

The growing thrust toward repression of dissenting views and of "trouble-makers" is not limited to black militants and objectors to the war. The undernourished "war on poverty," for instance, has increasingly limited the possibilities of dissent for those of the poor who have been sufficiently "uplifted" to be hired as subprofessionals or in other roles in Federally aided projects under the Economic Opportunity Act. At the end of last year, new legislation gave local government officials throughout the country much more control over antipoverty programs, thereby making it much easier to dismiss staff members who are critical of those same local government officials. Previously, bars had been placed on political activity by antipoverty personnel, and these have now been extended to include nonpartisan political activity. Another way of describing this process is co-optation: If you want to get on the payroll and stay there, don't make waves.

Another group experiencing penalties for dissent and nonconformity are the young—not only those who resist the draft but young people as a whole. In *Youth—The Oppressed Majority* (PLAYBOY, September 1967), I indicated the scope and variety of pressures on the young. Those pressures are increasing. Recently, Ira Glasser of the New York Civil Liberties Union reported in a memorandum to all chapters in the state: "The number of violations of students' civil liberties by school administrators is growing at an alarming rate. These violations have, to my knowledge, fallen roughly into three



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categories: 1. Denial of due process; 2. Repression of individual expression (mainly long hair and dress codes); and 3. Harassment of political activity.

"Denial of due process cases have involved things like summary suspension, hearing without counsel, permitting police to interrogate young children for hours without notifying parents, etc. The long-hair and dress-code cases have included some of the most bizarre and arbitrary standards imaginable, despite orders from State Commissioner of Education James Allen to the effect that school administrators had no right to impose such standards if they did not relate directly to educational goals. Harassment of political activity has taken many forms, including illegal search and seizure, threats of suspension for distributing leaflets or circulating petitions, repression of student clubs organized for political purposes." And New York is far from the only state in which the Bill of Rights is not considered to apply to the young.

But is there really that much cause for urgent concern that the right to dissent may become emasculated? After all, there have always been repressive forces throughout our history. What determines the strength and effectiveness of those forces of repression, however, is the mood of the nation at any given time—and also the degree to which the majority of us understand and are committed to the Bill of Rights. A few years ago, Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren said he was not sure the American people would vote for the Bill of Rights if it were up for ratification today. In December 1967, the Harris Poll posed this question: "Do you feel that people who are against the war in Viet-

nam have the right to undertake peaceful demonstrations against the war?" When the same question had been asked the previous July, 30 percent said opponents of the war do not have that right. By December, 40 percent took that position, one that in effect ignores the First Amendment. If peace talks break down and the war escalates again, with correspondingly larger numbers of American deaths, what percentage of the citizenry will continue to support the right of dissent under the First Amendment? And if the racial divide grows wider and deeper, leading to more violence, how much opposition will there be to loosely phrased "emergency laws" in cities and states?

Another way of measuring and predicting the national mood—in addition to public-opinion polls—is by listening to Congress and watching what it does. The present Congress has quite clearly moved to the right. Its most enthusiastic response during the President's State of the Union Message in January was to the section that began: "Now we at every level of government—state, local, Federal—know that the American people have had enough of rising crime and lawlessness in this country." There were cheers, whistles and 11 bursts of applause. That section, incidentally, contained this chilling Orwellian line: "And finally, I ask you to add one hundred FBI agents to strengthen law enforcement in the nation and to protect the individual rights of every citizen."

True, there have always been voices for repression in Congress; but during the past two years, they have become louder and more insistent than at any time since the presence of Joe McCarthy loomed over Capitol Hill. In May 1967,

Assistant Attorney General Fred Vinson was testifying before the House Armed Services Committee. Many of its members were pushing for immediate and relentless prosecution of all those who had given support to young men resisting the draft. Vinson explained that the First Amendment protects the right of free speech unless utterances constitute a "clear and present danger to the country." Responded Representative F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana: "Let's forget the First Amendment!"

On the House floor in September 1967, Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and generally considered a liberal, spoke sternly of "the responsibilities which march along with dissent" and asked whether dissenters are "aware of the point where the flow of the First Amendment reaches the wall of a clear and present danger." The time has come, Celler added, "to extend the rule of law within and without the boundaries of this land." Imprecise, but threatening, and further limning the mood of Congress. It is not a mood consonant with the conviction of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black that "the First Amendment grants an absolute right to believe in any governmental system, [to] discuss all governmental affairs and [to] argue for desired changes in the existing order."

In December 1967, as news broke that Stokely Carmichael was coming home from his travels abroad, a number of Congressmen prepared special greetings. While overseas, Carmichael had, indeed, spoken vehemently against American policies; but that was all he had done. He had given his opinions. Proclaimed Congressman Robert Michel of Illinois: "I rise to express my complete agreement with President Johnson on one point. I am referring to press reports that the President feels very strongly that Stokely Carmichael should be prosecuted for sedition if and when he returns to the United States."

This past spring, there were passionate speeches in Congress in opposition to the right of assembly in Washington of the members of the Poor People's Campaign that had been initiated by the late Martin Luther King. Bills were submitted to forbid the march, to deny the demonstrators access to the Capitol or its grounds and to campsites on public parkland. Senator Karl Mundt even accused Government officials of "lacking courage" to stand up against dissent. Meanwhile, other Congressmen were volubly exacerbated by the waves of dissent on college campuses throughout the country, particularly the rebellion at Columbia University.

But, it can be claimed, these are just Congressmen who are themselves exercising free speech. What is Congress actually doing and planning with regard



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to the suppression of dissent? The answers are hardly encouraging to believers in the Bill of Rights. Last May, by an overwhelming vote of 306 to 54, the House voted to cut off Federal financial aid—loans, grants, traineeships, fellowships—to students who take part in campus sit-ins or other disruptions of academic operations. *The New York Times* observed: "To turn Federal stipends into a device to regulate student views and behavior is to stoop to methods generally associated with totalitarian states. . . . Federal interference with higher education is an intolerable violation of academic freedom."

Also last spring, as part of a civil rights bill, Congress made it a Federal crime to travel from one state to another—or to use radio, television or other interstate facilities—with an intent to incite a riot. The maximum penalty is five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. The bill defines a riot as a public disturbance involving three or more persons endangering either property or persons. Here, too, as in various local antiriot measures, the language is dangerously ambiguous. How is "intent" determined? As Attorney General Ramsey Clark said last year, "The state of mind of an individual when he travels . . . interstate . . . is very difficult to prove." What does "incite" mean? And what of free speech under the First Amendment?

Also alarming was the sweeping 72-to-4 vote by which the Senate in May passed a crime-control bill that allows wide latitude in the use of wire tapping and electronic surveillance and the admission of evidence obtained through such means into court cases. Under the bill's provisions, not only can the Federal Government tap wires and use bugging devices with much greater legal freedom but state and local law-enforcement officials can use electronic surveillance against any crime "dangerous to life, limb or property and punishable by imprisonment for more than one year." Included, therefore, would be all the alleged crimes so broadly designated in the increasing number of local and state "antiriot" and "conspiracy" statutes. Understating the perils in this new bill, *The New York Times* noted that the voting indicated the Congressional mood "is against safeguarding privacy. Snooping and tapping were approved not for a few serious crimes but for a wide variety. Furthermore, wire taps would be permitted for up to 48 hours even without a court order."

A further indication of the mood of Congress is a proposal this year by 19 Senators, led by James Eastland of Mississippi, that peacetime treason be declared a Federal crime. If the bill is passed, anyone convicted of giving "aid or comfort" to the Viet Cong or North Vietnamese or "any other nation or armed group engaged in open hostilities against the United States" would be lia-

ble to a prison term of up to ten years and a fine of up to \$10,000. Without a declaration of war, then, dissent against a particular act of foreign policy could be interpreted as giving aid or comfort—and we would be close to a peacetime police state. "Evidence" of such aid or comfort would be all the more easily obtained through the expansion of permissible wire tapping and bugging.

Congress, meanwhile, is not only passing and considering repressive bills. In recent months, there has been a marked resurgence of activities by various Congressional investigating committees. The venerable House Un-American Activities Committee has been looking into "the Communist instigation behind Northern ghetto riots" and is also exploring the "infiltrated" Draft Resister's League in Dallas. Representative Joe Pool of Texas, one of the committee's more fervent members, has also been urging an investigation of the Students for a Democratic Society, the largest national organization of the New Left.

In addition, the energetic Congressman Pool has called for a "preliminary investigation" of underground newspapers. "These smut sheets," he said during a speech at Yale last November, "are today's Molotov cocktails thrown at respectability and decency in our nation. . . . Responsible publishers know that freedom of speech can be lost if the First Amendment is abused by the mudslingers who tell one lie after another to destroy those who oppose them." But this is just rhetoric. Who would take Pool seriously? The Liberation News Service, which provides material for much of the underground press, reported in November: "In Dallas, the Southern Methodist University S. D. S. chapter dissolved itself under the heat of Pool's attack last month, the Dallas Draft Information Center was illegally evicted from its office and *Notes from the Underground* (an independent student newspaper) was banned from campus in a double-think statement by the president of SMU defending freedom of the press." Congressman Pool, furthermore, as a self-proclaimed champion of "our beloved freedoms," has proposed that "Congress should deny funds to any university that permits S. D. S. to have an organized chapter on its campus."

While Congressman Pool beats the campus bushes for subversives, the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee has undertaken a large-scale investigation of the New Left, including civil rights and antiwar groups. As *The New York Times* observed on October 29, 1967, the chairman of the subcommittee, Senator Eastland, "obtained the unanimous approval of his subcommittee—including Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois and Democratic liberal Birch Bayh of Indiana—for an investigation-authorizing resolution that amounts to a license to hunt for sub-

version in practically every organization of dissent now in existence."

The immediate focus of Eastland's resolution was on the Chicago meeting of the National Conference of New Politics at the Palmer House last September. Represented at that convention were 367 groups, from Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference and SANE to the Communist Party, which, by the way, is a legal organization. (And out of more than 2000 delegates to that conference, only seven registered as Communists.) Before Eastland had his resolution to investigate, agents of the subcommittee were at the conference; and when they left, letters, files and other documents of the participating groups disappeared with them.

Another Senate unit, John McClellan's permanent Investigating Subcommittee, is also resurgent. It is engaged in, among other expeditions, a search to determine whether the violence in the ghettos has been "instigated and precipitated by the calculated design of agitators, militant activists or lawless elements."

Are we at the start of a new period of McCarthyism? Seven prominent religious and civil-liberties leaders sent a letter to Congress last spring expressing exactly that fear. Among them were the late Martin Luther King; Roger Baldwin, founder of the American Civil Liberties Union; the Reverend John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary; Father Robert F. Drinan, S. J., dean of Boston College Law School; Rabbi Maurice Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations; Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; and Dr. Benjamin Spock. "The dangers," their letter said, "are manifest. These investigations are not aimed at determining the adequacy of laws concerning overt acts that actually threaten national security. . . . These investigations are aimed at the sacrosanct areas of First Amendment freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and association and freedom of the press. They threaten to repeat the experience of the 1950s, when the cry of communism by Senator McCarthy and his acolytes stifled all but the most orthodox politics. Though we believe that today's dissenters and protesters will not be easily intimidated, the fact remains that the effect of simplistic name-calling will be to intimidate some people. The more intensive the name-calling and the guilt by association, the greater the number of those who will prefer anonymity to visibility and will prefer to remain outside the political dialog. More than that, however, it may well lead, as in the Fifties, not only to silence but also to persecution, prosecution and loss of employment.

"Perhaps the most serious consequence," the letter concluded, "may be



"The undertow is terrific!"



"Our group had thirty-seven percent more moral decay."

the further lowering of the quality of debate concerning the nation's problems. With the isolation of the substantive criticism of the activists from the American mainstream, the search for solutions may turn up scapegoats, and the means of dealing with the conditions may be increasingly repressive."

The possibility of repressive means has been considerably increased by a particularly ominous act of Congress at the end of last year. It passed a bill giving new life to the Internal Security Act of 1950, part of which the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional. Surprisingly little public attention was given this development, but both the original act and its new amendments merit close study. The 1950 bill was vetoed by President Harry Truman, who said it represented "a clear and present danger to our institutions" and "would make a mockery of the Bill of Rights and of our claims to stand for freedom in the world." The Senate voted to override Truman's veto. One of the votes to

override was that of Lyndon Johnson.

Among other provisions, the original act set up a five-man Subversive Activities Control Board and required Communist-front and Communist-action organizations to register themselves with the Attorney General. In 1965, the Supreme Court decided that the latter section was unconstitutional because it violated the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. The newly amended act permits the Subversive Activities Control Board to conduct its own hearings as to whether organizations are Communist, Communist controlled or Communist infiltrated. If the board declares that a group falls into one of those categories, the names of all members will be publicly listed with the Attorney General. In arguing unsuccessfully against the adoption of this end run around the Supreme Court, Congressman John Culver of Iowa warned: "To grant such frightening power (to establish a public black list of organizations deemed Communist or 'Communist infiltrated') to a bureaucrat, to five men or,

indeed, to (any) Government official . . . is most dangerous and irresponsible, because it may only serve to stifle dissent—it may only serve to kill expression of controversial views in this nation. To the extent that it denies the political vitality and vigor of our own free institutions, then it clearly aids and abets the Communist movement."

When the measure came up in the Senate for final adoption on December 14, only five Senators were in the chamber, and this extraordinary piece of legislation became law by a vote of three to two. It may be significant to remember that in earlier debate, Senator Dirksen told his colleagues that the President had called him to the White House and told him he wanted the bill passed. The sonorous Senator from Illinois then raised the flag to obscure the Constitution: "We are at a time when we have to call a spade a spade in this country. The time for fooling is past. We have 475,000 youngsters and oldsters out in Vietnam. What do you think they think when they read about these things going on in the Senate—people trying to stop the Subversive Activities Control Board from doing its work?"

There are further dangers to dissent in the new legislation. As a group of civil-liberties lawyers, including Melvin Wulf of the American Civil Liberties Union and William Kunstler, have pointed out: "The statute, as amended, is, to put it conservatively, even more 'at war with the First Amendment' than its predecessor. For example, the definition of a 'Communist-front organization' has been further 'liberalized' to provide that an organization may be registered as a 'Communist-front organization' if it 'is substantially directed, dominated or controlled by one or more members of a Communist-action organization . . .' (emphasis added). The act previously defined a 'Communist-front organization' as one that 'is substantially directed, dominated or controlled by a Communist-action organization.'"

How can it be proved that one Communist, who may well have hidden the fact that he is a Communist, is "substantially" directing, dominating or controlling your group? One key test, under the new amendments, is whether your organization is involved in "advocacy, espousal and teaching of a creed or of causes for which the Communist movement stands." As Representative Culver emphasized in his losing battle in the House, it would be quite possible for "innocent organizations" to take positions on matters of policy that in particular cases don't deviate from those of the Communist movement. "An organization advocating humanitarian programs designed to meet the unrest of the cities following last summer's riots," Culver noted, "could be classified as a Communist front if the Communist Party

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As if the amendments to the Internal Security Act were not threatening enough to dissent, "the most serious aspects of this bill," as Congressman William Ryan of New York has warned, "involve not what it alters but what it leaves unchanged. The restrictions on freedom of association inherent in the original act are unchanged." So is the ability of the Government to weaken and eventually destroy organizations through lengthy and expensive legal proceedings. This happened, as William Kunstler recalls, to many organizations under the old act. "This way," he says, "the Government can effectively kill by exhaustion those organizations it doesn't like."

Also still in effect is Title II, Section 100 of the original Internal Security Act. This provides that the President alone, under certain conditions—a declaration of war by Congress, an "insurrection" within the United States or "imminent invasion" of this country or any of its possessions—can declare a national "internal-security emergency." As soon as the President does this, the Attorney General is required by the act to apprehend "any person as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that such person probably will engage in, or probably will conspire with others

to engage in, acts of espionage or sabotage."

According to the December 27, 1953 *New York Times*, six camps were actually set up for "dangerous" people—at Allenwood, Pennsylvania; Avon Park, Florida; El Reno, Oklahoma; Florence, Arizona; Wickenburg, Arizona; and Tulelake, California. At that time, Charles R. Allen had described these camps in *The Nation* and other publications. In the June 1967 *Realist*, Allen wrote that he had recently reinvestigated the situation: "Briefly, I found that the program is still in full force. That the Johnson Administration is all set to swing into action. That there are at least 1,000,000 Federal Internal Security Emergency Warrants waiting to be used if need be. That the FBI has a thing called 'Operation Dragnet' that it can throw into full gear 'overnight.' That the concentration camps are, in one form or another, still ready on a 'stand-by basis' and that they can hold at least an initial complement of 26,500." He also claims that "the likely candidates for being picked up in 'Operation Dragnet' have expanded considerably since the passage of Title II so as to include the whole black-hippie-dissent scene."

Allen asked Walter Yeagley, head of the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department—charged with carrying

out these details of the Internal Security Act—for an interview about the camps. Yeagley wrote Allen that he did not consider the inquiry "a subject for public discussion." Earlier this year, however, Yeagley and other Government officials were interviewed by William Hedgepeth, a senior editor of *Look*, in the course of an investigation by that magazine about the existence of the camps. Hedgepeth could find no evidence "either of physical preparations or of plans by the Federal Government for mass-level incarceration of Americans via Title II of the McCarran Act." But he was careful to add: "Still, the law lies on the books, the campsites exist . . . it *could* happen here." And he quoted Melvin Wulf of the A. C. L. U.: "The mere existence of the camps is really beside the point. If the law went into effect, they'd have no trouble finding some place to put 'em all." An unnamed Federal official agreed with Wulf: "Even without camps, we could transfer and double up in our prisons to hold people. We've got the talent and the staff to sit down and start working out transfers in a hurry."

That's the point. The law exists, and plenty of space can be found to intern all those picked up under that law. In 1962, in an interview on New York radio station WBAI-FM, former FBI agent Jack Levine revealed how quickly the roundups could take place. "The FBI," he said, "estimates that within a matter of hours every potential saboteur in the United States will be safely interned. They'll be able to do this by the close surveillance they maintain on these people; and they (the FBI) envisage that with the cooperation of the local police throughout the country, they'll be able to apprehend these persons in no time at all."

Nor is such a forced march to concentration camps without precedent in American history. It happened during World War Two to 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry—70,000 of them American citizens by birth—who were herded into "relocation" camps for as long as four years. The most comprehensive account of that time of hysteria is Allan R. Bosworth's 1967 book, *America's Concentration Camps*. In his introduction to the book, Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union, by no means an alarmist, warns: "The laws and the machinery are ready for another day, another war, another emergency, another minority. . . . In order not to be caught again improving measures for security in wartime or a national emergency declared by the President, Congress has thoughtfully provided that next time camps will be ready for the immediate internment of all persons, aliens and citizens alike, whom the FBI and other intelligence agencies suspect of sympathy with whatever enemy then confronts us."

In retrospect, it's instructive and hardly



"I say to hell with racial imbalance—I'm through being bused in every day!"

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reassuring to consider the names of some of those who supported the mass imprisonment of the Japanese. When President Franklin Roosevelt signed Executive Order No. 9066, which put the machinery in motion, Earl Warren, then attorney general of California, said that the order was most wise. The act was also upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1944, with Justice Hugo Black as its spokesman. In one of the three dissenting opinions, the late Justice Robert H. Jackson observed: "A military order, however unconstitutional, is not apt to last longer than the military emergency. . . . But once a judicial opinion rationalizes such an order to show that it conforms to the Constitution . . . the Court for all time has validated the principle of racial discrimination in criminal procedure of transplanting American citizens. The principle then lies about like a loaded weapon ready for the hand of any authority that can bring forward a plausible claim of an urgent need."

The weapon is still loaded. William Peterson, professor of sociology at the University of California, ended an article, "Success Story, Japanese-American Style," in the January 9, 1966 *New York Times Magazine*: "The Chinese in California, I am told, read the newspapers

these days with a particular apprehension. They wonder whether it could happen here—again." And not only the Chinese are apprehensive.

Just as there is a precedent in American history for "relocation" camps, so there is a chilling diversity of precedents for the suppression of dissent. From 1798 to 1800, the Alien and Sedition Acts were in force, providing jail terms of up to five years and fines of up to \$5000 for anyone who spoke or wrote about Congress, the President or the Federal Government "with intent to defame them or bring them . . . into contempt or disrepute." Ostensibly designed to protect the country from subversion by the French, with whom America's relationships had deteriorated, the Alien and Sedition Acts were really intended by the Federalists in power to cripple the opposition Republican Party of Thomas Jefferson.

In the first four months during which the laws were on the books, 21 newspaper printers, all of whom put out Republican journals, were arrested. One prominent Boston editor died as the result of mistreatment in jail. Among many others arrested was a Congressman, Matthew Lyon of Vermont, who had written in a letter that President John Adams had an

"unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." For that opinion, the Congressman was sentenced to four months in a tiny, unheated cell in a Vermont jail and fined \$1000.

In revulsion against the Federalists' sweeping and arbitrary use of the acts, the electorate defeated them in 1800 and the new President, Thomas Jefferson, pardoned all who had been convicted under the laws. But throughout the 19th Century, there were strong forces against dissent both within and outside the courts. In 1835, for instance, a mob advanced on the Boston office of the *Liberator*, an abolitionist newspaper edited by William Lloyd Garrison, and dragged him through the streets at the end of a rope. And for many years, abolitionists couldn't meet in the city of New York without having to cope with organized disturbances.

But Garrison and the other abolitionists not only persisted in dissent but also resisted laws they considered an affront to their consciences. On July 4, 1854, Garrison, in the course of a speech in Framingham, Massachusetts, held up a copy of the Fugitive Slave Law, which required the turning over of runaway slaves to their masters. He burned the copy of the law publicly—a precedent of its kind for today's burning of draft cards. Other acts of resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law provoked riots, direct confrontations with law-enforcement officials on the streets and the snatching away of runaway slaves from Southern masters who had gone North to claim them.

There was also resistance to the Mexican War, and Henry David Thoreau was jailed in 1846 for refusing to pay taxes to support that War. (A United States stamp in honor of Thoreau, ironically, was issued last year.) In another striking parallel with current public statements of dissent, Theodore Parker, an abolitionist clergyman, said during the same period: "What shall we do . . . in regard to this present War? We can refuse to take any part in it; we can encourage others to do the same; we can aid men, if need be, who suffer because they refuse. Men will call us traitors; what then? That hurt nobody in '76. We are a rebellious nation; our whole history is treason; our blood was attainted before we were born; our creeds are infidelity to mother church; our Constitution treason to our fatherland. What of that? Though all the governors in the world bid us commit treason against man, and set the example, let us never submit. Let God only be a master to control our conscience."

In the last half of the 19th Century, there were intermittent attempts, by law and by mob violence, to repress the nascent labor movement, all manner of radicals and women insisting on their



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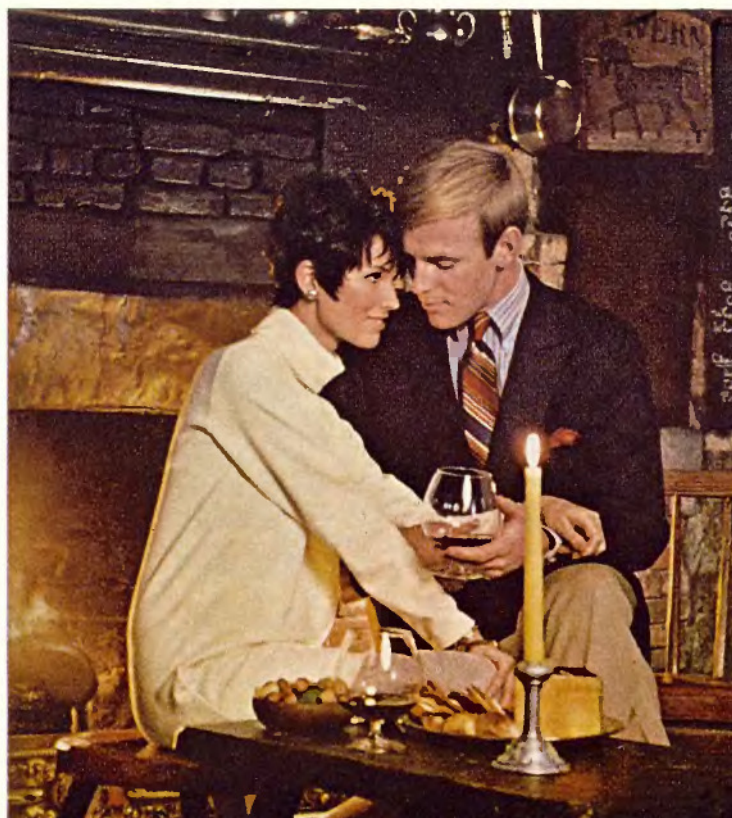


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right to vote. But the nadir of civil liberties in post-slavery America was reached during World War One and in the years immediately after. National hysteria in World War One did not even exclude clergymen. Theodore Roosevelt declared that "the clergyman who does not put the flag above the church had better close his church and keep it closed." In their book *Opponents of War: 1917-18*, H. C. Peterson and Gilbert Fite wrote that "in some cases, ministerial opponents of war were handled roughly, or even jailed. Reverend Samuel Sibert of Carmel, Illinois, was jailed in December 1917, because he said in a sermon that he opposed war. In Audubon, Iowa, two men, one of them a minister, were seized by a crowd who put ropes around their necks and dragged them toward the public square. After one of them signed a check for a \$1000 Liberty Bond, he was released. The minister was released because of the intervention of his wife. *The Sacramento Bee*, December 27, 1917, headlined the report, 'NEAR LYNCHINGS GIVE PRO-GERMANS NEEDED LESSON.'"

In 1917, Congress passed the Espionage Act, still on the books, which made it a crime, punishable by a \$10,000 fine and 20 years in jail, for anyone to "convey false reports or false statements with intent to interfere with the operation or success

of the military or naval forces of the United States or to promote the success of its enemies . . . or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or refusal of duty in the military or naval forces of the United States, or . . . willfully obstruct recruiting or enlistment service."

The next year, to make doubly sure the lid was on dissent, the Sedition Act came into being. It prohibited anyone, on pain of a \$10,000 fine and 20 years' imprisonment, to "utter, print, write or publish any disloyal, profane, scurrilous or abusive language about the form of government of the United States, or the Constitution of the United States, or the uniform of the Army or Navy of the United States, or any language intended to . . . encourage resistance to the United States or to promote the cause of its enemies."

Security in time of war is one thing, but the 1918 act invited a return to the arbitrary repression of 1798. In the course of World War One, more than 2000 people—including pacifists and Socialists—were prosecuted, many for simply speaking against the War. With the War over, there were further abuses of the Bill of Rights. In *Red Scare*, Professor Robert K. Murray describes the start of this next stage under Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. On August 1, 1919,

Palmer established within the Justice Department's Bureau of Investigation "the so-called General Intelligence, or antiradical, Division. As its head, he appointed young J. Edgar Hoover, charging him with the responsibility of gathering and coordinating all information concerning domestic radical activities. Under the general guidance of bureau chief William Flynn and through the unstinting zeal of Hoover, this unit rapidly became the nerve center of the entire Justice Department and by January 1920, made its war on radicalism the department's primary occupation. In fact, there are some indications that both Flynn and Hoover purposely played on the Attorney General's fears and exploited the whole issue of radicalism in order to enhance the Bureau of Investigation's power and prestige . . . and started it on the road to becoming the famous FBI of the present day."

In that connection, it's worth remembering the durable J. Edgar Hoover's persistent attempts to link black militancy, antiwar activities and campus protest movements with communism. In his annual report to the Attorney General last January, Hoover asserted that Communist Party leaders are "pleased with the disturbances on campuses and the disruption of city life by war protesters and riots in the ghettos." Pleased they may be; but their direction of any of these activities has never been proved, in hard fact, by the director of the FBI nor anyone else. Nonetheless, this past May, Hoover went on to charge recklessly that the New Left, typified by Students for a Democratic Society, constitutes "a new type of subversive, and their danger is great." As *The Harvard Crimson* said in an editorial the same month, "Hoover commands more cooperation from Congressional committees than does any other man, with the possible exception of General Hershey. And as head of a 16,000-man, \$200,000,000 organization, Hoover has the kind of semi-autonomy that makes his political stands particularly dangerous."

They were dangerous at the very start of his career, for his zealous early efforts to ferret out radicals and alleged radicals helped result in a series of raids under Palmer that reached a climax on January 2, 1920, when more than 4000 suspected radicals were swept up in a dragnet encompassing 33 major cities in 23 states. "Often such arrests," Robert Murray writes in *Red Scare*, "were made without the formality of warrants as bureau agents entered bowling alleys, pool halls, cafés, clubrooms and even homes and seized everyone in sight. Families were separated; prisoners were held incommunicado and deprived of their right to legal counsel. According to the plan, those suspected radicals who were American citizens were not detained by Federal agents but were turned over to



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state officials for prosecution under state syndicalist laws. All aliens, of course, were incarcerated by the Federal authorities and reserved for deportation hearings."

What was the reaction of the citizenry? "The mass of Americans," Murray notes, "cheered the hunters from the side lines, while Attorney General Palmer once again was hailed as the savior of the nation." As for the individual states, during 1919 and 1920, at least 1400 persons were arrested under state syndicalist and sedition laws; 300 were sent to prison. "Although such laws varied slightly from state to state," Murray adds, "the effect was generally the same. Opinions were labeled objectionable and punished for their own sake, without any consideration of the probability of criminal acts; severe penalties were imposed for the advocacy of small offenses; and a practical censorship of speech and press was established *ex post facto*."

Even free elections were subverted in the name of antisubversion. Victor Berger, a Socialist, was twice elected to Congress from the Wisconsin fifth district (in 1918 and in a special election the following year) and was twice refused his seat by his colleagues. Only one Congressman voted for Berger the first time, only six in 1919. In January 1920, the New York State Assembly, by a vote of 140 to 6, denied seats to five freely elected Socialists.

By the end of 1920, the Red Scare had abated. The next wave of repression began with the formation of the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1938 and reached its feverish height during the 1950-1954 suzerainty of Senator Joseph McCarthy. As Walter Goodman has documented in his definitive recent book,

of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, thousands of reputations were ruined in public hearings before HUAC. In a sampling of life under HUAC, the American Civil Liberties Union tells of "a successful Miami businessman-builder who relied on his Fifth Amendment privilege before HUAC, lost his business and finally had to leave Florida; he was forced to earn a living doing odd jobs and carpentry."

"A girl with a job as a pot washer was fired because her husband and father invoked the Fifth Amendment before the Committee. Her husband, a draftsman, lost his job, too. In a similar case, in another city, a girl who worked for a county government division lost her job because her father declined to testify before the HUAC, though she herself was not involved in the hearings."

"A fire-department captain, who denied he was a member of the Communist Party at the time of his testimony but refused to discuss his past political activity, was dismissed from his post when he lacked one month and ten days of 25 years' service and retirement benefits."

In an essay in *The Radical Right*, Herbert H. Hyman estimates that by the mid-Fifties, as a result of HUAC, other Congressional investigating committees, their state counterparts and the administrators of Federal security programs, "the total number of individuals whose loyalty or security had been subject to official scrutiny by some organ of American Government clearly extended into the many millions. The number of American families who had been affected by inquiry about one of their family members, and the additional number of families who had encountered such an inquiry through a field investigation of one of their

acquaintances, friends or relatives must have been so large as to make quite a dent in the consciousness of the American people."

But what kind of dent? In January 1954, the king klaxon of loyalty testers, Joseph McCarthy, was shown by a Gallup Poll to be held in generally "favorable opinion" by 50 percent of the American people, who felt he was serving his country in useful ways. In opposition was 29 percent, and the rest had "no opinion." With regard to his Congressional colleagues, Richard Rovere wrote in *Senator Joe McCarthy*, "The truth is that everyone in the Senate, or just about everyone, was scared stiff of him. . . . Paul Douglas of Illinois, the possessor of the most cultivated mind in the Senate and a man whose courage and integrity would compare favorably with any other American's, went through the last Truman years and the first Eisenhower years without ever addressing himself to the problem of McCarthy. Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, the author of *Profiles in Courage*, a book on political figures who had battled strong and sometimes prevailing winds of opinion and doctrine, did likewise."

McCarthy was finally discredited, largely by his behavior during the televised Army-McCarthy hearings in the late spring of 1954. He clearly revealed himself to a fascinated and then appalled national audience as a bombastic bully, contemptuous of legal procedures. After his decline and eventual condemnation by the Senate, there were a few years of respite from repression of dissent. It appeared that McCarthyism, like the Red Scare before it, had been interred for a good long time. But with the coming of the New Left, increasing student unrest, the Vietnam war and the rise of black activism, we are again at a point in our national history at which the Bill of Rights is in clear and present danger.

In addition to the repressive bills passed in recent months and those being considered by Congress, and along with the intensive hunt for "subversives" by Congressional committees, there is now also the use of the draft as a weapon against dissent. Intimations of what was to come appeared in the fall of last year, as the large-scale October peace demonstrations at the Pentagon were drawing near. On October 19, Congressman Burke of Florida grimly addressed the House: "Mr. Speaker, I would like to suggest two measures that may help curb these disgraces. I would hope, first of all, that the proper authorities would exercise some initiative and immediately round up these hippies, have orders processed for them and turn them over to some rugged military basic-training center for some good training. If they qualify . . . they can then fulfill their two-year obligation to



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their country. . . . These may be drastic actions, Mr. Speaker, but these are drastic times. If these long-haired protesters want to remain citizens of America like several million others, they must start facing the responsibility this citizenship requires." And shut up.

After the Pentagon demonstrations, Congressman Roman Pucinski of Illinois revealed on the floor of the House: "I have asked the Selective Service people to look at every one of these people who have been arrested and find out what their Selective Service status is and how many of these people are enjoying the privilege of not serving in the Service because they are going on to higher education. They have a right to come here and protest against their Government, but they do not have a right to stay out of military service." And if they exercise the first right, let them pay for it.

On October 26, rhetoric was turned into action, when Selective Service Director General Lewis B. Hershey sent a letter to all local draft boards "recommending" that they quickly induct anyone, regardless of what kind of deferment he has, who has interfered with the draft or with military recruiting. A Hershey "recommendation" is interpreted as an instruction, not a suggestion, by local boards. And "interfering" can mean demonstrating at induction centers, symbolic turning in of draft cards and other acts of protest.

Eight House members attacked the Hershey recommendation as "a flagrant denial of due process clearly designed to repress dissent against the war in Vietnam." Hershey was unimpressed. He said he had "talked with somebody" at the White House before issuing the letter; and the next month, he added, "Until the President tells me to change my course, I'll sail it. And he hasn't stopped me." Hershey has also opposed allowing draft registrants to have counsel with them when they appear before local draft boards. An appeal against that order has been turned down—without comment—by the Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, local boards, following Hershey's instructions, have continued to strip dissenters of their deferments. Included have been not only young men but also a 37-year-old member of the Temple University faculty, married and with two children, who had turned in his draft card during a Washington peace demonstration. Other professors and instructors have been reclassified for the same kind of act, as have a Protestant chaplain and a Catholic priest at Cornell, another Catholic priest in Rochester and a number of divinity students.

In the state of Oklahoma, it appears that the use of the draft against dissent has been extended to make a young man vulnerable for just being a member of a particular organization opposed to the war. John M. Ratliff, a University of

Oklahoma student, has been reclassified 1-A by Tulsa Draft Board No. 76, specifically because of his membership in Students for a Democratic Society. The local board wrote Ratliff that it "did not feel that your activity as a member of S. D. S. is to the best interest of the U. S. Government. . . ."

Moreover, according to the December 14, 1967, *Village Voice*, "a phone call to the Tulsa Draft Board No. 76 confirmed that all the state's draft boards had been 'ordered by General Hershey to review the status of all S. D. S. students.'" As the *Voice* noted, "The incident raises several questions. How did Draft Board No. 76 get the S. D. S. membership list? Does this mean that mere membership in an organization, never cited by the Government as subversive, will result in the automatic loss of student deferments?"

The use of governmental force by a draft board to war on dissent is, however, at least an act that can be fought within the democratic process. The board makes its move; then it can be attacked in court. At present, suits against General Hershey's manipulation of the draft to intimidate dissent are being carried forward by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Student Association and other groups. More disturbing is the increasing use by government—Federal and local—of secret-police tactics.

As authoritarian states have demonstrated with cold efficiency, one way to control—and ultimately destroy—dissent is to infiltrate the opposition. In a democratic society, a reasonable case can be made for infiltrating secret, illegal and violent groups—the Mafia, the Ku Klux Klan, the Minutemen, or a revolutionary cadre, right or left, committed to assassination as a political weapon. But serious questions arise when the state moves by stealth to gather information about those who are simply exercising their First Amendment rights. During a Washington press conference of the American Civil Liberties Union last September, for example, it was discovered that among those present were Secret Service agents photographing the participants and clandestinely taping the proceedings. Nor is it reassuring when *Newsweek* discloses that "in New York, Los Angeles and other cities, local police and Federal agents masquerade as newsmen, especially as newspaper photographers, to collect information unobtrusively at antidraft and peace demonstrations."

In addition, some of the infiltrators turn out to be *agents provocateurs*, hardly a legitimate role for law-enforcement personnel in a free society. Last December in Chicago, the Chicago Peace Council exposed three policemen who had been posing as exceptionally active members of that antiwar group. Karl Meyer, chairman of the council,

noted that the three infiltrators "invariably took the most militant positions, trying to provoke the movement from its nonviolent course to the wildest kind of ventures." Jay Miller of the Chicago A. C. L. U. called the use of these *agents provocateurs*, trying to get groups to perform illegal acts, a "real police-state practice that is bound to have an effect on dissent."

There were also infiltrators, many dressed as hippies, among the demonstrators at the Pentagon on October 21, 1967. Among them were agents of the FBI, the Secret Service, the Washington police and Army intelligence. In November, Colonel George Creel, assistant chief of the Army's public information office, told a George Washington University public-relations class, "There were more men infiltrated by us into the crowd at this demonstration than at any event I can remember." Were any of them *provocateurs*? No one who knows is saying.

In New York City in recent months, plainclothesmen dressed as hippies have been active in peace demonstrations and some have later been identified by legitimate participants as having tried to urge the demonstrators on to more and more provocative action.

Secret-police infiltration has also moved onto campuses. The extent to which spying and political surveillance have been spreading in the colleges was detailed by Frank Donner in *Spies on Campus* (PLAYBOY, March 1968). In a recent instance, during the student rebellion at Columbia last spring, a shaggy-haired New Leftist, usually wearing a safari jacket and cowboy boots, turned out to be a policeman attached to the Bureau of Special Services (New York City's "Red Squad"). Having infiltrated the campus protest movement for two months, this same disguised cop was the man who finally arrested S. D. S. leader Mark Rudd on charges of riot, inciting to riot, criminal trespass and criminal solicitation.

Yet another method of stifling dissent is open, brutal police contempt for such First Amendment rights as "the right of the people peaceably to assemble" without being clobbered. If enough heads are busted and enough blood flows, the exercise of that right becomes so perilous that potential dissenters decide to stay home. Last June, when 15,000 antiwar demonstrators gathered outside the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, where President Johnson was attending a dinner, the police descended on the peaceable largely white, middle-class assemblage as if they were invading a black ghetto in revolt. "Some police clubbed wildly," the American Civil Liberties Union reported, "others held the demonstrators so their colleagues could club them; others surrounded the crowd, compressing it, preventing the dispersal they had ordered and clubbing



"So you see, son—the human takes his pollen and. . ."

those who came within swinging range. Caught in the crush were children, pregnant women, old people, people on crutches and in wheelchairs. A partially paralyzed boy was hit on the head, knocked to the ground, clubbed and kicked, when he told an officer to stop hitting his mother. One officer knocked a baby from her mother's arms; another beat up a man who tried to pick up the child." Within a week after the police had rioted, the chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners announced that the board had "reviewed all the circumstances of the occasion" and found "the police had taken proper action."

The Committee of the Professions, a peace group in New York, has released detailed reports of brutality against demonstrators at the Pentagon last October. In statements signed by professors and other professionals, there are descriptions such as this: "For most of Saturday night, unprovoked arrests were accompanied by great violence. People were pulled away with no warning, clubbed and kicked in the sight of their friends." Similar accounts have come in recent months from participants in anti-war demonstrations in Chicago, Oakland,

Cincinnati, Iowa City, Cleveland, San Francisco, San Jose and other cities. In New York, *The New York Times* in November reported the following attack on 500 young demonstrators: "A sudden charge by about 20 patrolmen into the front ranks of the marchers, many of whom were young women. Billy clubs swung and blood spattered the sidewalk. The flying wedge of policemen sent the crowd reeling back in disorder. Some youths were flung against the iron fence of [a] high school and ordered to stand spread-eagled, with arms and legs stretched wide apart, while plainclothesmen searched them. One youth was dragged by the hair across the street and thrown into a police van."

In one of several complaints to New York Mayor John Lindsay, the New York Civil Liberties Union got to the core of what appears to be a pattern of harsher police practices against demonstrators throughout the country by referring to "the atmosphere of intimidation which now hangs heavy over all future antiwar demonstrations."

The pattern continues. Last January, the *Berkeley Barb* reported from San

Francisco about a demonstration on the appearance in that city of Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "Police repeatedly sprayed Mace at close range into the faces of persons held helpless by other cops. Police continually pursued, clubbed and Maced demonstrators blocks from the Fairmont Hotel—where . . . Rusk was saying, 'This country is committed to free speech and free assembly. We would lose a great deal if these were compromised.'"

The same paper carried this account of police savagery: "The fury of them! The way they were beating people! There were two or three of them on foot behind us and two on motorcycles. One kid was falling behind and one of the cops drove him between two cars and ran his Harley over him. He drove right over him! I turned away. Tom [her companion] said he went over him again. I turned back and the cop was off his cycle and started beating him. . . . I saw a girl beaten all bloody around the face and head. Everywhere you looked, people were screaming and running. Anybody who couldn't run fast enough was beaten and arrested."

In May, at Columbia University, police were called to clear the campus in the early morning. Students had staged sit-ins to protest Columbia's expansion into neighboring Harlem without having consulted or shown real concern for the community. They were also demanding more internal democracy on campus and the severance of Columbia's ties with the Institute of Defense Analyses, a consortium of 12 universities engaged in secret war research and in devising means of "pacifying" our domestic ghettos. The viciousness of the police at Columbia was such as to cause Dr. June Finer, a medical volunteer on campus that night, to declare: "I've been involved in demonstrations before. In the South in '64 and '65, I saw policemen I thought were unnecessarily vicious. But this was almost unbelievable, to see so many instances at once of overwhelming brutality." Another doctor, a member of the Medical Committee on Human Rights, said: "The plainclothesmen and detectives were like wild animals. They were beating up people who had offered no resistance at all and, in most cases, were bystanders."

Describing another police riot, this one at a Chicago Peace Council parade last spring, Joseph L. Sander in *The Nation* added more bloody detail to the pattern of police intimidation of dissent through violence: "The police hunted in posses through the Loop, beating and arresting many whose buttons identified them as march participants. Many officers removed their badges and name plates for this action. Newsmen and TV crews were frequently ordered to 'get those cameras out of here!' Often, too, a uniformed police



"No blindfold, thanks."

officer would step before the camera to prevent its recording the actual descent of a raised club. At one such postdemonstration encounter at the corner of Randolph and State streets, an officer in a riot helmet, furious because the street was not cleared fast enough, ordered the driver of a halted station wagon to drive right into the crowd. The motorist started forward and knocked down two girls before regaining sanity."

The growing readiness of the police to show naked force is not limited to antiwar demonstrations. Preparing for increased black unrest as well as for more dissent against the war if it continues, police departments, *The New York Times* has reported, "are purchasing armored cars and stockpiling such equipment as tear-gas grenades, other non-lethal weapons and shotguns. . . . At least one police department, according to a major helicopter manufacturer who asked not to be identified, wanted to buy an armed helicopter like the ones the Army uses against the Viet Cong in Vietnam." That helicopter could be useful in a new way to those departments that adopt a suggestion recently advanced by the Institute for Defense Analyses—a net that could be moved by hand or could be dropped by helicopter to sweep out a portion of a crowd.

Also in more and more police arsenals are such weapons as Stoner assault guns, which shoot through walls; and armor-plated police commando vehicles that have 18 gun ports and carry a combat crew of 12. Los Angeles is proud of a new 20-ton, tanklike personnel carrier equipped with a machine gun, tear-gas launchers, a smoke-screen device, chemical fire extinguishers and a siren that can disable people merely with its sound.

There is no question that police departments need necessary equipment to handle riots, but the scope of present police overkill in weaponry can only, as Representative John Murphy of New York makes clear, "intensify the fear in the nation's cities. They are not weapons of law enforcement; they are weapons of mass destruction." The President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders agrees: "The commission believes there is a grave danger that some communities may resort to the indiscriminate and excessive use of force. The harmful effects of overreaction are incalculable. The commission condemns moves to equip police departments with mass-destruction weapons, such as automatic rifles, machine guns and tanks."

But most police departments continue to ignore these warnings. Caught up in their own rhetoric of "warfare," they see themselves as an army mandated to squash peace demonstrators and dissident blacks. In return, more of those who take to the streets will inevitably escalate their own response. "The thing to remember," James Farmer, former

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national director of CORE, underlines, "is that the young blacks will not just be throwing bottles and bricks." And increasing numbers of them, he adds, will be returned veterans from Vietnam, skilled in guerrilla-warfare techniques. And others of the young, not black, if pushed to violence, will react in kind.

"We are not at war in our cities," Roy Wilkins of the NAACP kept saying all spring. "The weapons of warfare have no place there." But the police are placing more and more weapons of war in the cities; and throughout history, armaments, when at hand, have eventually been used.

And the weapons are becoming more and more sophisticated. There are not only the commando cars and helicopters but also a wide choice of "nonlethal" pacifiers. The Institute for Defense Analyses, for instance, is fond of a foam generator that can block streets or spray crowds. The beauty of it, the manufacturers claim, is that people immersed in the foam become very disturbed by loss of contact with their environment.

As has been indicated, especially popular among constabularies these days is Mace, a spray that, according to its manufacturer, General Ordnance Equipment Corporation, "envelops assailant with his own small 'cloud' of tear gas from which he cannot escape. . . . The victim suffers temporary loss of vision accompanied by pain that is incapacitating even though only temporary in nature." But the humiliating memory lingers on.

In the past three years, more than 250,000 cans of Mace have been sold to 4000 police departments in the United States. As of April first, each of the

11,500 members of the Chicago police force, for example, is required to carry a spray can of Mace in a holster attached to his pistol belt. It is becoming more and more evident, however, that the effects of Mace may be more than temporary. Dr. Lawrence Rose, a San Francisco ophthalmologist, who has treated victims of the chemical and has conducted his own tests, reports that Mace can cause permanent eye damage, has pronounced deleterious effects on the central nervous system and can inflict second-degree burns on the exposed skin. In late May, the mayor of Paterson, New Jersey, nervously banned the use of Mace by his police because of a report he had received from the United States Surgeon General's office confirming Dr. Rose's finding that the chemical can cause permanent eye damage. But sales still rise, as more and more cops add Mace to their basic weaponry.

A further problem with Mace and other "nonlethal" chemical pacifiers is that their effects can be indiscriminate and quite possibly fatal. Gas or chemical sprays turned on a crowd can incapacitate passers-by as well as participants; and in either group, someone with a weak heart or a severe respiratory condition could die as a result. But a spokesman for Smith & Wesson, a leading manufacturer of chemical crowd controllers, is quoted in *The New York Times* business section: "We're selling all we can make, and we feel that the equipment we're making is lifesaving equipment." As national values and priorities become increasingly distorted, so does language. And so do people. In the past two years, gun ownership in the United States—civilian, not police—has increased by 25

percent. As the *Times* notes, "Demographic facts—there are more whites than Negroes and more of them have more money—would indicate that the distribution favors whites." Shotgun sales are up particularly high in Montgomery County, Washington's wealthiest and whitest suburb. A clerk in a gunshop in Allen Park, a white suburb of Detroit, told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter: "Hate is getting big. The word is that if there's any trouble this summer and you see a black man in your neighborhood, shoot to kill and ask questions later." And after the summer? Does hate stop as the leaves fall?

With police arming as if for Armageddon and with more neighborhood vigilante groups forming, there is reason to listen carefully to the Reverend Andrew Young, a mild-mannered assistant to the late Martin Luther King: "We are almost facing the danger of a right-wing military take-over of our cities. If we have another couple of summers of riots, you will get much more repressive police action—and certainly no change."

Also looking ahead is the Defense Department, which has started a program to facilitate the recruitment of ex-Servicemen by police departments. The Defense Department offers soldiers discharges up to three months in advance of their normal separation times if they sign up as policemen. As Allen Young of Liberation News Service observes, "The plan affirms a general affinity between the police and the military—both refer to outsiders as 'civilians.'" That affinity is constantly being strengthened by the Army's take-over of instruction of local police in what it calls "riot control." At Fort Gordon, Georgia, there are continuous sessions of the Army's Civil Disobedience Orientation Course. "Each week since early February," *The New York Times* reports, "a new class of police officers, Guardsmen and occasional Secret Service or Federal Bureau of Investigation agents has completed the course, directed by the Army's Military Police School." The high point of one class came "when a helicopter swooped over the range, emitting a white cloud of gas that was forced down on the [simulated] mobs by the downdraft of the rotor blades."

As the Army, National Guard and local police become increasingly intertwined, the "civilians" who may become their targets encompass not only ghetto residents but, as was shown at Columbia University last spring, such hitherto privileged groups of the citizenry as college students. And, considering the history of peace demonstrations during the past year, also included are more and more adult middle-class dissenters. The military-police attitude toward these civilians at times leads to scenes that could have taken place in South Africa or Poland. Last October, for instance, Chancellor William H. Sewell of



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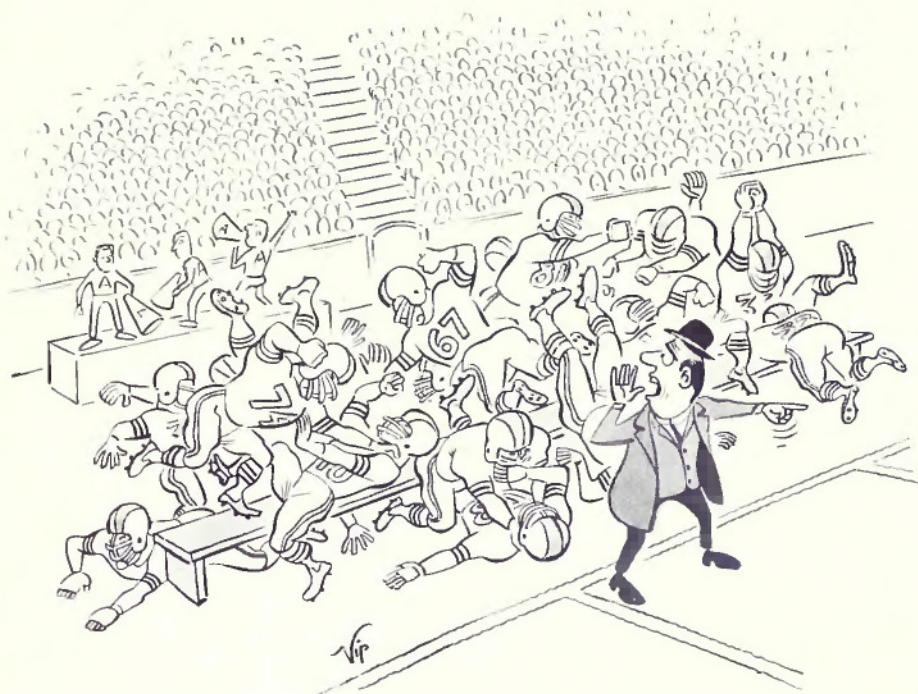
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the University of Wisconsin brought in the Madison police riot squad to disperse 200 people sitting outside a room where representatives of Dow Chemical Company, manufacturers of napalm, were holding interviews. "Instead of clearing the building," wrote James Ridgeway of *The New Republic*, "the police clubbed, stomped and tear-gassed those inside as well as 1500 students standing outside. When students called the university hospital and asked for ambulances to take away the unconscious, the hospital refused. When an intern asked for medical supplies so that he might on his own help the injured, the hospital refused. Neither Chancellor Sewell nor his chief lieutenant, Joseph F. Kaufman, dean of student affairs, appeared at the scene; yet they wasted no time in suspending 13 students; then in the name of safety, they called off the Dow interviews."

But force is by no means the only method being used to ensure conformity on American campuses. Dissenters can be and are being simply severed from academic institutions. Just a few months ago, a Brown University assistant professor of psychology was suspended from teaching duties for the rest of the term because he took part in an anti-CIA-recruiting sit-in; two philosophy professors at Paterson State College in New Jersey were fired for supporting a student petition asking to have political, religious and social organizations on campus; and four faculty members at Adirondack Community College in New York were told their contracts would not

be renewed because they supported the right of students to participate in demonstrations and took part in one themselves. What was the demonstration in which the four teachers were involved? A minute of silence at the flagpole on the campus as a protest against the war in Vietnam! There have been more such firings of faculty, and the trend is up.

Also up, as I have shown, is the extent of campus spying and political surveillance. As more and more names of dissenters, off as well as on campus, are fed into FBI files and other Government dossiers, it will be all the easier to keep track of potential "troublemakers" for the rest of their lives—with attendant effects on the careers of those who have been so marked. The Defense Department has 14,000,000 life histories in its security files; the Civil Service 8,000,000. The FBI won't tell how many it has, but it does acknowledge dossiers on 100,000 "Communist sympathizers." And new names are being added at a greatly accelerated rate. The Justice Department has proudly announced its reinforced capacity to track down "extremists" in antiwar cadres and black communities through the pouring of more and more information into the computers of the department's intelligence unit. "Our intake in items of intelligence is immense," Attorney General Ramsey Clark proclaimed last spring. "It ranges in the thousands of items daily," from Federal, state and local sources.

Professor Alan Westin, who wrote *The Snooping Machine* (PLAYBOY, May 1968) and the book *Privacy and Freedom*,

has demonstrated in great and ominous detail that as methods of surveillance and recordkeeping become increasingly efficient and interlocked, whatever a man has done—or has been suspected of doing—at any time of his life can be frozen into central computers. And there will be no arguing with present or future computers about extenuating circumstances, false information or change of opinion. As Vance Packard has noted dryly, "The notion of the possibility of redemption is likely to be incomprehensible to a computer."

Without many of us realizing it, we are experiencing what Alan Westin terms "the crisis of surveillance technology." How that technology will be used, for what ends and with what safeguards depends, of course, on the degree to which this society *really* values civil liberties. And that's why the current war on dissent is so crucial. It is a testing ground, and the results may determine the nature of American life for decades to come.

There are certainly reasons for pessimism as to what may happen to the nature of American life. I've detailed many of them in this article. Another, not widely reported, is a disclosure made by Cal McCrystal in the April 23, 1968, *New York Post*: "It is now a fact of life that any civil servant in the Defense Department who criticizes U.S. policy in Vietnam—or elsewhere, for that matter—stands to lose not only his job but a reasonable chance of getting another one. First of all, he must be examined by a psychiatrist on whose report the patient's supervisor will determine his fitness for duty. If he is fit, it means he no longer disagrees with U.S. policy. If he isn't fit, then he must leave. And on his record permanently is the fact that he received psychiatric treatment, as a result of which he was declared unfit for duty."

If so pervasively powerful an institution as the Defense Department is made so systematically immune from even the merest expression of dissent, a recent diagnosis of our society by Senator Eugene McCarthy becomes all the more disturbing. He spoke, as Dwight Eisenhower did, of the growth of "a huge, powerful and somewhat autonomous military establishment whose influence reaches into almost every aspect of our national life. . . . The threat it poses is not so much that of a conspiracy as a conditioning, in our lives and institutions."

A particularly revealing example of how this conditioning works was an unsigned letter to *The New Republic* a few months ago from a draftee. Opposed to the war in Vietnam, he had one quiet confrontation with the Army. He gives no details about it, but he does indicate that it worked out to his advantage. The letter, however, is not in the least buoyant; it's a statement of resignation from dissent: "My experiences in the Service have

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taught me quite a few things. First of all, the Army does not fit the extreme Left's stereotype of a clique of fascist officers brutally ordering innocent enlisted men to their doom in Vietnam. On the contrary, the enlisted men are the bulwarks of the system. Like most Americans, they are either too ignorant to question it or simply conform and rationalize away any doubts they may have. . . . If I sound unduly cynical and bitter, it is because I am. I will be a civilian again in a relatively short time and I intend to steer clear of political activism then. . . . If the Army is a cross section of society, then this society is gravely ill, and incurably so because it doesn't even know it is."

His case is far from unique. The majority of the young remain concerned with keeping their records clean and with not going "too far" in expressing whatever dissent they feel. Those who plan to go into government or into large corporate structures already know what to expect. They would not be in the least surprised at the statement given to *The Wall Street Journal* by Colonel W. F. Rockwell, chairman of Rockwell-Standard Corporation of Pittsburgh: "We don't try to tell employees what they can or can't do off the job, but we pick them carefully to begin with. Among other things, we don't go looking for people who'll go out looking for trouble." "We assume," said an official of a large Eastern metals processor in the same article, "that people who hold higher jobs here won't do or say anything that might reflect negatively on the company, like speak for some radical political outfit or get tossed in jail over civil rights. If a customer doesn't like our product, OK. But we'd hate to lose out because someone doesn't like one of our men's ideas."

While it is true that many Americans are willing to restrict themselves to the expression of only "correct" ideas, an impressively committed minority continues to insist on exercising its full rights of speech and advocacy. More than 26,000 Americans have signed a Statement of Support for Dr. Benjamin Spock, William Sloane Coffin and the two other supporters of draft resistance whose cases are now in the Federal courts. These signers have pledged to back "those who refuse to serve in Vietnam and those indicted men and all others who refuse to be passive accomplices in war crimes," even though they know that the maximum penalty for aiding and abetting draft refusal is five years in prison, a \$10,000 fine or both. And young men in unprecedented numbers are signing statements that they will refuse to serve in the Armed Forces as long as the United States is at war in Vietnam—442 at Harvard, 300 at Yale and 320 law students from 20 law schools.

of Priests' Councils—representing some 35,000 of the estimated 65,000 Roman Catholic priests in the United States—also testifies to the strength of the forces mobilizing against the war on dissent. In May, even though a Catholic priest, the Reverend Philip F. Berrigan, was sentenced to six years in Federal prison for a symbolic act of protest—the pouring of blood on draft-board files in Baltimore—this federation of priests adopted a resolution declaring, "It is consistent with Catholic tradition that men make free and individual determination about the justice of an individual war, and that men have the right to resist the draft according to their consciences."

Even among the military, men who have held vital command posts are breaking with military tradition to speak out against the war—Rear Admiral Arnold E. True, Brigadier General Samuel B. Griffith II, Brigadier General William Wallace Ford, Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, General Matthew B. Ridgway, Lieutenant General James M. Gavin and General David M. Shoup, former Marine Corps commandant.

It was the dissenters—students and many adults—who made Eugene McCarthy a national political figure, brought the late Robert Kennedy into the Presidential campaign and finally forced Lyndon Johnson to declare that he would not run for a second term. Clearly, dissent is not going to be so easily muted this time as in the years of Joe McCarthy nor so easily crushed as in the period of the Red Scare. For even when the war ends, the dissenters—in the universities, in the ghettos, and including many in the middle class who want full rights extended to everyone in this country—will continue to speak and act. And though a minority, today's nucleus of dissenters, over and under 30, black and white, are a good deal tougher, however inwardly scared some of them may be. And they're more resilient. Fred Brooks of S. N. C. C., arrested in December for refusal to submit to induction, said that if convicted, he would continue to organize blacks in jail: "You can organize in jail just as well as you can out. They'll be getting out someday."

If today's dissenters retain their courage and their commitment to re-energize American democracy across the board, they may be able to make our cities livable, to awaken Congress to the needs of all the people and to turn education on every level into the creation of citizens for whom freedom is a fundamental value, a basic necessity. I do not, therefore, feel hopeless about the outcome of the war on dissent. But, as I have demonstrated in this article, I do not underestimate the strength of the forces working to stifle dissent, for *their* greatest support comes from the apathy of the majority. As educator John Holt empha-

sizes in an essay in Robert Theobald's *Social Policies for America in the Seventies*: "I . . . believe that freedom is in serious danger in this country because so many people . . . do not feel free, never did, don't expect to and, hence, don't know what freedom is or why it should be worth making such a fuss about. For a great many Americans, freedom is little more than a slogan that makes it seem right to despise, hate and even kill any foreigner who supposedly has less of it than they do. When, rather rarely, they meet someone who feels free and acts free and takes his freedom seriously, they are more likely than not to get frightened or angry. 'What are you, some kind of nut?' For, alas, the man who has no real freedom, or thinks he hasn't, doesn't think about how to get it; he thinks about how to take it away from those who do have it."

There is the real danger. For how many Americans is freedom more than a slogan? Abraham Lincoln, a man President Johnson is fond of quoting in other contexts, pointed out: "Our defense is in the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors. Familiarize yourself with the chains of bondage, and you are preparing your own limbs to wear them. Accustomed to trample on the rights of others, you have lost the genius of your own independence and become the fit subjects of the first cunning tyrant who rises among you."

That spirit, I believe, has not yet been destroyed in this country. If it is, the majority of us will get the kind of country we deserve. The success or failure of the war on dissent depends on you. More than 100 years ago, Henry David Thoreau wrote: "There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to slavery and to the War, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing. . . . They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret."

If you now only wait, well disposed, for others to successfully fight for the continued right to dissent, you may discover that you will have waited too long. Today's dissenters are, as William Sloane Coffin has emphasized, the true patriots; for they know that the essence of the American tradition is the right to speak and act as a free man. They also know that if this right is not exercised by enough of the citizenry, it will atrophy.





"Mother doesn't allow me to smoke, Mr. Walters."

"Well, she *was* a little uncertain in her plans."

"She didn't say exactly where she would be staying?"

"No, she left rather impulsively, but— Listen, could you ask if she has been there?"

"I did, sir. She hasn't."

That opened up the entire state of Florida. On television, games and old movies, but no word of the hurricane. He would have to take the day off and try, somehow, perhaps through the Red Cross, to track her and the children down. Chimes.

On the porch stood the first delivery boy, long-stemmed roses again in a basket.

"This time I'm certain, Mr. Hindle."

J. D. accepted them. On the card was written in lovely script: "*They are just away. Our heartfelt sympathy. The Everlys.*"

J. D. picked up the roses that had spilled, put them in their basket and hooked both baskets of roses over his arms and carried the urn of lilies with them into the living room. Still, there was something wrong. Flowers so soon, so quickly? He looked up the newspaper's phone number and dialed it.

"I'm just the cleaning lady, mister. They put out the paper, then locked up tight."

Just as J. D. placed the receiver in its cradle, the ringing phone startled him.

"Mr. J. D. Hindle?"

"Yes."

"Western Union. Telegram."

"Read it, will you?"

"Dearest Jay: The kids and I are having wonderful, wonderful time. We all miss you. But we may return sooner than planned. Love and kisses, Carolyn, Ronnie and Ellen."

"I knew it, I knew it! God, God. . . . When was that telegram sent?"

"This morning."

"What time, exactly?"

"Hour ago. Eight o'clock. You want me to mail it?"

"What?"

"Some people like to keep a record."

"Yes. Please do. And thank you very much."

The flowers smelled like spring now and he bent over them and inhaled, his eyes softly closed. Then, glancing down at the newspaper on the floor, he became angry. He dialed the home of the editor of the suburban paper.

"Are you certain?"

"Listen, Mr. Garrett, it's *your* accuracy that's being questioned. That telegram was dated today and sent an hour ago. Now, I want to know where your information came from. What town? Why? This house is full of flowers."

"Well, if we're in error, Mr. Hindle,

we'll certainly print a correction in tomorrow's paper. Meanwhile, I'll investigate the matter immediately and call you back when I've tracked something down."

"I'll be waiting."

Chimes. J. D. picked up the flowers again and carried them to the door. The odor was good, but they breathed all the oxygen, and the overtone of funerals still emanated from them. He would unload them all on whichever deliveryman it was this time.

Bill Henderson stood on the porch holding a tray covered with a white cloth. "Nancy sent you something hot, Jay."

"That was sweet of her, Bill. Excuse me." J. D. set the flowers outside on the porch. "Come in." J. D. was smiling. He was aware that Bill noticed he was smiling.

"We were about to risk our lives on the freeway today, to visit Nancy's people, when we saw the newspaper. Jay, I—"

"Thanks, Bill, but save it. It's a mistake. A stupid mistake. I just heard from Carolyn."

"What? You mean she's OK? She called?"

"Yes. Well, she sent a telegram from Florida an hour ago. Didn't even mention the hurricane."

"That's odd. Must be on everybody's mind down there."

"Yeah, a little inconsiderate, in a way. She might know I'd be worried about that."

"Maybe the telegram was delayed. The hurricane and all."

"What're you trying to say?"

"Nothing."

"Why can't it be the *newspaper* that's wrong?"

"Well, it just doesn't seem likely."

"I gave that editor hell. He's going to call back. Look, let's shut up about it, OK? I've got a hangover from drinking alone last night."

"Why didn't you call me? We could have had a few hands of poker."

"Yeah. Why didn't I? It was a strange night. And now all this flood of flowers this morning. My stomach's in knots. Have a cup of coffee with me before you hit the highway."

"OK, then I guess we may's well go ahead with our trip."

Lifting the white cloth from the tray, J. D. felt an eerie sensation in his stomach that the sight of the smoking food dispelled. "I'm going to eat this anyway, OK? Not enough coffee for both of us. You have this and I'll make some more instant for myself."

Running the water in the bathroom basin again, waiting for it to get steaming hot, J. D. heard the telephone ring.

"Hey, Bill, you mind getting that for me?"

J. D. spooned coffee into the plastic mug and watched it stain the water. Steam rising made his eyes misty. Bill was a blur in the bathroom door. J. D. blinked the tears from his eyes. Bill's face was grimly set.

"What's the matter with you?"

"That was the editor. He thought I was you, so he started right in with his report. The story . . . checks out . . . through Associated Press. He made other inquiries and found out that the . . . the bodies are being shipped back tonight by plane."

J. D. slung the cup and coffee into the tub and with the same hand, clenched, slugged Bill in the mouth.

"What's the matter with you, Jay? Didn't you want me to tell—"

"You son of a bitch! You made the whole thing up. I see the whole thing now. It was you, back of it all. Your masterpiece. Not just one more stupid practical joke. You put *everything* into *this* one."

"You think I'd do a terrible thing like that just for laughs?"

"Not until now, I didn't. Why else would you come around? You had to see how it was getting to me. OK, I fell for it. All the way. So far, I'm still sick, and I'll be sick all day."

"Jay, you better get out of this house. You're not used to being alone here. Nancy and I will stay home. You come on over with me and—"

"You're the one that better get out of here, before I kill you!"

Staring up at J. D., Bill got to his feet. Without looking back, he walked out, leaving the front door open.

Still so angry he could hardly see or walk straight, J. D. went into the living room and flopped onto the couch, satisfied that all the pieces of the puzzle were now in place. The mixture of emotions that had convulsed him was now a vivid anger that struck at a single object. Seeing the tray of food, no longer steaming, on the footrest of his leather chair, he leaped to his feet and took the tray into the bathroom and with precise flips of his wrist, tossed the eggs, toast, coffee, jelly, butter and bacon into the toilet and flushed it. Over the sound of water, he heard the chimes.

With the tray still in his hands, he went into the foyer, where the door still stood open. Among the flowers he had set out on the porch stood a woman, smartly dressed. She held a soup tureen in both gloved hands. The sight of the tray surprised her and she smiled awkwardly, thinking, perhaps, that she had come at the end of a line and that J. D. was ready for her. She started to set the tureen on the tray, saying, "I'm Mrs. Merrill, president of your P. T. A., and I

just want you to know——” But J. D. stepped back and lowered the tray in one hand to his side.

“A stupid, criminal joke has been played here, Mrs. Merrill. I won’t need the soup, thank you. Come again when my wife is home. They’re having a wonderful time in Florida.”

“With that horrible hurricane and all?”

“Yes, hurricane and *all*.”

J. D. shut the door and turned back and locked it.

He closed the drapes and lay down on the couch again. His head throbbed as though too large for his body. Just as his head touched the cushion, the telephone rang. He let it. Then, realizing that it might be Carolyn, calling in person, he jumped up. It stopped before he could reach it. As he returned to the couch, it started again. Maybe she was finally worried about the hurricane, about *his* worrying about it.

“Mr. Hindle, this is Mr. Crigger at Greenlawn. It is my understanding that you have not yet made arrangements for your dear wife and chil——”

Seeing three red-clay holes in the ground, J. D. slammed the receiver in its cradle.

Chimes. J. D. just stood there, letting the sound rock him like waves at sea. Among the flowers that crowded the porch stood the first delivery boy.

“If you touch those chimes one more time. . . .”

“Listen, mister, have a heart, I’m only doing what I was told.”

“I’m telling you——” Unable to finish, J. D. jerked the basket of flowers from the young man’s hands and threw it back at him. He turned and ran down the walk, and J. D. kicked at the other baskets, urns and pots, until all the flowers were strewn over the lawn around the small porch.

He slammed the door and locked it again. Standing on a chair, he rammed his fist against the electric-chimes mechanism that was fastened to the wall above the front door. The blow started the chimes going. He struck again and again, until the pain in his hand made him stop.

Reeling about the house searching for an object with which to smash the chimes, J. D. saw in his mind images from a Charlie Chaplin movie he had seen on the late show one night in the early years of television: Charlie entangled in modern machinery on an assembly line. The film moved twice as fast in his head. He found no deadly weapon in the house nor in the garage that adjoined the house. Seeing the switch box, he cut off the current.

Lying on the couch again, he tried to relax. He thought of people passing, of more people coming to offer their

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condolences, of the flowers strewn like gestures of insanity in the yard. Carolyn would be shocked at the stories she would hear of the flowers in the yard; for until they all knew the truth, it would appear to the neighbors that J. D. had no respect, no love, felt no remorse for his dead family.

He went out and gathered the flowers into one overflowing armful and took them into the house and put them in his leather easy chair. Then he brought in the baskets, urns and pots.

He had heard that lying on the floor relaxed tense muscles and nerves. He tried it. He lay on the carpet, arms and legs sticking straight out. After a few shuddering sighs, he began to drift, to doze. He recalled the funerals of some of his friends. Somewhat as these people today had approached him, he had approached the wives and families of his departed friends. For the important families, he had attended to insurance details himself. How artificial, meaning-

less, ridiculous, even cruelly stupid it all seemed now.

Coldness woke him. The room was black dark. The cold odor of roses and lilies was so strong he had to suck in air to breathe. He rolled over on his belly and rose on his hands and knees, then, holding onto the couch, pulled himself up.

Weak and shivering, he moved across the floor as though on a deck that heaved and sank. When he pulled the cord, the drapes, like stage curtains, opened on icy stars, a luminous sky.

None of the light switches worked. Then he remembered throwing the main switch in the garage. Using matches, he inched along until he found the switch.

Perhaps if he ate something, to get strength.

In the refrigerator, stacks of TV dinners. The pink stove gleamed in the fluorescent light of the kitchen. The buttons and dials, like the control panel of an airplane, were a hopeless confusion.

He was astonished that the first week in September could be so cold. Perhaps it had something to do with the hurricanes, Arctic air masses or something. What did he know of the behavior of weather? Nothing. Where was the switch to turn on the electric heat? He looked until he was exhausted. Perhaps he had better get out of the house for a while.

Sitting behind the wheel, his hand on the ignition, he wondered where he could go. A feeling of absolute indecision overwhelmed him. The realm of space and time in which all possibilities lay was a white blank.

As he sat there, hand on key, staring through the windshield as if hypnotized by the monotony of a freeway at night, he experienced a sudden intuition of the essence of his last moments with Carolyn. Ronnie and Ellen in the back seat, Carolyn sat beside J. D., saying again what she had said in similar words for weeks and in silence for months, perhaps years, before that: "I must get away for a while. Something is happening to me. I'm dying, very, very slowly; do you understand that, Jay? Our life. It's the way we live, somehow the way we live." No, he had not understood. Not then. He had only thought, How wonderful to be rid of all of you for a while, to know that in our house you aren't grinding the wheels of routine down the same old grooves, to feel that the pattern is disrupted, the current that keeps the wheels turning is off.

The telephone ringing shattered his daze. He went into the house.

Seeing the receiver on the floor, he realized that he had only imagined the ringing of the phone. But the chimes were going. He opened the door. There was only moonlight on the porch. Then he remembered striking at the chimes with his fist. Something had somehow sparked them off again.

As he stood on the threshold of his house, the chimes ringing, he looked out over the rooftops of the houses below, where the rolling hills gave the development its name. From horizon to horizon, he saw only roofs, gleaming in moonlight, their television aerials bristling against the glittering stars. All lights were out, as though there had been a massive power failure, and he realized how long he must have slept. He looked for the man in the moon, but the moon appeared faceless. Then, with the chimes filling the brilliantly lighted house at his back, he gazed up at the stars; and as he began to see Carolyn's face and Ronnie's face and Ellen's face more and more clearly, snow began to fall, as though the stars had disintegrated into flakes, and he knew that he would never see his wife and children again.



*"So much for our opening remarks; and now, gentlemen,
shall we debate the issues?"*

BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 164)

both single- and double-breasted cuts is at home on the range from Arizona State to Texas Tech. Bold-plaid Shetlands, herringbones and tweeds, too, are fashion musts. However, the man about campus may wish to update his image with a half-belted cotton corduroy Norfolk jacket to be worn with plaid wool or flannel-finished cotton slacks and a bulky turtleneck.

Slacks: Southwesterners are apt to wear skintight wheat or faded-blue Levis to class one day and wide-wale corduroy bell-bottoms the next. For on-campus casualness, imitation leather and cotton suede are favored; flannels, worsteds and tweeds are switched to for dates.

Shirts: The buttondown with barrel cuffs is still the winning look, but more and more Southwesterners are defecting to the modified-spread collar, with French cuffs. Knit solid-color sport shirts are often worn with jeans or a sports jacket and plaid slacks.

Sweaters: V-necks, crews and cardigans are worn both to class and on casual dates. We predict that wool turtlenecks with metal shoulder-button closures will be readily adopted by Southwestern students.

Outerwear: The cold facts are that even far-Southwestern campuses have an occasional frosty day or two. Cut the chill with a leatherlike polyester-coated zip-front jacket or a sheepskin-and-corduroy snap-front style. At least one overcoat, such as a single-breasted camel's hair, should see you through the winter properly dressed. Depending on the climatic conditions of your campus, you may want to have on hand several pile-lined poplin golf jackets and a corduroy stadium coat.

Shoes: Deep in the heart of Texas at Baylor and SMU, boots are often worn with Levis. Other styles to consider include wing-tip tassels, bluchers, penny loafers and a pair or two of sneakers.

THE WEST COAST: From Reed College to San Diego State, matriculants way out West keep in step with the times while marching to the stylish beat of a different drummer. Beads, medallions, bells, floral-print bell-bottoms, meditation shirts, Nehru jackets and other pickings fresh from a flower child's garden of fashions are often interchanged with less costume-y garb and worn both to and after class. Ric Lohman, a junior at Cal Tech, says, "Out here, clothes have an eclectic, international look. I sometimes wear a poncho one day and a three-button suit the next—if the occasion calls for it. But my everyday attire is usually a turtleneck or sport shirt and slacks."

Suits: Three- or two-button shaped models with wider lapels have a slight edge over the more conservative Ivy-inspired styles. If you're attending school



*"I'll say one thing for birth-control pills—
more girls are graduating."*

in sunny Southern California, look for permanent-press fabrics that are colorful and lightweight. Farther north, a tweed wool suit will come in handy when temperatures drop. Double-breasted pin stripes straight from *Bonnie and Clyde* and flowery five-inch-wide ties are occasionally put on mainly as a put-on.

Sports jackets: The West Coast student body is clothed in both Nehrus and tunics, as well as bold Shetland plaid sports jackets and blazers. Personal style is paramount and undergrads occasionally go to extreme fashion lengths in order to assert their sartorial independence.

Slacks: For classroom wear, lean low-rise corduroys, acetate twills and poplins are the all-campus choices. At some schools, denims cut off at the knees are worn for Saturday touch-football scrimmages as well as for study sessions in the dorm or fraternity house. On dates, houndstooth, windowpane glen-plaid patterned slacks receive a rousing reception.

Shirts: Buttondowns in stripes, deep solids and flower patterns are the most popular styles. For off-campus wassailing, some students cotton to loose-fitting cotton or rayon acetate guru or meditation shirts with balloon sleeves. Others stick to dark-colored models with medium-spread collars that fit high on the neck, are slightly wider and equally handsome.

Sweaters: Turtles and mock turtles worn with sports jackets and patterned slacks or Levis have earned the West

Coast fashion nod of approval. On cooler days, warm bulky fisherman's knits are often worn in place of an outer jacket. Later in the year, ski sweaters, often featuring bold stripes and zigzag patterns, come off the slopes and into the classrooms.

Outerwear: Students in northern California, Oregon and Washington will be weathering the rainy season toggled out in navy or natural-colored trench coats. Later in the year, we predict that short leather jackets in a variety of collar and front-closure styles will increasingly be worn. Farther south, canvas-duck hip-length coats and featherweight nylon parkas—often with drawstring hoods—are the favorites.

Shoes: We advise fledgling frosh to visit the campus before they buy. At some schools, boots made of polished leather or supple imitation suede are the preferred footwear. At others, sandals, Gucci-style loafers and plain-toe bluchers set the pace.

This year's *Back to Campus* clearly reveals that revolutionary fashion headlines are being made on campuses across the country. For a look at what students are wearing at five representative regional colleges—Cornell, North Carolina, Miami of Ohio, Arizona and the California Institute of Technology—turn back to the photo portion of this feature on pages 159-163.

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